

# THE KING'S PASSION

AMY J. BAKER  
(MRS. MAYNARD CRAWFORD)

164

# The Novels of Nat Gould

SALES NOW EXCEED 20 MILLION COPIES

**Nation**, 9th August, 1919:—"In the way of sale, his wares surpassed all others. To millions they were the breath of mental life. We have heard that a newspaper purchasing the serial rights of one of his stories could promise itself an increased circulation of 100,000 a day, no matter what its politics or its principles."

**The Times**, 26th July, 1919:—"If art in any sphere in life finds a basis in the pleasing of a multitude, then Nat Gould was an artist with few above his shoulders."

**Morning Post**, 26th July, 1919:—"He was the most widely read of all modern story-tellers, and a genius in his downright way."

**7s. Net.** Library Edition. Crown 8vo, Cloth. Wrapper in 3 Colours. Also in John Long's Colonial Library in two Editions:—Cloth, Wrapper in 3 Colours; Paper, Stiff Cover in 3 Colours.

**THE WIZARD OF THE TURF**  
**NEVER IN DOUBT**  
**LOST AND WON**  
**BREAKING THE RECORD**  
**FAST AS THE WIND**

**THE STEEPLECHASER**  
**A RACE FOR A WIFE**  
NEW VOLUMES 1920  
**THE SWEEP WINNER**  
**AT STARTING PRICE**

**2s. Net.** F'cap 8vo, 256 pages. Attractively bound. Wrapper in 3 Colours

**Left in the Lurch**  
**The Silver Star ‡**  
**A Chestnut Champion ‡**

**Racing Rivals‡**  
**Odds On ‡**

‡ A full-length Novel now for the first time published in volume form.

**1s. Net.** Medium 8vo. 8½ by 5½ ins. 128 pages. Thread Sewn. Paper Cover in 3 Colours.

- 1 One of a Mob
- 2 The Selling Plater
- 3 A Bit of a Rogue
- 4 The Lady Trainer
- 5 A Straight Goer
- 6 A Hundred to One Chance
- 7 A Sporting Squatter
- 8 The Pet of the Public
- 9 Charger and Chaser
- 10 The Lottery Colt
- 11 A Stroke of Luck
- 12 The Top Weight
- 13 The Dapple Grey
- 14 Whirlwind's Year
- 15 The Little Wonder
- 16 A Bird in Hand
- 17 The Buckjumper
- 18 The Jockey's Revenge
- 19 The Pick of the Stable
- 20 The Stolen Racer
- 21 A Reckless Owner
- 22 The Roarer
- 23 The Lucky Shoe
- 24 Queen of the Turf
- 25 A Great Coup \*

- 26 The King's Favourite
- 27 A Cast Off
- 28 Good at the Game
- 29 The Chance of a Lifetime \*†
- 30 A Member of Tatt's
- 31 The Trainer's Treasure
- 32 The Phantom Horse
- 33 The Head Lad
- 34 The Best of the Season
- 35 The Flyer
- 36 The White Arab
- 37 A Fortune at Stake \*
- 38 A Gamble for Love \*
- 39 The Wizard of the Turf
- 40 Never in Doubt
- 41 Left in the Lurch
- 42 Lost and Won
- 43 A Turf Conspiracy\*
- 44 Breaking the Record
- 45 The Smasher

## NEW VOLUMES 1920

- 46 A Northern Crack
- 47 The Rider in Khaki
- 48 Won on the Post

\* Filmed. † Dramatised.

\* \* \* New Library Novels by Mr. Nat Gould, and also Reprints of his already published Novels, will be issued from time to time in various editions.

**JOHN LONG, Ltd., 12-14 Norris Street, Haymarket, London**





# The King's Passion

JOHN LING, LTD., PUBLISHERS, LONDON

# The Latest Library Novels

Colonial Editions are also published

---

**THE FOUNDRESS.** By JOHN AYSCOUGH, author of "French Windows," "The Tideway," "Fernando," etc.

**THE KING'S PASSION.** By AMY J. BAKER (Mrs. Maynard Crawford), author of "I Too Have Known," "The Snake Garden," "Moon-flower," "Tyrian Purple," etc.

**SONNICA.** By VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ. The author's famous book, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," is now in its 300th Thousand.

**THE GATE OF TEMPTATION.** By PERCY JAMES BREBNER, author of "Princess Maritza," "The White Gauntlet," "A Gallant Lady," etc.

**APRON-STRINGS.** By RICHARD MARSH, author of "The Garden of Mystery," "The Magnetic Girl," "Orders to Marry," "The Deacon's Daughter," "Outwitted," etc.

**JANE HOBBS.** By EILEEN FITZGERALD, author of "A Way-faring Woman," "Eleanor's Husband," "Thistledown," etc.

**A BRUSH WITH FATE.** By CARLTON DAWE, author of "The Woman with the Yellow Eyes," "The Admiralty's Secret," "The Mighty Arm," etc.

**A WIDOW'S WOOING.** By JAMES BLYTH, author of "Rubina," "Amazement," "A Modern Sacrifice," "A Dangerous Thing," etc.

**THE SWEEP WINNER.** By NAT GOULD. The author whose sales now exceed 20,000,000 copies.

**THE SINS YE DO.** By FARREN LE BRETON, author of "Inspiration," "The Courts of Love," "Stairs of Sand," etc.

**BERTHA IN THE BACKGROUND.** By BEATRICE KELSTON, author of "A Three-Cornered Duel," "The Blows of Circumstance," "All the Joneses," "The Edge of To-day," etc.

**THE BRIDE OF SHIVA.** By HENRY BRUCE, author of "The Song of Surrender," "The Wonder Mist," etc.

**OF FINER CLAY.** By HYLDA RHODES, author of "The Secret Bond," "The Unhallowed Vow," "What Snow Conceals," etc.

**AT STARTING PRICE.** By NAT GOULD. The author whose sales now exceed 20,000,000 copies.

**THE AMBITIONS OF JILL.** By MAY WYNNE, author of "Ronald Lindsay," "For Faith and Navarre," "Henry of Navarre," etc.

---

**JOHN LONG, LTD., Publishers, LONDON**

And at all Libraries and Booksellers

# The King's Passion

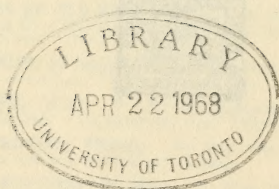
By  
**Amy J. Baker**  
(Mrs. Maynard Crawford)

Author of  
"I Too Have Known," "The Impenitent Prayer,"  
"The Snake Garden," "Moonflower,"  
"Dear Yesterday," "Tyrian Purple."



London  
**John Long, Limited**  
12, 13 & 14 Norris Street, Haymarket  
*All Rights Reserved*

*First published in 1920*






DEDICATED

TO

EDMUND THE KING



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

# Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	AN OLD MAN'S BRIDAL - - -	13
II.	EDMUND OF ANGLIA - - -	37
III.	THE COMING OF RAGNAR - - -	58
IV.	WHO MAKES PILGRIMAGE? - - -	77
V.	THE WITCH OF EXNING - - -	90
VI.	A FROZEN SPRING - - -	110
VII.	VALKYR OF THE NORTHLAND - -	136
VIII.	ORDEAL BY IRON - - -	158
IX.	THE LILY POOL - - -	174
X.	INGOR THE CHANGELING - - -	192
XI.	A LITTLE SEASON OF LOVE AND LAUGHTER - - -	208
XII.	THE WORK OF BIORN - - -	228
XIII.	WHITE HORSEMAN AND BLACK - -	245
XIV.	THE CAMP OF LYNN - - -	266
XV.	THE MATING OF TEKLA - - -	289
XVI.	THE THRICE CROWNED - - -	309





## Foreword

IN writing the story of Edmund of East Anglia, I have of necessity drawn the materials for my narrative from a variety of sources. The kindly old monk, Roger of Wendover, has told me much. His chronicles contain intimate pictures of everyday life, and of the happenings which caught his fancy. Thus kings, armies, saints, miracles, witches and devils, receive equal consideration ; nor have the old gods strayed far from the scene of their worship.

Little by little, as the veils of contemporary superstitions fall away, Edmund stands out, virile and compelling, brave knight, true Englishman—the Arthur of the eastern counties.

Regarding his origin, authorities are divided. The greater number affirm that he came from the ancient home of the Saxon race in northern Germany ; others, again, give good reason for believing him to be English, by birth and parentage ; the direct descendant of the royal line of East Anglia. I have followed the latter opinion.

Of Frea, daughter of Ragnar the Rover, and of Elgiva the Queen, Roger and his fellows say nothing ; nor do the monks of Saint Edmundsbury mention them in their manuscripts. Maybe the king's armour-bearer, who, at a great age, told the tale of the last fight to Dunstan, whispered somewhat of tenderness, for old men are garrulous. But the

Archbishop, who could not abide women, kept the matter secret.

Thus they pass—king and queen, earl and lady, Saxon and viking—forgotten almost, until some writer of a later age, greatly loving the task, sets down the story of their joys and sorrows.

AMY J. BAKER

*St George's, Bermuda*

# The King's Passion

## CHAPTER I

### AN OLD MAN'S BRIDAL

"THAT for a careless eye ! That for a saucy tongue, and more to follow ! A half side of lamb's carcase burnt to ashes ! Here is our master, used to Frankish dishes, and you would have him fare upon cinders and charred fat ! "

" There are other morsels my master ! "

" Not for your burning ! "

Once again the long wooden spoon fell smartly about the ears and shoulders of the whimpering scullion, for the head cook's hand, though light for pastry, was heavy for blows.

" Whither did you go, nithing, while the meat burned ? "

" I ran to the courtyard ! Swithin, Lord Bishop of Winchester, arrived with monks and thanes—"

" S' Bennet send the holy man hither to make the rood-sign over this joint and restore its flavour ! "

" Could he do that, master ? "

" Ignorant and doubting ! Is it not related that when soldiers in jest broke the eggs in a market woman's basket he made the blessed symbol above

them and they were perfected without crack or flaw ? ”

“ Let me throw myself at his feet ! Let me—— ! ”

“ Go prying and peeping a second time ! Begone ! Carry water for the cauldrons since you are useless at the spit.”

The boy fled, fearing the spoon ; and Tuff, head cook to Æthelwulf, King of Wessex, continued his round. Because he once held office in an abbey kitchen his dress was half monastic, half secular. A coarse brown robe, shorter in front than behind, by reason of his mighty stomach, was pulled through a finely wrought girdle of silver links, leaving exposed a pair of hairy, muscular legs, and feet shod with leather sandals. His jovial face, surrounded by a full beard was red and shining, while bushy hair flowing about his shoulders signified that he was born free, and had not bowed his neck in servitude. A heavy gold chain marked him as the sometime recipient of royal favour, and indeed, with little pressing, he was willing to tell the tale of a trial of skill between himself and a cook of Mercia, of a Whitsun lamb roast to a turn, of a lady's judgment, and of a king's reward.

Up and down the kitchen, directing, ordering, tasting, he went, now this way now that. Sides of oxen and sheep, hanging on spits, cooked before fires lighted on flat stones, and beside each a scullion waited to turn the meat. Lower down the log-built room were cauldrons in which eels were stewing, and, farthest away from the heat of the fires, women and maids were busy kneading dough, and making game pies and giant pasties. The eyes of all were bloodshot and their faces somewhat grimed, for the



smoke drifted hither and thither whenever a current of air caught it, before it finally escaped through the several holes in the roof made for its exit.

In spite of work to be done ere sunset, jollity was abroad. Dish churls and maids jested together. Good wives, trained from girlhood in baking and roasting, clouted impudent horse boys intent on theft. Laughter went up when a groom darted in from the courtyard and burnt his mouth on a stolen pie ; and later, when a ragged man leaned in the outer doorway and played upon pipes, many voices joined in merry song, for not every day does an old king of four-score years lead home a young bride, after a pilgrimage to Rome for the health of his soul.

The palace of Æthelwulf in the royal town of Winchester was built half of stone, half of wood, for the Saxons, who at their first coming laid waste Roman civilization, were, four hundred years later, by frequent intercourse with the continent, rapidly learning the arts their forefathers had destroyed. Thus to the original building of wattle and clay had been added a chapel, a great hall, and private apartments, with stone walls and weather-proof roofs. The whole structure, erected according to no settled plan, and extended by successive kings as need or inclination guided, spread irregularly over a wide area ; being surrounded for purposes of defence by a fosse or ditch filled with water from a tributary of the Itchen, and encircled on either bank by a strong palisade of stakes, higher than a man's head. Projecting angles guarded the main entrance, and across the moat a wooden drawbridge could be raised or lowered at will.

At present it was down, giving free admission to the stream of monks, nobles and ladies on horse and afoot, who sought the palace. A pleasure-loving breed these Saxons, fond of wandering about, fond of dress, fond of jest, fond of minstrels, music, feasting; less fond of war than their grandsires, and given to drinking; so that men made more boast of prowess with the beer-horn than of success with bow and spear. A handsome race withal, strong limbed and muscular—fair haired for the most part, blue eyed, deep voiced and deep chested. The women fit mates for the men; beautiful, flaxen, white skinned; not easily moved to laughter or tears, mothers and housewives; though some there were who went on pilgrimages to the detriment of their virtue.

In a tapestry-hung chamber, set apart for his use, Swithin the Bishop, a mild old man, grown wise in the study of nature, trimmed his beard and refreshed himself after travel, while two brethren privileged by lifelong attendance upon him, ministered to his wants. Through narrow open slits high up in the wall, streams of tender spring sunshine poured into the room, and fell upon the hard-trodden floor of earth mixed with lime, and but newly strewn with rushes. A chair raised on a step, a couch spread with skins, a few stools, and a wooden chest completed the furniture.

"Fair weather for a royal bride! Aye, fair weather! Last night as we drew near I marked the evening clouds, and the flight of gulls by Hamo Water! Well might the skies weep, but instead they smile!" and the old bishop sighed passing his hand across his brow.

"Dear master!" the younger of the two monks began. "Do not grieve, nor yet without consideration accuse the king of folly. Charles the Bald, lord of the Franks, is a mighty monarch, son of Charlemagne, whom Egbert loved; by taking to wife a daughter of the imperial house, Æthelwulf makes for Wessex a powerful ally."

"True! Many sins are wrought in the name of statecraft."

"My father," the second monk exclaimed. "It is written that when King David was old he took to wife, Abishag the Shulamite. Maybe King Æthelwulf had in mind the scriptures——"

Angrily the bishop rose to his feet and smote the ground with his crozier.

"I have lived a long life, and ever I have looked upon the face of nature more gladly than upon the face of man; I have studied the wind and the rain, the rise of rivers, the soft fall of dew, rather than the laws of the body: but this I know. If, in the rash heat of youth, sins grievous to God are committed, though meriting stern condemnation, the guilt is less than when the blessing of Mother Church is asked upon unnatural nuptials. Our master has four strong sons and a fair daughter, given to him by the lady Osburga ere she passed hence. It is ill I say for him to marry a young maid——"

"My lord! Another thought!" the younger monk broke in soothingly, knowing well how storms of feeling drained the bishop's strength.

"Say on, Paulus. You were ever more worldly wise than I."

"My mind recalls two noble ladies, Etheldrida, daughter of Unna, King of the East Angles, who,

though given in marriage to Tonbert, Prince of the South Gervii, and afterwards to Egfrid of Northumbria, remained unwed in all save name, and is reckoned among the saints. Kineswitha, of the royal house of Mercia, who fled from Offa, her bethrothed, and afterwards persuaded him to embrace the monastic life, has also gained a crown of glory."

Once more old Swithin sighed.

"Doubtless the ladies were of high virtue. The saints in heaven reward them!"

"Dear master," the monk went on. "May it not be that Judith, Princess of the Franks, has like intent?"

"I know not! Indeed I know not! Listen, the chapel bell calls to Nones. Clear skies by the sound of its peal. Let us pray for her who comes a stranger among us."

In another chamber, whose door stood open to a pleasant stretch of grass, where beneath blackthorn bushes early primroses were growing, Githa, the royal nurse, lifted childish garments from an oaken press, murmuring to herself, after the manner of the aged.

"First swaddling bands, then a short tunic or a little kirtle! Lack-a-day! Where is the mantle I sought? Then a suit of mail or a matron's coif. What is this? The bridal veil of the lady Osburga—sweet saint—passed to rest, and her place taken by a heathen from overseas! Stay! Did not Godolphus, the gleemen, tell me these Franks are Christians—well, well! There are Christians and Christians." Then lifting out a child's crimson cloak, worked in gold.



"The mantle I sought! Ethelbald, Osburga's first-born, wore it on his tenth birthday. But because he grew tall of stature I laid it aside, nor would I let either of his brothers put it on until now."

Thoughtfully she smoothed the creases, and wiped her eyes with the corner of her wimple. She was fat and motherly, dressed in a brown woollen robe and stiff white head-dress.

"Now why in the name of all the blessed saints are old men such fools?" she demanded. "In middle life Æthelwulf married Osburga, a maid young enough to be his daughter, four brave sons she bore him and a little lass. True wife she was, my beloved lady! In sorrow for her loss, off my lord goes to Rome, to make supplication for her pure soul. La! La! Back he comes through the kingdom of the Franks—and, ere Bishop Swithin and his mass-priest have finished the soul-scat for Osburga, here is a new queen—Well! I have had three husbands, but each was of an age with myself. I couldn't abide an old man!"

Laughter sounded through the doorway. Clear ringing mirth, and presently a boy of ten burst into the room. His dark brown curls were tossed back from his face, he was out of breath, and his blue eyes danced with merriment. At first sight he seemed hardly of Saxon type, but his skin beneath its healthy sunburn was fair enough, his features were regular, and his figure, though slight, was well knit and proportionate. A torn white woollen tunic covered his slim body, and his brown legs were scratched and bleeding. In one hand he carried a small bow, and in the other an arrow, with a strip of blue silk wrapped about it. Such was the boy Alfred, last descendant of the house of Cedric.

"Lack-a-day, the new tunic!" Githa began—but as she spoke a little girl ran to her, crying peevishly, her small mud-covered hands stretched out in front of her.

"Githa! Githa! he stole my snood, and, when I would have taken it from him, he ran away, and said he would shoot it to Swithin's weathercock on the roof!"

Swiftly the boy's laughter ceased.

"Elgiva dear, I did but tease! It was a game. Here is the snood!" and he unbound the riband from the arrow.

But Elgiva, his sister, was not to be comforted, she demanded sympathy and homage as her right, and usually got it.

"He fled into the bushes, and I followed," she sobbed. "Then I fell and bruised my knee—Look!" and lifting her skirt she showed a pair of straight legs.

"There is no bruise, my pretty!" Githa exclaimed, lifting her to her lap. "Your brother Alfred is sorry. Will you not kiss him and forgive?"

"No, not yet—my knee pains me!"

"Let me bind it with my kerchief—if I can find one," Alfred cried, and loosening a leather wallet from his waist turned out its contents upon a stool. A half-eaten apple, two chestnuts, a bit of thin rope, a moleskin hardly dry, and what looked like a dirty ball of rag. This he folded hurriedly, but, when he would have bound it round Elgiva's knee, she screamed.

"It is soiled! Yesterday he filled it with worms for fish-bait!"

Ruefully Alfred took up his possessions, and

pushed them once more into his satchel, but the old nurse interfered.

"Throw the kerchief yonder, and spread the evil-smelling moleskin in the sun to dry. Small difference is there between prince and peasant boy, when the contents of a wallet are concerned."

At the sound of the chapel bell calling to Nones, little Elgiva slipped from Githa's knee, and crossing the room knelt before a niche containing a cross and a stoup of holy water. With childish ostentation she adjusted her dress about her heels, folded her hands meekly, and closed her eyes—having first glanced through her lashes to be sure that Alfred and Githa were watching. She was a beautiful child, giving promise of greater beauty to come—golden hair fell to her waist, her eyes were deeply blue and fringed with black lashes, while, like her brother, her features were regular and finely formed.

When she had repeated two Aves and a Pater-noster, Alfred interrupted her.

"Your knee, sister! I thought it was hurt."

"I am able to kneel in prayer."

"Was ever such piety!" the old nurse exclaimed. "It comes like the measles and passes as quickly! Get up, my babe, I would dress you both for the king's reception."

"The foreign lady, will she love us?" Alfred questioned, but Githa brought a basin of warm water and scrubbed his face, making further talk impossible.

"I shall love her, and I think she will love me," Elgiva observed; but she had hardly spoken when a curtain across an inner doorway was drawn back, and a young man stood on the threshold. With a

joyful cry she ran to him, and was lifted into his arms.

"Ethelbald ! Ethelbald ! Give me leave to stand at your side in the great hall."

"Oh aye ! And come to the feast with me, and drink a horn of ale ! No, little one, in an hour's time I must welcome our father at the head of the earls and thanes. Guess who has sent you a gift ?"

"A gift ? What is it ?"

"Rather, who sent it ?"

"Someone I love ? A playfellow ?"

"Well guessed ! Listen. Last night, Biorn, a king's thane of East Anglia, came, bringing bridal presents for our father from Edmund. He brought a gift for you also. See, your former friend sends you a jewelled brooch."

Elgiva clapped her hands as Ethelbald held the present in his palm.

"Edmund has not come himself ?" Alfred questioned, Githa having transferred her attentions to his neck and arms.

"Alas, poor boy ! He is busy learning statecraft. No more wolf-hunts at midnight, when Brother John the tutor thought you were both abed."

"It seems long since he left us," Alfred sighed. "How long is it, Ethelbald ?"

"Six months maybe. Nine at most, and now, though he is only fourteen years of age, the East Angles have crowned him king. He sent you a hunting knife, and a message saying that Bishop Humbert is teaching him the psalter in Latin, from a book with pictures round each illuminated capital. Perhaps he has more love for the pictures than for the psalter !"

"Hush, hush, my prince! There is one not far away who has the same!"

With a laugh Ethelbald rose from the stool where he had been sitting with Elgiva on his knee. Of all her brothers she loved him best. A self-centred secretive child, those about her sometimes wondered if she cared for any at all, except herself and the young prince.

"Come to-morrow!" she begged. "If only for a moment." Then, whispering in his ear as he set her on her feet, "Ethelbald, I dream about you sometimes—I dream you are a holy saint!"

"Not for me!" the prince cried, kissing her cheek. "I am a soldier, nothing more. Now farewell, both of you. Greet your father joyfully—and the new queen."

With quick firm steps he strode down the wooden corridors, for, though the rooms were of stone, the masonry did not extend to the passages. A group of soldiers lifted their swords on high in salutation as he passed, and earls, thanes and ecclesiastics bowed at his approach. As heir to the throne of Wessex they loved him well. Already proved in battle with the northmen, they knew him for a brave warrior and fearless leader. In one foray he had fought four Danes single-handed and had slain them all. Though not more than thirty years of age, he had the appearance of a tried soldier. Well over six feet in height, of magnificent build and great strength, he gave the impression of reckless daring. His fair hair flowed freely from beneath his steel cap, his brows met heavily above grey eyes, which held unrest and a hint of laughter. His beard was trimmed to a point, and the hair upon

his upper lip was clipped, showing a determined mouth, firmly set.

In one of the courtyards he paused beside two youths, who, with a group of young nobles, were inspecting a horse led up and down by a groom.

"Well met, brother!" the elder exclaimed. "A fine horse, sent to our father by Edmund of East Anglia!"

"Somewhat mettlesome for a man of eighty winters."

"Seventy and five, brother!"

"As you will, Ethelbert! Maybe the queen will need a palfrey when she goes hawking."

"The queen! The queen! For myself I shall hold aloof from the Frankish woman. Will she expect the king's sons to form a guard of honour when she rides abroad!"

Ethelbald smiled, and laid his hand on his brother's shoulder.

"The descendant of Charlemagne can be no fool. Her father is powerful. For Wessex' sake better have her for friend than enemy, and besides—" here his voice changed and took on a kindly tone. "Poor maid, a stern parent gave her in marriage. What lass of twenty would let her heart go out to a grey-beard."

"You are wise, brother. I will be courteous and pitiful."

An hour later a vast throng had assembled in the great hall of the palace, the upper portion of which was raised above the rest by three shallow steps, where, beneath a canopy, a double throne was set. Right and left in the body of the hall earls and thanes were grouped according to precedence, while



bishops and prelates in full robes and jewelled mitres, with Swithin at their head, stood ready to chant the blessing.

A crimson cloth stretched from the main entrance to the foot of the throne, and from the lofty roof waved the Golden Dragon of Wessex, and the banners of her dependent kingdoms. Presently, as Ethelbald, followed by his brothers Ethelbert and Ethelred, and a band of chosen nobles passed to his place on the right of the throne, a murmur of greeting went round the throng, to give place to cries of delight from the ladies in the galleries, as Elgiva and Alfred hand in hand walked gravely up the crimson way, and seated themselves on the steps of the dais.

The sound of horns, distant as yet, made all heads turn in the direction of the doorway, and thereafter followed mighty cheers and the trampling of horses. Music rose and fell, thousands of voices joined in a hymn of welcome, the royal guard filed into the hall, lining the approach to the throne, and a band of white-robed maidens ran scattering flowers.

"Greeting to King Æthelwulf! Welcome to his bride! Æthelwulf and Judith, Æthelwulf and Judith, greeting!"

Swithin drew himself erect and raised his hand in blessing, as the royal pair paused upon the threshold. An old man with sweeping white beard, accompanied by a slender veiled figure.

"Welcome, most worthy sovereign!" the bishop exclaimed. "God be praised for your safe return. Let us thank Him!" and, at a given signal, king, queen, princes, bishops, earls, thanes and freemen sank upon their knees.

"This have I done for the health of my soul and the good of Wessex!" Æthelwulf cried when the prayer was ended, and in spite of his years his voice was resonant.

"Three hundred mancuses of money from my private coffers have I dedicated to the service of Rome! A hundred for the purchase of oil for the filling of lamps in S. Peter's Church on Easter Eve, the like for the church of S. Paul, and a hundred to our Father the Pope, for almsgiving, as may be deemed fit."

"The holy apostles, Peter and Paul, whom you have honoured, bless your house for ever," Swithin chanted.

The assembly breathed Amen; and rising from his knees Æthelwulf led his bride to the dais.

Long travel had wearied him, and, in spite of effort, he tottered somewhat in his walk, and leaned upon his staff. His blue robe hung loosely about a gaunt and wasted body, his head swayed from side to side; but his eyes, sunk deep beneath white and bushy brows, still held a spark of fire. Before the throne he turned and faced the assembly.

"Lords of Wessex, bishops, thanes and freemen, I have come back after many months, by the grace of God, and the protection of Holy Peter, whose shrine I sought. Nor have I returned alone. My brother and friend, Charles, King of the Franks, has, because of his love to me and to Wessex, sent us a priceless gift. The one fair daughter of an Imperial house, in whose veins runs the blood of Charlemagne, and of Louis the Debonair. Here let me present to you, Judith, wife of Æthelwulf, princess of the Franks and Queen of Wessex!"

With stiff but courtly gesture he took her hand, while tirewomen drew back her veil. As she lifted eyes, frightened, passionate and darkly beautiful, she saw none other save Ethelbald the prince, strong and virile, clad in shining head-piece and scarlet mantle. Swiftly she lowered her gaze, while crimson crept into the warm olive of her face, and left it pale.

To the Saxons who looked upon her she had little beauty, her type and theirs were far apart ; but, to Ethelbald, his father's wife was as a beam of moonlight, as a silver lake fringed by tall trees, as a purple iris growing by a limpid stream.

Ætheling of Wessex, he knelt before her, noted her little feet shod in red leather, embroidered with pearls, noted her floating hair, as yet unconfined by matron's coif, and wondered ; noted her flower face, tragic and frightened, found that her small cold hand trembled at his kiss ; swore to be her friend, strove to quell the anger in his heart against the old man who called her wife.

Gravely she accepted salutations and greetings, which she but half understood ; once only did she smile, and that when Alfred and Elgiva spoke words of welcome, and the little maid offered a bunch of primroses.

In unending stream they came to do her homage, old and young, earl and lady, bishop and thane ; and in their looks she saw no friendship, nor expected any.

Biorn, noble of East Anglia, ambassador from its boy-king, glanced at her curiously ; despised her for her marriage ; because of her dark hair, classed her as a witch, for he was given to magic and the

uses of old heathenness ; spoke his message with the suave voice of a courtier, but, when he returned to his place, whispered a coarse jest into the ear of a monk, who laughed so that he was obliged to loose his girdle.

Biorn had travelled much, had been to Rome, some said to Spain, certainly to the Frankish court, whence he had returned in haste, none knew why. In East Anglia he was feared by many, hated by some, loved by few, amongst them Edmund, who being a boy could not judge him. A tall man and muscular, he was red as a fox, cunning in the chase, a great hunter, able to tell a tale, touch a harp, sing a song, sport with a maiden, dally with another's wife. But all these things he did of set purpose, never because his heart was merry. In the green wood he tracked bear and wild boar, not from joy of hunting, but that men might praise his skill. Always he considered his actions, weighed how this and that would count. Flattered by deeds not words, and strove to be in the forefront upon occasions great and small, that men might note his presence. Was generous circumspectly, never spontaneously. Cultivated friendship to his own ends—gave all his ear, and none his heart, having no heart to give. Coldly lustful, cautious in his amours, he respected no woman, nor called any wife.

Ambassadors from Mercia, from Northumbria, from Strathclyde, from Wales, brought greetings and wedding gifts, and ere the last had bowed before the weary monarch, the hall was dim with the chill twilight of early spring, and foreboding hung heavy in the air. Soon the lamps would be lighted and a great feast set, but first the throng would disperse to make ready for the banquet.

In the general movement, the queen stood a moment apart, and Biorn swept the ground before her with the border of his mantle.

"Sweet Queen and honoured bride," he began in her own language, hearing which she looked less sad. "In years gone by I was honoured in that I rode hawking with Charles, King of the Franks."

"My father? You visited him!"

"Even so, and once I lifted from her palfrey a little princess!"

"You knew me in childhood?" Her tone was eager, but Biorn had nothing to gain from her friendship, and sought only to wound under the guise of homage.

"Truly most noble, ere a fair princess became a fairer queen, who will doubtless bring strong sons to the house of Æthelwulf."

For a moment her eyes flashed, then they filled with tears as she turned away. Having shot his poison dart, Biorn effaced himself in the crowd, but Æthelbald the Ætheling, who heard all, leaned from his great height.

"Lady! Little sister! How can I say mother to one so young! Look upon me as brother—friend."

He too spoke the language of the Franks, and his gentleness almost broke down her self-control, for she was tired, afraid, and very lonely. Knowing little but guessing much, he took her hand, not as courtier, but in a man's warm clasp.

"Remember I am no stranger. I shall be beside you at the banquet."

A wan smile played round her lips as she thanked him with tear-dimmed eyes. Then her women surrounded her and she went to the tiring-room.

That night there was revel in the great hall, where five hundred men feasted. At the high table the old king sat, flushed with Frankish wine, seeking to bring back youth. Around him were the envoys from neighbouring kingdoms, and among them Biorn of East Anglia. Upon his left his younger sons, Æthelbert and Æthelred, pledged him good fortune; upon his right the queen in brave array of pearl-strewn gown and bridal veil, looked shrinkingly before her, eating nothing, until the Ætheling, who had place beside her, gave a quick order to a waiting steward, who ran to his bidding. Presently with his own hand he poured wine from an ancient flask into a jewelled cup, and leaned towards her.

"Drink lady! Wine worthy of your favour. Not the coarse ale of the lower hall, but a vintage sent by your grandsire Charlemagne to my grandsire Egbert; and trodden maybe in the days of the last Cæsar."

"I thank you," she faltered. "But, I cannot, I ——"

"Lady, that I may know you accept friendship."

"I do—indeed, indeed, I do."

"Then drink."

Slowly she sipped the wine, and presently a little colour came into her face.

In the hall gleemen passed from table to table, singing the deeds of Æthelwulf, and the glories of his house. Great horns of ale were emptied at a draught, and jest and merriment clamoured to the roof.

Twice the king leaned towards Judith with whispered words, and twice Æthelbald saw the look of terror mingled with loathing on her face. Then,



because he was young, because her strange beauty roused his manhood, because he pitied her, he sought her confidence.

"Once, out hunting," he began, "I found a little doe caught in a net laid for hares. She was unhurt, but the meshes had wrapped her round, so that she could not move. Her eyes were wild, but, knowing herself helpless, she suffered me to loose her. Because the snare was not for her, I set her free in the forest. May I not do for a new-found friend what I did for a dumb beast?"

"None can free me. I must bear my part!"

"What do you fear, Judith?" He used her name for the first time, and his voice was gentle.

"I fear—I fear—Virgin Mother, forgive me! I fear the king!"

"But he is kind, courteous to women."

"He has been so to me."

"Æthelbald looked perplexed.

"It is two months since the Bishop of Rheims joined your hands in the sight of all the Frankish court."

"Yes, but since then I have dwelt with my maidens, and with the lady Ermyntrude, my mother's sister, who came hither with me. Now the time of travelling is past, and I must remain with Æthelwulf."

With a smothered oath Æthelbald glanced at his father, then his brow cleared.

"My lord," he began. "Let me pledge you! But since this wine is thin for a wedding feast, I have here the vintage of Charlemagne!" and lifting Judith's goblet he drained it dry.

"A good thought, son! Steward, haste to the

cellars, and bring old wine for a new bride. My taste is turned from the ale of my ancestors, but we will toast each other in the drink of the Cæsars."

Again, with set purpose Æthelbald pledged the king—again, and yet again, until, full of mirth the old man pledged him back, rallied him on the love of ladies, grew boastful of his prowess, and with shaking hand spilled the wine ere it reached his lips.

"Withdraw, lady—your own women and the Countess Ermyntrude await you. In their keeping the night will pass with happy dreams."

"All the saints reward you."

"Maybe the saints would have small pleasure in my action!" Æthelbald muttered after she had gone.

Meanwhile the feast continued. A harp was passed round, but when the king sought to touch its strings he fell forward with his head upon the table, babbling vainly.

Strict in military discipline, and sober when most were overcome, at midnight Æthelbald rose from his place to visit the captain of the watch, and to make the round with him. The revelry had extended to all quarters, but some instinct made him turn aside to the part of the palace given up to the royal children. Alfred was sleeping peacefully, so was old Githa, in an inner chamber; little Elgiva lay, cheek on hand, her hair tossed upon the pillow, while dark tresses from another head mingled with its gold, for Judith, the queen, white robed and happy, knelt beside the bed, her arms about the sleeping child, as she crooned a cradle song of her own land.

For a while the Ætheling stood wondering, then knowledge came which made him grasp the dagger at his girdle, resolution which forced aside all obstacles, and another feeling, fierce and compelling, which oft-times drives a man to the very pinnacle of attainment.

"Hush thee to sleep, child of another,  
N'er can these arms caress babe of mine own.  
Cold blows the wind in the reeds by the river.  
Hush thee to sleep! I must journey alone.

Through the gardens of France in the time of vintage  
I chased love at even, but swiftly he fled;  
Nor dew on the violet, nor song of the thristle,  
Can bring back sweet joy to a heart that is dead!"

"Not dead, Princess, but sleeping!"

Swiftly Judith started to her feet, looking fearfully to left and right.

"I could not rest; I came here while my maidens slept!" Then, seeing the Ætheling, "You are my friend—do not betray me?"

Silently he took her hands in his, and drew her across the threshold to the garden. The moon in her last quarter gave a fitful light because of the fleecy clouds drifting across her face. There was no hardness in the air, only a soft spring wind which stirred the bushes and the long dark tresses of the queen. In the forest beyond the moat, the sap was rising in the oaks, which were sturdy trees ere the departure of the legions. Primroses starred the grass, and the hawthorn bushes were silvery white.

"Little princess, it is your bridal night!"

"Ah, do not mock me!"

"I mock!—who hold you dear as my own soul!"

"Noble Ætheling, I am ——"

"You are a frightened maid! A tender dove in a nest of hawks! Tell me, was there one in France whom you loved, ere your father gave you in marriage to a dotard?"

"Indeed, indeed I have never loved. I have only dreamed——"

"Could you love, Judith?"

"I have dreamed that I could love." Her words were very low, and she trembled slightly.

Detaching his cloak from his shoulders he wrapped it about her.

"See! I, not another, give you the royal mantle of Wessex."

"You, Æthelbald?" Her eyes were starry beneath the crimson hood, and her face like a pale wood-flower.

"Yes, I! Not a tottering grey-beard four times your age! To-night I saved you from feeble—Oh Saints in heaven, I cannot speak of it! But there is to-morrow, and many morrows afterwards, for we men of Wessex live long, unless we die in battle."

"Listen," she breathed. "I would have slain myself, ere I came hither. I went to a wise woman who gave me poison in a crystal phial. But, as I mixed it with water, the lady Ermyntrode, ever watchful, and guessing my intent, snatched it from my hand. I would have thrown myself into the sea from the ship's side, but they kept ever near me. O noble Ætheling, give me the means of death, since there is nothing else."

"I will give you love! While there is time let me carry you to my strong castle in the west. There will I hold you against all the world. Garent, King of the Welsh in Cornwall, who has the blood of

Uther Pendragon in his veins, will aid me with sword and shield. The men of Wessex love me, and when Æthelwulf is dead we will reign side by side. See I take you now—mine till death and beyond——”

Swiftly he lifted her in his arms, kissing her lips.

“Can you love me now, my bride?”

“Your bride? Sweet Saints, the joy!”

“Come then, beloved, mount and ride! Ere dawn we must be well upon the way.”

“I dare not do this thing! For your soul’s sake, I dare not!”

“My soul is given to a princess.”

“Our Holy Father would put a ban upon you—condemn you to unending torment and the pains of hell.”

Æthelbald laughed long as he held her close.

“I will return to the religion of my ancestors. I will worship Thor and Woden, the gods of warriors. Enough of starved priests and timorous shavelings, enough of pale saints, and relics from the charnel house. The old gods bade us be men, nor did they turn to water the red blood in our veins. Come, my Queen—mine only——”

“Beloved! For my very love’s sake it may not be. The Church blessed my marriage, the Holy Father sent his benediction. He would excommunicate the whole realm of Wessex, and your life would pay the forfeit.”

“My life! This is my life! To hold you thus! To crush you to my heart. Since you cannot choose aright I will choose for you. See! Against your will I carry you away, to happiness and love!”

Bearing her in his arms as a man takes up a child, he strode hastily across the grass. With closed eyes she lay unresisting.

Suddenly the great bell of the chapel tolled in solemn strokes the knell for a passing soul.

"What is that?"

"Listen, they wail in the courtyard!"

"What do they say?"

"Hark!"

"Alas! alas! the king is dead. Carry him from the feast! The king is dead!"

"Beloved, I must leave you! Seek your women! I will send tidings."

In the courtyard, a throng of nobles, made sober by tragedy, met him.

"Hail, Æthelbald, King of Wessex!"

"What was the manner of it?" His words were stern. Æthelbert, his brother, fell on one knee before him.

"Our father slept, overcome by the first fumes. Then he roused himself, called for more wine, and would have drunk, but the veins on his forehead swelled, his eyes glazed, and before we could save him, he lay dead beside his chair."

Ere Æthelbald made answer the doors of the great hall were thrown open and a procession wound slowly out, to the sound of solemn chanting. Monks bearing torches walked barefoot with bowed heads. Swithin, the bishop, swept by in cope and mitre, and behind him came acolytes swinging censers. In the midst of priests and deacons carrying lighted candles, Æthelwulf was borne aloft on a royal bier, clad in his robes of state, his crown upon his brow.

With set face the new king followed his dead father to the chapel.



## CHAPTER II

### EDMUND OF ANGLIA

**BORDERED** north and east by the sea, and fenced from her neighbours by river, morass and forest, in the year 863 A.D., East Anglia was a self-contained kingdom, giving homage to none save to her young king. True, in the days of the heptarchy, she owed grudging allegiance to Offa of Mercia, murderer of her ruler Æthelbert ; and again under Egbert she had been obliged to acknowledge the overlordship of Wessex, but cessation from civil strife, together with the natural isolation of her position, tended towards the loosening of ties ; and certain it is that on his accession King Edmund called no man his superior.

His was a fair realm, for all its long cold springs and biting winds ; a country rich in lakeland and moorland, deep pastures and fertile cornfields, unbroken by mountain chains or rugged hills. Watered by Yare, Waveney, Deben and Orwell, streams full of fish ; intersected by woods teeming with game, and marshes, the home of countless wild fowl, the land supplied food in plenty for its hard living, taciturn inhabitants.

Of large towns there were none ; but thriving villages and monastic settlements, scattered up and down, made for prosperity. Perhaps the independent spirit of the East Angles forbade them to live too close to each other, assuredly it forbade them to herd together.

In old days, fiercest of all the barbarians who raided Britain, they had at their first coming dispossessed another race of warriors—the Iceni, whose queen, Boadicea, resisted Cæsar's legions. What they found of Roman civilization they destroyed. Villas were laid low and churches ruined, to be built again in after years, when Christ had conquered Woden and the gods of the North.

In Edmund's day, two roads, having as their starting place Beodricsworth, the St. Edmundsbury of modern times, led to London. The better known of these, the Icknield way, passed over Newmarket heath, and onwards between forest land on the left and the river Cam on the right, where a thriving scholastic settlement was already established. Of trade in the accepted sense there was little, men were dependent on the land they tilled, the game they hunted, the herds they reared; and for clothing upon the sheep they sheared, and upon the industry of their women who spun as they sat around the wood fires on winter nights, listening to the tales of minstrels, gleemen and pilgrims.

In spite of the natural obstacles which separated her from her fellows, East Anglia began early to feel the effect of foreign influence, of Christianity, and of the Church. What Fursey, the Irish monk began, Felix, the Burgundian, perfected; though old Penda, heathen King of Mercia, battered never so relentlessly against the borders of Christendom. In one way and another, by means of travel, religious pilgrimage, which was another name for sightseeing (and often enough for things less reputable), by marriage, by the coming of learned monks and priests from the continent, the East

Angles learnt to build commodious houses, to raise churches and monasteries, to fashion rich clothing, to sell and buy fine horses, and to remodel the patriarchal code of laws which had come down to them from their forefathers.

Upon an autumn day of gold and blue, for then, as now, the autumns of the eastern kingdom were long drawn out and beautiful in their lingering glory, Edmund called a meeting of the great council, at the town of Woodbridge, where he had a royal residence, and where was a great mote-hall of wood, a fitting place of assembly.

To Woodbridge then came earls, thanes, bishops, and a host of churls and lesser freedmen, who might not enter the conclave, but who were allowed to make their wishes known by shouts of approval or negation. Ranged in order of precedence, in semi-circular formation, and seated upon oaken chairs and benches, the nobles waited the coming of the king. Among them was Biorn, king's thane and royal huntsman, but little changed from eight years before, when he attended the ill-fated wedding of Æthelwulf. Near him stood old Ulfketyl, the bravest warrior in the kingdom; more like one of his own ancestors than a Christian knight; mighty of stature, mighty of muscle and sinew, full bearded, with flowing hair, and leaning upon a double-headed battle axe which never left him day or night, and which none but he could wield. Never was ale-horn so deep but Ulfketyl could drain it, never was shield so heavy but he could toss it higher than the rood-sign of the church. Mild as a babe when unopposed, but when roused able to swear thunderously by the old gods, and to call upon them too,

greatly the old warrior strove with simple faith to obey the teaching of his friend the bishop, but deep in his heart he loved heroes better than saints, and Valhalla better than heaven.

On the right of the chair of state, in the centre of the throng, Humbert, Bishop of Elmham, the king's trusted friend, adviser and former tutor, leaned upon his crozier. He was a man thick set and inclining to stoutness, with a keen face, humorous mouth and twinkling blue eyes, which for more than seventy years had looked upon the world, finding good before evil, and virtue before vice. The kindly prelate was perhaps the first statesman-ecclesiastic which the English kingdoms had known. In their degree, Christian missionaries had influenced the Saxon rulers, but always in favour of personal rectitude, the furthering of religion, and the foundation of monasteries; never for the improvement of civil conditions, and the making or amelioration of secular laws. Because Edmund was young, Humbert interested himself in these matters; his advice was good and his counsel wise. Afterwards Dunstan the fiery, gentle Anselm, Becket and Wolsey, were to follow in his steps, but they sometimes forgot, in self-seeking and worldly pomp, the prudence and large-minded sympathy of their forerunner.

A stir in the outer courtyard, shouts of acclamation, and the trampling of horses, announced the coming of the king, and with one accord the councillors rose from their seats, as Edmund of East Anglia, attended by a throng of nobles and thanes, passed to his throne in their midst.

Strangers seeing him for the first time had little impression of form and feature, but realized only

the intense attraction of his personality, something intangible but electric, which radiated from his presence and made men his for life and death. Afterwards they learnt to know a youth upright and manly, clean limbed and lithe, skilled in the use of weapons and in hunting, a fine soldier and a gallant adversary. Fair-haired like all his race, with clear-cut features and mobile mouth, in profile the king resembled the image of a Cæsar upon a Roman coin. Maybe, in days gone by, when his heathen ancestors raided Britain, some wild Saxon earl took for his bride a Roman lady, who transmitted the imperial features; but the fact is unrecorded. Like many of the younger nobles of his time his face was clean-shaven, a fashion introduced from the continent a few years prior to his accession, only to die out again with the coming of the Northmen. Dressed in a fine linen tunic reaching to his ankles, and a scarlet mantle, with a plain gold circlet about his brows, there was little to distinguish him from the rest of the nobles, but in all the throng none was more royal, or of more princely bearing.

With uplifted hand Humbert came forward and blessed the assembly. The prayer ended, Edmund looked about him to left and right, acknowledging salutations and exchanging greetings. At length he straightened himself in his chair addressing his council.

"Men of Anglia, earls, thanes and freemen," he began, and his voice once heard was never forgotten. Low pitched, but clear, and full of light and shade, and subtle half-tones, it filled the hall, and reached to the throng beyond the doors, who hung upon his words.

"For many months it has been in my mind to ask your advice upon a matter which has troubled us all, and by means of which much suffering is brought upon the innocent. I refer to the existing laws of slavery and villenage."

For a moment cries of "Aye, Aye" interrupted his speech, but after a pause he continued.

"In seeking to reform the code, it is not my will to overthrow customs which have existed from earliest times. Those born in bondage become slaves by inheritance; prisoners of war become slaves by mishap, but a free man who voluntarily sells himself, with his wife and children, into slavery, is a disgrace to citizenship. Is it not so, nobles of Anglia?"

Again cries of approval.

"Like wise judges," the king went on, "we must not condemn before we have examined the cause of offence, which to my mind is twofold—debt and poverty. If, in payment of money justly due, a man forfeits his liberty, and there is no other means by which his creditor may be satisfied, the deed must stand; but I hold that neither to father nor to husband should be given the power of forcing a yoke upon innocent necks."

The king paused to lend weight to his words, and an old earl, well known as a great landowner and a kindly master, rose in his place.

"You have spoken truly, Lord of Anglia! God grant your words may be made law! Yet this would I know. If the breadwinner of a family becomes a bondman, who shall provide for his dependants?"

"I have considered the matter," Edmund replied.



"And the conditions are hard ; but better freedom and a crust than slavery and a full meal. Let a roll be made of all families willing to receive into their midst the wives of debtors, that the women may, by honest work, earn their bread. Let monks and nuns have care of the children. Is this pleasing to the Church, my father ? "

Gravely Bishop Humbert signified approval, and the king turned to the assembly.

"What is your will, members of the witan ? Shall a debtor be permitted to sell his wife and children into bondage ? "

Hands were raised on all sides, and cries of "Never ! Never ! It is disgrace to a Christian land ! " echoed through the hall, while from the doors beyond the crowd shouted agreement.

Immediately monks with tablets set the law in writing, to be drawn up in order hereafter, and sealed with the royal seal.

When the tumult had subsided, the king spoke again.

"Once more I would know your thoughts, wise men of Anglia. In evil days, when the harvests failed, and there was famine and pestilence in the land, old and young alike oft-times became bondmen for the sake of bread—taking up the yoke of any man who had with forethought set aside store of wheat. Now, lest you say ' Who shall prevent this thing ! ' I will unfold a plan. Let a fourth part of every harvest be reserved in public granaries, let it be purchased at just price by the State, and strictly guarded ; that in time of dearth it may be distributed as necessity arises."

Men looked at each other in astonishment ; never before had such a proposal been made.

"The king speaks as Joseph before Pharaoh!" an abbot exclaimed.

Questions were asked, doubts set at rest, scales of prices adjusted, and an agreement arrived at, by which the reserve quantity of grain should be regulated according to the yield of the harvest. These and similar points settled, the new law was acclaimed like the first, codified and put into writing.

Business ended for the day, in groups of twos and threes the nobles left the hall.

"Wonderful wisdom for one so young!" old Ulfketyl remarked to an earldorman of high rank. "When I was twenty-three, I had no thought for anything save bow and shield, and spear!"

"Our king is soldier as well as lawgiver; I fear he may need his military skill. But now, ere I came hither, news was brought that the Northmen had again landed in Thanet, and with some success; until the armies of Æthelbald beat them off."

"What is that you say, Wiglaf?" Biorn asked, joining the couple.

"Only that King Æthelbald of Wessex has again beaten back the Danes from Thanet," the earl answered coldly.

"From Thanet, yes!" Biorn said with a sigh. "But who shall thrust the dragon ships from Gyppeswick, and Dunwich and Yearmouth."

"What mean you?" Ulfketyl cried in wonder, for he was somewhat slow of comprehension. "Have we not brave men and to spare in Anglia? Is not the king diligent in the training of soldiers? Do not men come thrice a year for military exercise, whereas in former times they came but once?"

"True, true, true! The saints be praised for it!"

Biorn replied fervently. "Yet to my mind it were better to think of danger from without, than to consider internal reforms."

"I was a warrior in my youth, and God grant I may die in battle!" Wiglaf exclaimed. "But my heart tells me men will fight better for a land where justice is administered than for a realm where theft and rapine go unchecked. God be praised, a traveller can walk through Anglia from Stour to Wash with a bosom full of gold, and meet no harm."

"Maybe my judgment is false!" Biorn said humbly, and, seeing that little was to be gained from the two earls, withdrew to another group.

"Well met, brothers!" he cried addressing four thanes. "We have to-day passed wise laws for the good of the realm."

"Aye, wise indeed!" a man replied, whose gold bracelet proclaimed him a member of the royal household.

"I pray that we may long enjoy the good government of the king in peace and plenty," Biorn continued with a sigh.

"Never has the country been more prosperous. Yet your tone is doubting!"

"Doubting! Nay, Wulfred, not doubting, over anxious maybe, but not doubting. I trust Edmund, as do you."

"Then why sigh, when you talk of peace and good government?"

"Did I sigh? It was my heart speaking, not my mouth!"

"What is in your heart? Tell us."

"It were better not!"

The curiosity of the young noble was roused as

Biorn intended, and with seeming reluctance he told his tale.

"Of what use the manumission of slaves, the lessening of taxation, the establishment of schools, when we are threatened by a powerful enemy?"

"You mean the heathen from overseas?"

"Even so. Already the Vikings ravage Kent. Who shall say when they will turn to East Anglia?"

That the argument was sound, none could deny, nevertheless Biorn sought to drop poison, not to vindicate a principle.

"But the national levies are in full training!" Wulfred objected. "Each body of men has its place of assembly. Nor are we short of bow-strings, arrow heads, and weapons of war; also the smiths and armourers work from dawn till dusk. What more would you have?"

"I would have the thought of war, and war only, in every man's mind!"

"Tis said the king thinks of little else, but he will not forgo justice on that account," a second thane declared stoutly.

"Do you believe more could be done in preparation for attack?" Wulfred questioned.

"I say not 'What could be done,' only what I pray may be accomplished!"

Thus scattering seeds of distrust, for his own ends, Biorn sought the company of one and of another. Nor was it the first time he had acted thus. Subtly, by insinuation, by innuendo, by skilful half-words let fall on this side and on that, he sought to undermine the loyalty of the nobles, and to turn men's minds towards himself. That so far he had met with little or no success, he acknowledged in his heart, but nevertheless laid plans for the future.

Meanwhile in a private chamber of the royal residence, in times past built for a hunting lodge, the young king walked to and fro discussing recent events with Humbert the bishop.

Sprung from the royal race of East Anglia, and successor to his uncle, the childless Offa, Edmund displayed love of country worthy of his forebears. His father, Ealhere, direct descendant of Redwald, had upon marriage with Edith, sister of Athelstan, King of Kent, and daughter of Egbert, taken up his residence in the Southern Kingdom, losing his life in battle with the Northmen. Thus of royal lineage on both sides, Edmund belonged to a family of notable rulers, among whom was King Enna, Anna, or Annas, father of four maidens whom the Church styled saints, and who himself wore a halo of sanctity, despite the fact that the Abbess Sethrida is called his natural daughter. A no less famous member of the kingly house was old Redwald, Bretwalder of seven Saxon kingdoms, who accepted baptism with his tongue in his cheek, and built Christian churches ; but who wished nevertheless to stand well with the gods of heathendom, and reared altars to Woden and Thor inside the doorway of abbey and chapel. For this reason, despite their love of saints, the chroniclers refuse him the hall-mark of holiness, which they bestow with acclamation upon his kinsman Sigebert, the monk king, who shirked his responsibilities, including his wife, and fled to a monastery, from which his subjects forced him, to lead them against Penda, the heathen King of Mercia. When dragged from his retreat, scorning earthly armour, so the legends affirm, he went into battle clad in a black robe and carrying a wand. Where-

upon Penda killed him. Perhaps he attained the crown of martyrdom, but judgment is needed in these matters.

Thus Edmund inherited traditions without being governed by them. At twenty-three he was first and foremost a warrior, with the making of a statesman. He desired earnestly to govern well, but was broadminded, and open to advice from those of riper years and wider experience. With an inborn taste of literature, he knew what there was to know of the learning of his time, and that was little enough.

Bede, the kindly scholar of Jarrow, had spent his life trying to teach the rough Saxons something of ancient wisdom and sacred writ through the medium of their own tongue. Hilda of Whitby had made her abbey a centre of knowledge, and had been the patroness of Cædmon, the swineherd poet. The monks of Wales had some culture handed down from the Romans, which they kept to themselves. Thus, with none to guide them, often enough the Saxon parish priests could scarce read their breviaries, or understand the debased Latin in which they offered up their prayers.

"My father!" Edmund exclaimed suddenly, pausing before the old bishop, "I have to-day heard anxious tidings. The Danes have broken their oath with Æthelbald and have invaded Thanet. That the West Saxons have driven them back whence they came is little wonder, but I believe it to be a matter of time ere they attack the eastern kingdoms in force."

"My heart is with you!" Humbert replied. "We must pray for safety, and buckle on our weapons."



"Would I might build ships and defeat the enemy ere he reaches our shores. There is much to do, and little time for preparation! Why did not Offa form a navy? Shipbuilding is lengthy, and our men unskilled."

"King Offa, your father's brother, went on a pilgrimage to Rome."

"More profit had he stayed at home and trained artificers! I was but a boy when I came to Anglia. For three years I have held the reins of government, and, though I have striven, the results are small."

"You command a well-disciplined force, supplied with all the necessities of warfare. You have erected strong forts on all the estuaries—what more would you have?"

"Fifty keels, ready to sweep the seas! And I have not even a shipyard!"

A horn blown loudly, the barking of dogs and the trampling of horses made the king lift his head and listen eagerly.

"What is that? All the earls and thanes were at the witan! None rode forth to-day to the chase, so none return!"

The tapestry across the entrance was drawn aside to admit an attendant, who dropped upon one knee before the king.

"Your message?"

"Alfred, Prince of Wessex, has arrived with a company of followers and craves audience."

"Alfred of Wessex! Now all the saints be praised! This is an unlooked for joy! I will hasten to greet him!"

In the courtyard the two young men met, Alfred, now a youth of nineteen, had the same clear eyes

and open face which had been his in boyhood. Slightly made, but lithe and quick of movement, he had an air of breeding which marked him out from the gross, hard-drinking Saxons of his day. Dressed in a leathern tunic, and the light body armour and steel cap always worn when travelling, he leapt easily from his horse, and embraced Edmund after the fashion of the time.

"Welcome, my brother. Welcome indeed," the latter cried. "I did not know of your coming!"

"A quick departure and a swift journey," Alfred laughed. "How long is it since we met?"

"Two years this Martinmas. You are weary from travel. Come within!"

"I have a gift. Let me present it now. Lest men say I come empty-handed before the King of the Angles."

"The best gift is your presence, and the sound of your laugh." But the prince motioned to a groom, who presently drew near, leading a pup by a horse girth.

"He has bitten through two ropes and a bridle rein on the way hither!" Alfred remarked, pointing to the dog. "Do you know his breed?"

"Truly I do! He is pure-blooded wolfhound if I mistake not."

"Aye. Pure-blooded enough, and full of devilry. Deirdre, Queen of Connaught, sent a royal hound and bitch to my brother, in return for some slight service rendered. This is their offspring, the rest of the litter died. Here, pup, greet your master!"

Doubling himself in half with delight, and beating the air with his tail, the dog rubbed against Edmund's knees. He was a great beast, shaggy coated,

with a beautiful head, magnificent bone, huge legs too big as yet for his body, and the irreclaimable look of youth and dawning iniquity, inseparable from young dogs.

"So you would swear fealty, eh?" For answer he rolled on his back in the dust and grinned, showing a healthy red tongue.

"What is he called?"

"Many things, not all to his credit! On the first night of the journey he stole a haunch of venison and carried it into the forest, hence six men went supperless but for ale and cakes. Next he killed two geese, which an old countrywoman brought to us with lamentation. Then he destroyed my mantle, and a pair of shoes belonging to Aldred the thane."

"So that is the tale of your misdeeds! Since one day you will be a giant of your kind I will call you Gorm. Come now!" and patting the dog's rough head the king turned towards the dwelling. From that moment a bond was forged between man and hound which death did not sever.

At Woodbridge, Edmund kept little state, and when evening fell the two young men supped alone, glad to dispense with the long banquet and deep drinking which upon more formal occasions would have been indispensable from the reception of a royal guest. The fare was simple but served with delicacy and refinement, borrowed from foreign courts. Fish but recently taken from the Deben; venison and wild fowl, sweetmeats and white bread, were washed down by wine full-flavoured and mellow, brought from Italy by King Offa on his last pilgrimage—for the heavy ale of their ancestors was finding less and less favour with the younger nobles

of the day, a fact which mitigated against excess.

When the attendants had left, and the friends were alone, Alfred leaned his arms upon the table, and spoke earnestly.

"I came hither upon impulse," he began, "and I know not if my intent is right or wrong."

"How could there be ill in a meeting which brings joy to both of us?" Edmund asked in surprise.

But Alfred replied, "I am troubled with family matters, and upon the moment I hurried to you. Now that I am here it misgives me to say what is in my heart."

"Are we not friends from boyhood?"

"Truly, and for that reason perhaps it were better for me to keep silence, and yet—Oh Edmund! I am distressed and anxious!"

"Tell me all. Consider my love for you. Hold nothing back."

"I will, but, in the future, if unhappiness should come to you through me——!"

"Alfred, Alfred, enough of riddles. Can you not trust me?"

"With my life. You know how matters stand in my brother's kingdom?"

"Full well. Is he still excommunicated, or has the Holy Father raised the ban?"

"No. Ethelbald and Judith are outside the Church's pale, and have been since their marriage."

"A hard sentence, since she was never wife to Æthelwulf save in name."

"Hard indeed! Though the monks rage, and point the finger of scorn, Judith is a woman of rare qualities and much learning; moreover she lives only for Æthelbald."

"How is the union regarded by the common people?"

Alfred smiled, and it was easy to see that all his sympathies were with his brother.

"Æthelbald is their hero, and small wonder. He is noble, generous, a brave warrior, handsome too, a great hunter. . ."

"And the queen?"

"She is gentle, retiring, seldom seen in public; I think, though she has never told me so, that she takes the excommunication more to heart than Æthelbald, and holds that because of it, she has had no child."

"She is young, and the Pope may remove his ban."

"Not unless she leaves my brother and enters a convent."

"The Church has great power! Were it not for Rome-scot I should have money enough to build my ships. Do not look startled. I do not grudge the pence to Holy Peter, who himself sailed the waves. But perhaps, if he knew the need of Anglia, being wise and kindly, he would hand the money back again and say, 'Here, young man, put down fifty keels with my blessing!'"

"Has Humbert heard you talk so?"

"No, he is old, I should fear to grieve him. Tell me more of Wessex. What of Æthelbert and Æthelred?"

"Both gone for a year, to study arms at the Frankish court, though since the last Danish foray Æthelbert is on his way home, to take over the guardianship of Kent. You have heard that Bishop Swithin is dead?"

"Yes. The monks of Winchester sent news to

Humbert. He was a scholar and a lover of nature. When did he die ? ”

“ In summer, a year ago ; and now, because of his weather-wisdom, the country folk say that, if rain falls on the anniversary of his burial, there will be rain for forty days.”

“ A strange belief ; and one that will be handed down. Such superstitions gain by keeping.”

There was a pause, then Alfred said suddenly,

“ Edmund, do you know aught of women ? ”

“ Little enough. I scarce remember my mother, and I have no sisters. For the rest—there are fair maids about the coast, daughters of thanes and earldormen. Humbert and Ulfketyl tell me that ere long I must choose a bride, that the succession may be assured.”

“ Have you made choice ? ”

“ Not yet. There has been much to do in training the army, in reforming the laws, and, as you know, I love the chase.”

“ But have you no time for ladies’ company ? ”

For a moment the king looked serious, then his brow cleared.

“ Since you ask, I will speak truly. The maid I marry must be of noble, if not of royal parentage. Gentle and fair, since I prefer a pretty maid to an ugly one ! What say you ? I should wish her to sing, and work tapestry, and pray. Blessed Saints ! how do women spend their time ? And yet—old Ulfketyl’s daughter does none of these things. I met her in the forest alone a month ago, hawk on wrist, riding a mettlesome horse. What she had done with her attendants I know not, certain it is her aunt the abbess Hildegarde knew naught of her doings.”



"A daring maid—Where does she dwell?"

"Far from here!" Edmund replied with a laugh. "As she galloped away, seeing a stranger, her hair caught in a bough and I loosed her—that is all—" but he smiled again, remembering ripe lips which had given a reward.

"Could your choice rest on her?" Alfred asked.

"Why question?" the king replied in surprise. "Her father has promised her to a Northumbrian earl, but she will have none of him."

"Forgive me, brother, if I have asked too much! But, before I could open my heart, I was obliged to learn how matters stood."

"Again you speak in riddles!"

"I will be plain. You remember Elgiva, my twin sister?"

"Truly! She entered a convent."

"But did not take the veil. She was unhappy, though she obeyed the rule in all things. The lady abbess, a wise woman, wrote letters to my brother, and Elgiva returned, somewhat broken in health from self-inflicted penances. There has been much sadness in her life, for one so young."

"How so?"

"She loves Æthelbald better than she loves me, her twin. As a child her life was wrapped up in his. He was her hero, and certainly he gave her great affection. She is deeply religious, devoutly pious—too pious for many, even for the lady abbess, 'tis whispered, hence her return. Æthelbald's marriage and excommunication wounded her beyond healing—moreover she can scarce bear the sight of the queen, who she thinks has laid an evil spell upon our race. It cuts me to the heart to see her suffer. Æthelbald

is busy with affairs of state, and with preparations for battle with the Northmen; Ethelbert and Ethelred are abroad. Meanwhile Elgiva lives like a pale ghost in her own apartments. Seldom goes abroad except to chapel, and never smiles."

"Poor maid. When last I visited you she was serious, but happy."

"That was before Æthelbald was wed to Judith. He waited five years ere he took her."

"A pity Elgiva could not find peace in the convent! Is there no other way?"

"One only. Men say that she is beautiful!"

"You mean that she might choose a husband?"

"Yes!"

"It should be arranged."

"Who can bring it about? Æthelbald, as I have said, does not concern himself."

"You are her brother."

"I am too young to negotiate with foreign princes—that is why I came to my friend!"

A light broke upon Edmund—at length he saw Alfred's meaning.

"Your sister! A princess of the house of Wessex! Beautiful indeed! Such an alliance would please the country. There is no lady more fitting! Would she accept my suit? Could I make her happy?"

"Could you find happiness with her?"

"Elgiva is noble. We should doubtless love each other. Almost I love her now. She has known sorrow, I will bring joy into her life."

"Even now, though I rejoice, my heart misgives me," Alfred mused. "Elgiva is all you say, and yet, perhaps marriage will draw her from herself, and animate her thoughts, which have turned inwards."

“ Should I be an unwelcome bridegroom for a tender maid ? ”

The torchlight fell upon the young king, standing radiant with youth and vitality, a laughing question in his eyes, a smile upon his lips.

Quickly Alfred rose with outstretched hands.

“ Edmund my brother ! Rather would I die than ill should come of this ! ”

## CHAPTER III

### THE COMING OF RAGNAR

RAGNAR LODBROG, the old sea rover, had returned from a far land. Gaunt viking he, scarred by many fights, grey as the wolf Fenris, mighty of stature, made taller by winged helmet and undressed bearskin which hung from his shoulders escaping the ground. With folded arms he stood beside the mast of his dragon ship. Above fluttered the raven banner of his house, and on either side the rowers toiled at the oars, for all sail had been furled as the ship drew near her anchorage.

From the rocky sides of the fiord, pines and Norwegian firs stretched to the water's edge, in contrast to the desolate coasts the pirate king had left behind. With his wooden ship he had fared to Iceland, had seen smoke and flames pour from a mountain top, had seen steaming water rise like a fountain from beneath the ground. But, because these things were known to him, because Northmen had made the island their home for many years, he stayed but a little while, ere he headed for the north-west. The shores of Greenland he knew also, but tarried to hunt polar bear. Then westward, and again westward, until he reached a land which had no name, which no viking had ever visited, a land where frozen rivers reached the sea, and broke in mighty bergs, a land where seals rolled on the

beaches, and where there was no vegetation save lichen and coarse moss. He would have given a year of Valhalla to press forward, to learn the secret of the snowy ranges ; but the summer day of three short months was drawing to its end, the northern lights were gleaming, and he knew that, if he did not return, the ice would hem him in. In danger from storms and icebergs, with peril of unknown seas, after a hazardous voyage he wintered in Greenland, with a few Northmen who had made it their home ; but went roving again at the first ray of sun after a nine months' gloom. Southward this time to a more fertile coast where forests clothed the shores, and where the water was full of fish. Again, he would have gone further still, but his men thought of home and kindred, and, with tears in his fiery eyes beneath their shaggy brows, the old sea-wolf turned his ship about and steered for Norway.

Now, as he neared the shore, he wondered if his people had given him up as dead. If his sons Ingor and Ubba had divided his realm between them. If his daughter had indeed grown to womanhood.

He had of set purpose chosen a secluded anchorage wishing to find out how matters stood before making himself known. In his day there were many Scandinavian kings each owning far-reaching territory and the overlordship of countless families. Some abused their power, and their subjects migrated, others ruled more or less well, but entered into bloody feuds with their neighbours. Others, again, could not resist the viking spirit and roved up and down the seas. Generally speaking, though the men of middle Norway, who owed Ragnar allegiance, pillaged each other, pillaged adjoining

kingdoms, and made frequent raids upon adjacent coasts, they remained faithful to their king, whose deeds they boasted at feasts and marriages when the harp went round and the ale flowed freely.

Perhaps also they mistrusted the prince Ingor, who men whispered was no true Northman for all his lust of blood and battle, but a changeling, son of a witch-woman from the wilds of Tartary. Slant-eyed this Ingor, yellow skinned, and, like his father, of mighty stature, respected for his daring but feared for his vengeance, even in a land where human life counted little. Ubba, relentless and vengeful, more cruel than his brother, and given to runes and magic, thick set, of middle height, fond of chased armour and rich clothing, a man from whom neither maid nor wife was safe. Where his fancy strayed it rested until he had achieved his purpose, though his sword carved the way to lust.

“ From the dark seas  
Came he triumphant !  
Ragnar the Viking,  
Son of the north wind.  
White bear his mother,  
Snowflakes his brethren.  
Haste ye to greet him.  
Skald to the victor ! ”

Deep-throated the rowers leaned to their task, their voices echoing through the ravine, until hard by a shelving beach they ceased from toil, as with a clank of chains the anchor was lowered. By means of light boats, easy to launch from the ship's side, a party of vikings was landed, together with much cargo.

“ Bragi and Sigir, go forward to the dwelling. Siward, Olaf and Bergsen, master-mariners, form



your men into three companies and bring the spoils to land, that division may be made."

Seating himself upon a rock, seeing nothing, yet seeing everything, the king watched and waited. Quickly the beach hummed with movement. Backwards and forwards the boats went, bringing rich store of furs, feathered headgear, shields of deerskin, robes of dressed leather, bows and arrows of strange pattern, and much besides, taken from wild red-men on unknown coasts, where the pirates had made many a foray, always returning to their ship in safety.

When the last load had been brought to land the king rose from his place.

"Northmen and vikings ! We have sailed far on perilous seas, sharing adventure. To every man the reward of his labours ! Seeing that we are thirty in number, for some have passed to Valhalla, let thirty heaps be made that each may have his part."

Cries of "No ! No !" and murmurs of dissent arose, until a grizzled Northman, clad mostly in skins bound about his body by leather thongs, stepped forward.

"According to just custom a triple portion of the spoil belongs to the leader. Therefore O chief, cause thirty-three heaps to be laid down, and choose as you will."

Ragnar smiled for the first time, and it was easy to see that the men before him were dear to his heart.

"Not so, Olaf Thurgessen, what I gained with the rest, I share with the rest. Yet stay ! There is one thing I desire ! The skin of the white bear cub, she was scarce a cub, for she made great fight."

One of the men ran to a pile of furs, and spread

a pelt five feet long and of snowy whiteness before the king, who stooped to feel its texture.

"Soft as a maiden's robe and pliable as wool," he murmured, then straightening himself and addressing the throng: "To each viking who sailed with me, I will give as much land as a man can walk round between noon and dusk on a summer's day, the matter shall be settled at the next assembly of earls. To-night you feast at the royal dwelling above the fiord, and to-morrow return to your homes richly laden."

Cries of joy welcomed the speech. The division of booty was no simple matter, but at length, with friendly argument, for Ragnar permitted no dissension, it was accomplished; and ere sundown a procession of men, scarce able to walk beneath their burdens, wound upwards along a steep pathway cut in the face of the ravine.

The fallen pine-needles were soft to their feet, and with gladness they breathed the sharp resinous air, rejoicing as those who have been long absent. Slowly, because of their loads, they gained the level ground at the top of the cliff, and at length saw before them a few wooden houses of moderate size, with carved posts and lintels, standing on piles, and thatched with grass and brushwood. Built originally as a hunting lodge for some bygone ruler, one or two had fallen into decay, but the remainder were weather-tight, and would serve as a resting place. Already in an open space a fire had been lighted, and an old man tended the joints of venison roasting before it. On seeing Ragnar he left his task and fell on his knees.

"Praise Odin Allfather, the king has returned!"

"Welcome, Kari! What news in my absence?"

"Yesterday I shot a deer! An hour since I kindled a fire and set the carcase to roast." In his joy the old servant could think only of the present, forgetting the years behind.

"Aye, Kari. What else?"

"Last spring a gale swept away yonder roof, and, when I had thatched it afresh, Loki the god of mischief set it on fire."

"Have any come hither of late?"

"Prince Ingor came to fish, and many earls with him. He brought his own attendants. I cannot call to mind if it was this year or last, but the Flame Maiden comes often. She drew from me a secret."

"The Flame Maiden?" the king questioned.

"Aye! Aye! I am aged and foolish! Since she is grown to womanhood men so named Frea, child of Ragnar Lodbrog"

"My daughter?"

"Aye, viking, and you are Ragnar the Rover."

Clearly the old man's mind was confused; but, when the king would have passed on to the central lodge, where already the doors were open, he laid a hand upon his cloak.

"She could charm lightnings from Odin, and his hammer from the Thunderer! I had no mind to tell—but—"

"What have you told?" Ragnar's voice was stern.

"Aye! The grey wolf threatens!—Man-wolf, werewolf!"

"I am no savage beast, Kari! We have hunted together many a time. What did you tell my daughter?"

" In dragon ship,  
From frozen seas,  
With plunder rich,  
To Heimdal's shore.  
At the appointed time  
Will come the king."

" So you made a saga of what should have been secret ! Seeing you are old, and seeing that a maiden drew the knowledge from you, I pardon your offence."

" The king speaks and the meat burns ! I hear the king ! I smell the burning ! " and Kari raised his hands on high and fled to the fire.

That night with songs and drinking-horn, the vikings celebrated their home-coming.

Many tales they told of high adventure, and when dawn broke some slept in their places, and others upon the rushes and brushwood of the floor. But the old sea-wolf, clear-headed and steady of foot, though he had drunk mightily, lay down upon a wooden bed, carved at each post with the head of a dragon, and tossed among the bearskin rugs, wondering what manner of maid his daughter would be.

Next day the vikings departed to their homes, leaving only old mad Kari to attend his master.

At noon fisherfolk arrived, and, not knowing with whom they talked, told much concerning the state of the realm. Ingor the prince kept firm rule, nor had he usurped his father's throne. At present he was to the southward, punishing a chief who had lifted cattle. Ubba ? Oh aye, prince Ubba ! Like as not fighting battles with some earl whose wife he had stolen. Had the viking been so long away he had heard naught of Hild the Tearful, and Gudrun, wife of Gur ? "

"Four years ago I set sail," the king said sternly.

"A stranger indeed! Hild died by her own hand when the prince left her, and for Gudrun—her husband killed her; cleft her skull with his battle-axe. Truly he met Ubba in conflict, but was slain by him. Griffor the harper made a saga about it."

"Have many gone forth seeking adventure?"

"Aye, and will come no more! First one band, then another, since the king set out. Three months ago Siward the earl, and Eric his brother, with ten good vessels, sailed away to harry the Saxons of Anglesland, and but two prows returned, having been sore set upon in the Isle of Thanet, when the vikings sought to land. Even now an expedition of twenty ships ravages the land of the Franks, and much booty is expected, for the gods of the country are rich, and their houses are full of gold and silver."

These things and many more the king learned from the fisherfolk. In a short time, since his subjects had not deserted him, he would make himself known, but a wanderer in wild places, he craved a little longer the solitude he loved.

The sun was setting when a youth came to the lodge, a fair-haired clean-eyed stripling, clad in a short red-bordered tunic.

"Kari! Kari! Have you not seen it?"

"Seen what, young man?" The old servant was cautious.

"A viking's ship at anchor in the fiord!"

"Maybe I have, and maybe I have not!"

"Whose ship is it? Where are the rovers? Tell me quickly that I may carry the news!"

"What is the return of vikings to you?" the king asked coming from his dwelling.

"Much, sir, and more to one who waits!" then, falling upon his knees, "It must be! Surely I salute the king?"

"What do you know of Ragnar Lodbrog?"

The boy's eyes lightened, and his cheeks flushed as he answered.

"The minstrels sing his deeds, the earls swear that, since Odin, never was such a warrior. When I am grown to manhood I shall sail with him."

"Very like! And Ragnar is alive! What is your name?"

"Thorold, son of Ulf, who fell in battle with the Franks."

"Is Ulf dead? Alas, a brave earl!"

"Sir! Sir! If indeed you are the king, let me go hence. My mother's house is but an hour's journey, and there the Flame Maiden waits."

"The lady Frea?"

"Truly, sir! A year since she fled from her brother, who would have married her to Ælfgar the Sullen."

"She tarries near?"

"With my mother, who calls her daughter. She believes that the king will return to this very fiord; and twice a week I come to learn if Kari has news of him. But, sir, if you are not the king, why would you know these things?"

"To-morrow early come hither with her whom you call Flame Maiden; say a stranger desires speech, but do not spread the tale abroad."

"I obey as though the king commanded!"

"Here is a wrought dagger. Take it as a viking's gift, and do not fail me."

Once more the boy dropped upon one knee.



“Sir, my thanks and service! Ægir grant that I may sail with you!”

The viking smiled as he watched him disappear behind the undergrowth. Certainly he was hastening upon his way. Thrice wed, Ragnar the Rover had loved but once, and that when youth was past. Returning in springtime from a raid on the Germanic coast, he found a maiden gathering lilies at sunset in a dew-drenched meadow. Not asking who she was, or whence she came, he lifted her in his arms, carried her to the great hall of the palace, caused the marriage ceremony to be performed in presence of all the earls, and made the shrinking girl his queen. But his strange wooing gained her heart; she loved her fierce lord tenderly and well, bore him a daughter and died. After her death his voyages led him further and yet further afield, until there was no land in all the northern seas he had not visited. And now he had returned, to find the child of Swanhild his love grown to womanhood and sought in marriage! Would she resemble the woman whose image he had carried with him to frozen waters? A frail tender creature with grey misty eyes and pale gold hair. The little maid, when he had seen her last was mischievous and merry, the plaything of her brother Ingor. He could not picture her as ripe for marriage.

At night he slept little, waiting for the autumn dawn, but at sunrise dreamed his lost Swanhild was calling from a boat upon a troubled sea. Soft arms about his neck and kisses upon his brow roused him.

“Father! Father! I knew you would come back. When Thorold spoke of a tall stranger, I knew it was none other.”

"Frea, my little daughter! Are you indeed Frea?" And the old sea-king sat erect amid the bearskin rugs, that he might the better gaze upon the girl before him.

"Small wonder they call you Flame Maiden!" he cried, caressing the red-gold hair which fell like a rippling cloud below her waist. In all the land there was no hair like it, deeply red in its darker tones, molten gold when it caught the sunlight.

"A foolish name!" she cried gaily. "But you have learnt it soon, my father!"

He took her laughing face between his hands as she knelt beside the bed.

"Swanhild was pale as a snowdrop, you are brighter than the Northern Lights. Your eyes are green, with black lashes, like reeds beside a pool, your mother's eyes were grey as autumn mists——"

"My father, I have disappointed you!" she cried, a catch in her voice. "Look! I will bind up my hair—my eyes I cannot change!"

"Nay, child, I had not thought to find——" the king checked himself ere the words left his lips. Indeed he had not thought to find such radiant beauty. Slender as a sapling, tall, yet not too tall, free of movement and lissom, with small head and slender neck, changeful flower face, straight featured and winsome, red mouth slightly large, but perfect in shape, with upturned corners ready to break into laughter, Frea, the sea-king's daughter, derived her loveliness as much from the vitality which was an essential part of her being as from the exquisite moulding of form and feature.

"Father!" she cried suddenly, "I will tell you why my eyes are green! Frea my namesake

is goddess of spring. She puts on a green mantle at the rising of the sap. Because I love her she set her seal upon me. See, I wear a green robe in her honour!" and the girl touched the garment of soft wool which hung about her, outlining her limbs.

Laughing because he rejoiced in her beauty, the old viking caught her to his heart.

"Listen, little daughter. I would not have you otherwise. Have I left you so long that I am a stranger?"

"A stranger! You a stranger! The next time you sail away I will come too. I will not be given in marriage by Ingor, my brother. I will be free as the north wind, free as the gulls above the fiord!"

"Yet in season the wind is gentle and the gulls mate with each other. Could you not wed Ælfgar the earl?"

"Not he, nor any man. Oh, my father, tell me of your journeyings!"

But ere the king could speak, Kari entered with wheaten cakes and a bowl of goat's milk, which he set before the maiden.

"Where is Thorold?" she cried. "He carried my bundle of clothing wrapped in a mantle."

"When he heard you cry 'Father! Father!' he fled. Half way home he is by this time! Nor would he stay to eat," the old man answered.

"Gone to tell the news to Mother Gudrun, who loves me! My father," and her voice was very sweet, "it is long since you went away; four years I have watched and waited. When your return has become known, the people will flock about you, and you will go from one town to another settling this and that. You will be busied with affairs of state, and I shall lose you!"

"What is your will, little daughter?"

"Only this! For three days let us stay here together. I have found you again, and I cannot part from you so soon. Mother Gudrun will keep our secret, though I suppose already the return of the vikings has made men wonder."

"As you will!" Ragnar cried, happy in her love, for it was long since he had known a woman's tenderness. "But on the third day I must summon my followers, and reveal my presence. Until then we will hawk, fish in the fiord, and hunt what game there may be."

"Joy! Joy!" Frea cried, clapping her hands. "Kari has my falcon Gerda which he helped me train, and another he has kept for you. I will match Gerda against Ymir for a bearskin cloak."

"I accept the challenge!" the king laughed. "As for bearskin cloaks——. Come with me," and, placing his arm about her shoulders, he led her to the outer hall, where the spoils of distant lands lay in a vast heap in the middle of the floor.

"Here is a mantle for a king's daughter!" he cried, taking up the white cub skin. Ganir the viking showed great cunning in its dressing. On winter nights in a snow hut, by a guttering lamp of whale's fat, he toiled to make it soft and yielding."

"Oh beautiful! beautiful!" Frea exclaimed. "I will wear it now!" and, clasping the fur about her shoulders with a brooch, she girded it to her waist with a silken cord. "See! See! I can dance the dance of the white bear cubs when they prowl across the ice floes," and, crouching low, she sprang stretching her arms and leaping this way and that, until at length, rising to her full height, and tossing

her hair, she raced away on slender feet, a vital radiant figure in a cloud of green and gold and white.

For a day and a half father and daughter roamed the fir woods, fished in the fiord, and at night sat before a great fire of pine logs, living again the wild happenings of four roving years. Towards sunset on the second day, however, Frea came, falcon on wrist, and demanded a trial of skill. Old Kari brought the king's bird, and with a laugh Ragnar agreed. Descending the sides of the cliff they came to the water's edge. Fifty yards away the dragon ship rode at anchor, and upon the beach her boats lay high and dry. A stiff wind was blowing from the shore, and the receding tide ebbed strongly, as is usual in narrow waters.

"Let us rest here, and await the return of the wild towl which nest in the fir trees," Frea said, looking keenly up the fiord.

"As you will! 'Tis long since I have practised venery," the king replied, ruffling his bird's feathers.

Suddenly there was a whirr of wings, and with cries of "Now! Now!" Frea loosed her falcon. Ragnar did the same, and both birds mounted high over a flight of pigeons returning from the marshes of a stream, which flowed down a valley into the ravine.

"See how Gerda soars! Now she will swoop! No, not yet! The wind has taken her. Alas! What is it?" and, seizing her father's arm, Frea pointed to the falcon, fluttering helplessly, and striving to right herself, but borne by the breeze further and further from her prey.

"She is either cramped or maimed! See she falls!"

As the king spoke, the bird descended suddenly upon the waves.

"Quick! Quick! ere she drifts out to sea!" Swiftly Frea ran to one of the boats and with Ragnar's help pushed it into the water; caught by the tide, father and daughter quickly came alongside the injured bird.

"Give me an oar, that I may draw her to me!" Frea cried leaning far over the gunwale, but a wave buffeted the boat and made it rock, causing her to lose her balance, while the oar flashed past, driven by the racing tide. With all his strength the king leaned to the other oar, and strove to put the craft about, but in spite of mighty strokes he made no headway. Then a thing happened which caused him to see fear, not for himself—he had faced death a hundred times—but for the girl, who still strained after her lost pet. Worn by usage and worm-eaten, the remaining oar broke in half, and the boat drifted down the widening fiord towards the open sea. The sun had almost set, and already the first faint stars were showing above the dark outline of the banks.

"Shall we jump from the boat and swim ashore?" Frea asked. There was no anxiety in her voice; as yet she did not realise her peril.

"No swimmer could fight against this tide; we should be swept beyond the opening of the fiord."

"We are going there now! Look the coasts widen! What shall we do?"

"Shout, that some fishing boat may come to our aid!"

Their voices echoed across the water, but there was no answering cry, as tide and wind carried them



further and further from succour. Vainly the king paddled with the broken oar, but it was useless as a straw against a whirlwind.

"It may be we shall drift upon some beach," he reflected, trying to assure the girl who watched him.

"My father, I am not afraid. If we are swept out to sea, as I think we shall be, a passing ship will rescue us ere morning."

The sides of the fiord were scarce visible in the deepening gloom, and, after a few moments, both realized that they were upon open water. The night was calm, in spite of the fresh breeze, and the boat, well-built and seaworthy, drifted smoothly

"In which direction are we going?" Frea asked.

"South-west, and my judgment is not false," the king replied. "See if by chance we carry food or water!"

The girl opened a rough locker in the stern, and gave a glad cry.

"Here is a jar of water and half a loaf! Kari went fishing yesterday and left them behind."

"Maybe we shall need them! If the wind changes I will hoist my cloak for a sail upon the broken oar, but meanwhile we must watch. Come close to me for warmth," and he drew her to his side.

"Is there nothing we can do?" she murmured.

"Nothing but watch and wait."

Hours passed, and the brilliant stars of a frosty night gleamed above, drowning their light in the sea. The wind died altogether but still the boat drifted, borne by some ocean current. Her father's protecting arm and the white cub mantle kept Frea warm, as she talked bravely of this and that, fearing that her father might think her afraid. Towards



dawn her head drooped low, until, resting it upon the viking's knee, she slept. When she awoke there was nothing around her save blue sky, blue water, and, above, the bright autumn sun.

"Why did you let me sleep?" she reproached.

"That you may watch the better now. We will eat a morsel, and drink a little water." With scrupulous care that not a crumb might be wasted, Ragnar cut two small pieces of bread. The half loaf might last three days; he himself was strong, used to hunger and thirst, but the girl— At the rate of two mouthfuls a day the water would hold out a week, but ere that time a ship must sight them, or the little boat be overturned and swamped.

Frea ate her fragment, but did not notice that her father put his untouched into his wallet.

"Do the vikings sail this way?" she asked.

"Surely! Ere noon we shall be aboard a dragon ship." But, when noon came, they were drifting upon a sea of glass.

"Let me watch, my father, while you sleep." And, because the old viking knew he would need all his strength, he lay down in the bottom of the boat. Suddenly he was aroused by glad cries.

"A ship! A ship! See, she is coming towards us!"

On the horizon a vessel was visible. With shouts and cries, and the waving of garments upon the broken oar, the castaways strove to call her to their aid, but she did not see them, and passed upon her course.

Once more dusk fell, and once more the stars looked down upon the plight of father and daughter.

"You are true Norse-maid, little one!" the old king said, and the girl could hardly keep back her tears because her father praised her

All night she lay nestled against his side, sleeping in broken snatches. Again the sea was calm, again the frosty stars danced on its surface. Once when her senses were clouded she murmured,

"Is this the journey to Valhalla? Shall I join the white-armed Valkyrs?" but Ragnar leaned down, kissing her tenderly, until his grey beard mingled with her red-gold hair.

On the second day he drew the bread he had saved from his wallet saying that he had found it there, but she refused to eat unless he ate with her. On the third day there was no food left, and only a little water, but on a calm sea succour might yet come in time. Towards evening Frea, weak from hunger and thirst, sank into a swoon and the old man laid her across his knees and held her so. With undimmed eyes beneath haggard brows he searched the sea, but there was neither sail nor hull. Upon the fourth day he kept no count of time; past and present mingled with each other. Now he was in the midst of his vikings, hunting white bear across the snows. Now the fight rang around him, spear on shield, flight of arrows, mighty swing of two-edged battle-axe. Now the great bergs ground together, as his dragon ship escaped by a hair's breadth. Gods of the Northmen! Must he die thus? His forefathers stormed the gates of Valhalla; better leap into the sea and swim until death claimed him, than die like a prisoner. But the slender form across his knees held him from his desire. Already thirst was blackening the girl's lips. At first he dipped his finger into the water jar and moistened them, but after five days there was no water left. Another night of mirrored stars, then the sea rose and tossed.

"The end! The end at last!" With his right hand he felt the short sword at his girdle. "Odin, Allfather! I have fought many battles! Withhold thy scorn that I come not shield-borne!"

Around him the waves reared their crests. To Ragnar the Rover they were living enemies. Standing erect he grasped the maid in his left arm, and with his right brandished his weapon.

"Ah, ha! Ah, ha! Come on! Slay who will! Splendour of Odin! Hammer of Thor! In my last hour I go baresark. A thousand dead shall guide me to the shade of Yggdrasil."

Stirred up by his frenzy Frea opened her eyes. "Father!"

Swiftly as it had come, the tumult left him.

"Kiss me, my daughter, the journey is done!"

"At home in the meadow of Heimdal!"

"In the dwelling of the gods, where the winds are hushed."

He lifted his eyes that he might not look upon her face. Then a great cry burst from him.

"Land! Land! The waves are carrying us thither!"

Gathering all her strength, she turned her head in the direction of his pointing arm.

A low-lying stretch of distant beach, and beyond the blurred outline of gentle hills.

With a sigh she leaned upon her father's breast, while the mounting seas drove the frail boat towards an alien shore.

## CHAPTER IV

### WHO MAKES PILGRIMAGE ?

UPON the heath behind the little fishing village of Aldeburg, a strange company of people were sitting. Before them stretched the sea and the level line of shingly beach common to this exposed portion of East Anglia, where there are few gentle sand slopes. Around, the heather made royal patches of dying purple, and on a few gorse bushes yellow flowers were showing. A stretch of grass surrounded by bracken, faded to brown and orange, made a pleasant resting-place in which to eat a mid-day meal ; while the fresh sea wind gave zest to the already keen appetite of the pilgrims, for, as the monasteries which gave them entertainment well knew, holy travellers were no mean feeders. The band numbered twenty in all, thirteen men and seven women, homeward bound from a journey to the great monastery at Medhamsted or Peterborough, across the marshes of the west, where rested the shrines of the two most holy virgins, Kinesdrida and Kineswitha, whose saintly bodies reposed uncorrupt for ever in silver shrines, because of their exceeding purity on earth. Which thing, the monk whose duty it was to look into the sacred caskets, avowed to be true.

With souls refreshed and consciences absolved, for faith is elastic and sometimes simple, the pilgrims

rejoiced as they neared home. Certainly they had prayed in the abbey church of Peterborough, had offered what they could, and had made fair promises. What they had done by the way, at the inns, the drinking booths, and the guest-houses, could be atoned for upon another occasion.

All carried staff and scrip, though, with some, the latter was of dressed leather embossed with gold. A few wore the coarse dark garments of religious mendicants, but the greater number were comfortably clad, and of prosperous appearance. A pilgrimage was a means of seeing the country, of meeting friends, of exchanging gossip, and of receiving free board and lodging at abbeys and monasteries. Kings, bishops, nobles and famous men generally, disregarded the claims of home-born saints, and went far afield, to Rome, and even to Jerusalem unless the Saracens killed them ; but humble folk, and those of small means, had to be content with Saxon protectors and English miracles.

To a great earl, guilty of misdemeanour, foreign pilgrimage was frequently a courteous form of banishment. On the continent Charlemagne and his successors stopped naked pilgrimages, when those guilty of manslaughter hammered the swords with which they had slain their victims into chains which they wore about their bare bodies until the links cut deep into their festering flesh. Doubtless many simple God-fearing peasants journeyed from motives of piety, but the greater number mixed love of sightseeing with love of holiness, even in the homely expeditions undertaken from district to district of the same kingdom.

Roughly, the company seated upon the heath

had by mutual consent divided itself into two parts. Those who washed and those who did not. Which attained the greater sanctity is hard to say, but the latter were a tousled, evil-smelling, grimy throng, with no women among them, even though a holy abbess in Mercia made boast that she bathed but once a year on the feast of the Nativity, and, if her conscience accused her of worldliness, omitted the ablution.

The cleanly pilgrims laughed and jested with each other, and ate with moderation the ample fare of baked meat and wheaten bread which their hosts of the previous night had pressed upon them at parting. Of their number the one to whom greatest deference was shown was a woman. Gilda, widow of Raff, the rope maker, widow also of Wolf, the tanner, and divorced wife of Tuck, the boat builder. A comely matron, with a deep bosom and a loud laugh, who had taken off her shoes to rest her feet, and who reproved Samuel, the lay brother, with a box on the ears when he tickled her soles with a straw.

"A shapely leg, mistress, by Saint Perpetua, a shapely leg!"

"Leg! What is that to you! Give me a brown cowl to hide straying eyes. Oh la! la! you celibates!"

"I am no celibate, mother!"

"As some here know I doubt not."

"Even Blessed Anthony was tempted!"

"Aye, and, if he had a face like yours, I pity the witches their blandishments!"

The company laughed loudly and a thin woman in semi-monastic habit drew near to the lay brother's side.



" Rebuked again, Samuel ! Why do you court blows and jibes ? "

" Because a fat hand and a merry face are better than a rook's claw and a nagging tongue, "

" Time was when your words were soft. "

" Aye, ere you turned them to venom ! See here, my sister, when we set out, I thought you a comely lass, though old ; that was before I learnt your shrewishness, "

Quendrida Helena, of the convent of S. Stephen, pursed her lips and straightened her wimple. Her veil was blue, her petticoat crimson, and her girdle, with its three knots signifying purity, chastity and obedience, was of silk, for not yet had Dunstan arisen to thunder against nuns who dyed their hair, painted their faces, wore red shoes and trailed about the country.

" Do not heed him ! " a fat monk cried, slipping his arm about Quendrida's waist. " Gilda's blow has mazed his wits, I will give you godly counsel and light penance, till we see S. Stephen's belfry. "

" But one night more, and I can separate myself from this throng of mockers ! "

" Strong language between friends, mistress ! " Gilda cried indignantly.

" Friends ! low women of loose morals are no friends of mine. "

" Speak it once more ! Speak it ! " Gilda cried, seizing a stout stick, but Quendrida stood her ground.

" Base-born ! " she hissed.

" Hypocrite ! What is Samuel to you ? and brother Simon, and master Gurr, the smith, and Garm and Peter, and many another ? "



"Holy saints! to be so insulted!"

"Insulted! Take that, and that, to cool your pride, and that to cleanse your soul."

With blows Gilda belaboured the shrieking Quendrida, until a pale ferret-faced man with pink-lidded eyes came between them.

"Sisters! Sisters! is this seemly? I have been on twenty pilgrimages, and never have I seen such conduct. You bring shame upon our enterprise."

Meanwhile brother Simon, the fat monk, and another, had pinioned Gilda's arms, while the nun staggered a few steps, looked round to assure herself that all eyes were upon her, and with cries of "These false accusations have slain me!" fell full length upon the grass.

"Listen! I entreat!" the pale man cried, raising his hand. "Already, contrary to custom, pilgrimages have fallen into disrepute. Humbert the bishop discourages them, unless undertaken barefoot, with penance and fasting. 'Tis said the king questions their holiness. Therefore it behoves godly men and women to journey peacefully, avoiding cause of offence. For, look you, if an edict goes out preventing sacred travel, where are our merry days in the greenwood? Our nights of jollity in tavern and guest-house?"

"And your fat purse, and rich payment?" Gilda shouted.

"True, mistress! I make no secret of my saintly calling. Because I go in humbleness, the sins of many are remitted."

"Well said, brother Timotheus! Would I had gold enough to hire you to perform my penances!" Simon the monk cried.

"As for a fat purse!" Timotheus went on, "I carry staff and scrip with the rest; though, like the scapegoat of old, I bear the punishment of others!"

"Tell us of your journeys, most dear brother!" Quendrida exclaimed, sitting up, for, since attention had been diverted from her, she thought better of her swoon. Moreover, for reasons of her own, she wished to stand well with the professional pilgrim.

"Right gladly will I narrate my deeds, for the edification of the brethren, and for the sake of holy example!" Timotheus replied, well pleased. "Listen all of you for the health of your souls! Long ago when my body was stronger I journeyed to Rome on behalf of Earl Wulfgar, who had slain a man at a drinking bout. Seeing he was married to a new wife, the earl could not go himself. So I took his sins upon me and performed his penance.

"Nobly done! Nobly done!" the pilgrims cried, even the unwashed joining in the chorus. "How many mancuses of gold did the earl give you?" Gilda shouted.

"Hush, woman! The reward was nothing! Next I went to Paris to pray in the church of Our Lady. Godred the thane, married within the laws of consanguinity, refused to give up his wife. He kept the lady: I performed the penance!"

"Aye, and spent a month in ward for stealing church vestments!" Gilda muttered; but only those near by heard what she said.

"To Tours, to Rouen, to Rheims, to Winchester, to Croyland, to Whitby, to Jarrow and to Lindisfarne have I journeyed for the remission of iniquity."

"Whose pardon did you gain at Peterborough?" Samuel the lay brother enquired.

"This pilgrimage is of another nature!" Timotheus admitted. "Because of my journey, Biorn, the king's thane, has laid up a store of pardon for faults not yet committed. Edgar of Gyppeswick and Ninian of Deorham journey for him to York and to London, so that with their return he will be three pilgrimages to the good. A wise precaution truly for a man of hasty temper!"

"Hast ever witnessed a miracle?" a grave young man in mendicant's robe asked eagerly.

"That have I?"

"Aye, when you were drunk!" Gilda put in.

"False-hearted woman! Would you doubt the efficacy of the saints? Heed her not, brothers, and I will tell a tale! When the blessed Oswald, King of Northumbria, sat at meat upon the holy day of Easter, it was told him that a company of beggars hungered at the door. Whereupon the pious king took the silver dish before him, and breaking it in pieces caused it to be distributed to the crowd. Impressed by the deed, Aidan, the missionary, caught the king's right hand, exclaiming 'May this hand never rot.' Later, when Oswald was slain in battle, his right arm was preserved fair and clean by holy monks in the church of Saint Peter at Bamborough. Which relic I have seen with my own eyes!"

"Most marvellous!" the pilgrims cried, and Gilda, who feared the supernatural as much as she feared a hard bed and an empty platter, had nothing to say.

"One more marvel I will relate!" Timotheus continued. "In a certain town in France a devout widow dedicated to the service of Saint John the

Baptist prayed urgently for some relic of her patron. Night and day she entreated that one of his limbs might be given her, and at length after fasting for seven days she beheld a thumb of marvellous whiteness, which she took and wrapped in a cloth. The wondrous miracle was blazed abroad, and three bishops came, earnestly beseeching her for a portion of the thumb. With sorrow and weeping she contemplated the division of her treasure, when lo ! upon the kerchief in which it was laid, appeared three drops of blood. Full of joy the pious woman divided the linen. One of the portions, which is preserved in the church of Saint Joseph at Maurienne, I have looked upon with reverent veneration ! ”

The tale of further devout instances was stopped by the sudden appearance of a man, with a harp over his shoulders, running with all haste from the direction of the beach. Seeing the pilgrims he threw himself on his knees.

“ Exorcise the foul fiend ! Cast him out ! He followed me, I tell you ! Help in the name of all the saints ! ”

“ Who are you ? What witchcraft is this ? ” Simon the monk demanded.

“ I am Odda the minstrel, a renowned musician. I sing at banquets. I play before kings. O, good monk, make the rood-sign above me that I may be saved ! ”

Simon did as he was entreated, muttering a Latin exorcism the while.

“ Form a circle round me that he may not enter ! Give heed while I relate what befell ! ” With halting words the new-comer looking apprehensively to left and right, while the pilgrims crossed themselves and huddled together to listen to his story.

"An hour ago," he began, "I went down to the seashore to practise a new lay, for sometimes, when the noise of wassail is high, I can scarce make myself heard, and Biorn, my master, threatens that if I do not sing louder, he will cast me out. Therefore I said to myself, 'A voice that can be heard above the surging of the sea will reach the ear of my lord as he sits at meat, and to this end I stood upon the beach. Hardly had I sung ten lines, when, riding on the waves without oar or sail, came a strange boat, the fashion of which I have never seen. Ghostly figures sat within; thrice its keel grated on the shingle, and thrice was driven backwards, until at length the breakers cast it up, as if glad to be rid of their burden."

"Was there smoke or flame, or fiendish apparition?" a medicant whispered.

"Indeed I know not. A gaunt figure more than mortal, grey, hairy and terrible rose up, calling down curses. In his arms he held the body of a maid, doubtless one whose blood he had drunk. No more I saw. Yet as I ran I heard steps behind me and loud cries."

Timotheus, who was the most worldly of the party, began to question.

"A boat, you say, driven without oar or sail?"

"Aye, a magic boat, carved at the bow like a great monster."

"Such have I seen! The strangers? Did they land?"

"I know not. Yet I heard steps."

"Fool! Why did you not wait?"

"For the fiend to devour me?"

"No fiend, an I am Christian pilgrim! Some luckless fisherman cast ashore!"

"I swear, good master, this stranger is more than mortal!"

"Let us go to the beach and satisfy ourselves!"

"Softly! Softly! my brother," Simon interrupted.

"It were wise to make a cross with our staves and approach cautiously. I, as ordained mass-priest, will lead the way."

A procession was quickly formed, the more fearful lagging in the rear, but Gilda, in whose heart curiosity and terror held equal sway, kept close behind Simon's broad back. Guided by Odda, who called directions from a secure position at the end of the throng, they wound their way to a small inlet. There they saw no awesome vision, only an old man sitting on the shingle, with a girl's body across his knees. At their approach he tottered towards them, holding the maid in his arms, and speaking broken words in an unknown tongue. Certainly his appearance was wild. Tangled grey hair flowed over his bearskin cloak, a grey beard unkempt and knotted streamed across his naked chest, his face was gaunt and haggard, and there was little flesh on his bones.

Simon muttered Latin prayers, but Timotheus, glancing at the boat and the couple before him, understood something of the situation.

"Foreign castaways. Starving too! Let us give them food and drink," and he drew a small leather flask from the bosom of his robe.

Weak from exhaustion, spent with a last effort, and half unconscious, the old man sank upon the ground with the girl yet in his arms.

"Alack! Alack! the poor maid! Stand away, fools, and let me tend her," Gilda cried, elbowing her



way to the front. "Your flask, Timotheus. Well I know its contents! Here, pretty one!" and, resting the girl's head upon her own ample bosom, she moistened her lips with wine, giving directions the while.

"Away with holy water, Simon! Offer the old man meat and bread, he is far spent, but he will recover—Nay! Nay! only a little—Would you kill him, seeing he is famished? Timotheus, you are less fool than some! Care for him while I cherish the maid. John! Garm! Samuel! cease gaping like asses and moor the boat."

With a draught of wine and a crust of bread, faint colour came into the old man's face, and he turned to Timotheus with words of thanks.

His speech, though foreign, was not unfamiliar; the professional pilgrim had in his wanderings learned many dialects.

"You would know what land is this?"

The stranger looked up eagerly hearing his own tongue.

"Know then," Timotheus continued. "This is the realm of Edmund, King of the East Angles, whose prisoner you are."

"Prisoner? Ragnar, King of the Northmen, a prisoner! Go tell your king I scorn his bonds!" and summoning his remaining strength the rover snatched his daughter from Gilda's arms, and sprang towards the boat. But ere he reached it a dozen hands seized him, while Simon and Timotheus unloosed the girdles from their waists and bound him fast.

Meanwhile a group of peasants and fishermen from the huts along the shore had collected to see



what was going on, while a freeman with a rough country cart, halted his horse on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Ho, master! The loan of your cart and yourself for king's business!" Timotheus cried.

"Aye, and the king pays honest hire?"

"That will I, in the king's name!"

"Whither would you go, pilgrim?"

"Five miles hence to Saint Stephen's monastery, and afterwards to Edmund of East Anglia.

"He is not far to seek!"

"What mean you?"

"Yestere'en, with hawk and hound and huntsmen, Edmund, Biorn thethane, and a goodly company, rested beneath Saint Stephen's roof, where the Abbot gave them lordly hospitality, nor do they set forth until to-morrow."

"Praise the saints! Mistress Gilda, ride with the sick maid; Simon, Odda, Samuel, lay the old man on the floor of the cart, but do not loose his bonds lest he escape."

With sacred chant and song, the procession wound its way inland, over purple and russet heath dotted with clusters of firs, their trunks crimson in the evening light.

Moaning slightly, her gold hair tangled upon Gilda's bosom, the maiden lay unconscious of her surroundings, but the old viking cursed in his beard. The bear of the Northmen taken at last! Baited by enemies! Weak as a babe! A month ago no bonds could hold him. Rather than this would he have slain his daughter and fallen upon his wet blade. Now his sword, Norvi the Terrible, was torn from him, and carried in derision on the shoulder of a stranger.

In agony of spirit Ragnar the Rover clenched his bound hands, called to Odin, called to the dark gods of Jotunheim, called to Loki, spirit of evil, but received no answer, nor, in his hour of agony, did he pause to think what manner of man Edmund of East Anglia might be.

## CHAPTER V

## THE WITCH OF EXNING

A CLAUSE in the treaty whereby the monks of Saint Stephen at Haskerton held their land provided that thrice in the year they should give entertainment to the king and his retainers. In former reigns the privilege had been much abused, the royal guest in many instances demanding, as a free gift, the whole, or any portion of the Abbey plate which took his fancy. Thus, many a jewelled chalice and gold and silver dish found its way into the palace treasury, to be sold, or melted down as occasion required. Small wonder that abbots and priors regarded as a doubtful honour the presence of a kingly visitor.

Since the accession of Edmund, however, things had changed. Though fond of hunting, and glad to accept the hospitality of the monks, in districts where he owned no hunting lodge, the young king was a courteous guest, who exacted fitting behaviour from his followers. Hence, wherever he went, he was welcomed with genuine rejoicings.

At the high table in the refectory of Saint Stephen's monastery, he sat at supper with Oswey the Abbot, Mark the Prior, Biorn the thane, and three or four young men of noble houses, who accompanied him on the expedition. The body of the hall was given up to the monks, ranged at wooden trestles reaching from end to end of the chamber, while torches set

in the wall, and flickering oil lamps, cast dancing shadows on shaven tonsures and red smiling faces, for the brethren were an industrious order, who tilled the soil and raised rich crops of root and grain.

Allied to the monastery, but without coming under its jurisdiction, was a community of women, of whom Quendrida, the pilgrim, was one.

The holy ladies were a thorn in the flesh to Abbot Oswey, and, according to his judgment, a scandal to the neighbourhood. A keen sportsman, he had ridden with the king all day, and at night set free his private griefs.

"Go to the lady Abbess boldly, with the tale of her wrongdoing!" Edmund counselled, a smile tugging his lips.

"Sooner would I walk into a den of lions!"

"Holy Abbot! A lion in a dovecote."

"Doves! Doves! Vultures rather."

"You do not flatter!"

"My lord, forgive. I had hoped—nay I had prayed the saints to move you to visit the abbess."

"And reprove her for her misdeed! Is she fair?"

"No! By Saint Alban, no! A toothless harri-dan! A shrewish vampire!"

"Then I go not near her!"

"Oh, my lord, listen but to her last offence! Each week according to our charter we send a portion of our Friday fish to the community of women. A month ago two brethren took laden baskets to the nunnery door. As they stood in converse with the portress, having delivered their burden, voices from above called 'We will not eat common fish! Bring us trout!' and down upon their heads came perch and roach and dace. An eel

indeed slid betwixt brother Martin's habit and his flesh, causing him to leap and shout ! ”

Laughter interrupted the abbot's speech, for the king and his nobles could no longer restrain their mirth.

“ Doubtless it was a strange sight,” Oswey continued, smiling in spite of himself. “ Brother Martin is of goodly size. But that is not all. When I, with certain chosen fishermen, went to the little stream where bask speckled trout, we found never a fish ! After diligent enquiry I found our gentle Abbess had sent stalwart wenches by night, to net the stream.”

“ Did they invite you and the brethren to supper ? ” the king cried.

“ By Holy Peter, no ! ”

“ Tell me,” the king continued, “ on whose estate is the stream ? ”

“ It is common property, in that it forms the boundary between the two,” the abbot answered reluctantly.

“ Then each week the nuns had their share of trout ? ”

“ My lord ! Have women palates to appreciate delicacies ? ”

“ It seems so, since they demand them ! Look, Abbot, treat these nuns with fairness, maybe they will mend their ways.”

“ Alas ! Alas ! My lord, you do not know the lady Abbess ! ”

Further conversation was stopped by the approach of two lay-brothers from the outer courtyard.

Craving the king's permission, the Abbot motioned to them to speak.

"A body of pilgrims returning from Peterborough have come hither with a strange tale, and a yet stranger captive, who they affirm is a Danish king cast up with his daughter upon these shores in an open boat. The maid they have left with the nuns of Saint Stephen, the old man they have brought to this place."

"Let them enter that we may judge their story!" the king exclaimed; and presently the pilgrims drew near, led by Timotheus carrying a viking's sword. In their midst, a head and shoulder taller than any, walked Ragnar, the old sea-wolf, his hands bound behind his back, his grey beard streaming in disorder over his naked chest, his head held high, as one who has never known captivity.

"Why do you bring my guest bound before me?" Edmund cried, springing to his feet. "If the stranger is indeed royal, you insult his lineage!"

"My lord!" Timotheus faltered. "He would have escaped us!"

"Were you not twelve to one? Loose his bonds! Give me the sword!"

Sinking upon one knee, the pilgrim presented the blade in its embossed scabbard, traced with the crest of Norway; while Simon and Odda severed the rope which bound the captive.

"Stranger!" the king said, advancing towards Ragnar. "You are the honoured guest of Edmund of East Anglia. Take back your sword; and in friendship tell us whence you come."

Responding to the kindly greeting, without fully understanding what was said, Ragnar spoke broken words of thanks in his own tongue, to which the king swiftly replied in the Norse dialect.

A gleam of joy lighted up the old man's face.

"My captor speaks the language of my people!"

"Indifferently I fear, though your speech and mine are akin. When I was a boy, a Danish nurse taught me your sagas! And now since we are eager for knowledge, tell us your tale."

In deep silence, for there were many who understood his words, the assembled monks and courtiers listened to the old man's narrative, from the time of the accident in the fiord to his landing with Frea upon the Anglian coast.

When he ceased, a sigh went round the assembly, but Biorn was the first to speak.

"My lord!" he cried, addressing Edmund, "How are we to know that this man is indeed Ragnar Lodbrog, the famed sea rover?"

As if realizing the uncertainty cast upon his statements, the Norseman drew a ring from his finger and held it out to Edmund.

"The royal signet with the raven crest, which none but a king may wear! The same sign is traced upon my sword and upon my javelin."

"That have I seen. Nor do I doubt the word of a guest."

From the lower hall an old monk leaning heavily upon a staff tottered into the circle.

"Brother Joseph!" the abbot exclaimed. "It is long since you have donned habit and girdle and come among us."

"True, my father, but a strange tale brought by the infirmarian roused me from my sick bed!"

Disregarding abbot, prior, and king, the aged man looked steadily into Ragnar's face. The cowl slipped from his white head, his bent body straight-



ened, until in stature he seemed to equal the viking. His lips moved, and his voice, gaining in strength, chanted words which none could comprehend.

With a great cry Ragnar grasped his hand.

"Who are you, to speak the magic rune prophesied by the Norns at my birth?"

Amazement spread like a flood. Men whispered to each other. "Joseph the Silent! For forty years he has preserved his secret! By all the saints, the same features! The same fierce eyes! Is Joseph a Northman? We held him for a Pict beyond Northumbria. See he bares his arms showing old wounds! Holy Virgin, the two embrace as brothers! Were ever such doings in sacred monastery!"

Together Ragnar the Rover, and Joseph the Recluse stood before king and abbot, while the crowd waited breathless. At length the monk spoke in a voice clear and resonant despite his eighty years.

"Edmund, Lord of East Anglia, and you, Abbot and holy father! This man and I are brothers, the sons of Olaf the Fearless. He, the offspring of queen Brunhilda, and rightful successor to the throne of Norway, I the child of a glee-maiden whom our sire found fair. For forty years I have dwelt among you, and, because you believed me a Pict from Scotia, I let the matter rest, praying to the one true God that memories of a sinful youth might be washed away."

Sadly he bowed his head upon his staff, but the abbot full of compassion urged him to continue.

"Alas! alas! that I should recall deeds of blood shed," he went on. "Hear, holy brethren, and judge!

Three-score years ago in the land of my birth I was accounted no mean warrior, though less in prowess than my royal brother. I led many a bloody foray, and sent many a heathen soul to hell. Next, I turned viking, roving the seas in a dragon ship ! ” Suddenly his voice gained strength, and surged through the hall, as if he was singing a wild saga of giants and heroes.

“ North we went to the realms of ice, to the twilight of the gods, where the lamps of Odin dance in heaven, and the lean white bear steals hungry across the bergs. Westward then with the breaking of the floe, while green seas lashed our ship, and great winds tore our sails, but we were young ! Hearts aflame with the fire of Asgard, bodies keen as tempered steel—— ”

Suddenly he fell upon his knees.

“ Alas ! Alas ! Sprinkle me with holy water ! Make the blessed symbol above me. I have spoken of the evil days, and joyed in their iniquity ! ”

But the abbot raised him and led him to his own chair.

“ We will hear the rest of the tale anon when you are calm. ”

“ Nay ! Nay ! Let me pray for humility to finish what I have begun ! Steering our ship south-westward we came to the land of Scotia. Here we burned and slew, nor did we spare churches and abbeys, but carried away rich treasure to the Norse-land. Year by year we ravaged the coasts, and at length descended upon the isle called Lindisfarne, where is the great monastery. Reinforced by warriors from the mainland, the monks defended themselves bravely, and we were beaten to our ships.

When I would have boarded a vessel, an arrow pierced my side, and I fell sorely stricken. Tenderly the holy brethren nursed me, an enemy, back to life, and, while they did so, taught me the faith of the true God, that when health returned I begged to be admitted to their order. This they would have granted, but the prior counselled I should be sent far from the scene of conflict. Therefore in the time of Abbot Jerome I came hither—— ”

Wearily the old man sighed, passing his hand across his brow, for his strength was almost spent, but Ragnar the Sea King took up the tale.

“ We are indeed brothers ! Much that Sigurd of Drontheim has told you passed me by, but this I know, the gods have sent him from Valhalla, to prove that I, his kinsman, do not lie.”

“ Ragnar Lodbrog, King of Norway ! Sit upon my right hand, eat and drink,” Edmund cried. “ Joseph the monk also, who once was Sigurd of Drontheim, find place at our table.”

“ My lord, pardon a sick old man ! I will return to my bed, from which I shall not rise again until this worn out body is cast aside. Let those who would enquire further of the matter I related go to Lindisfarne and search the chronicle of the abbey. Prior Peter put my story in writing, that after generations might know how a sinner was brought to Christ. It may be there are some brethren living who remember my baptism, but Abbot Gildas, Prior Peter, John the Sacristan, and Simeon the Deacon have gone to rest. Farewell, my lord— God’s blessing upon you ! Farewell, Father Abbot ! Farewell, brother ! A hand-clasp and a kiss of peace ! I will not look into your face again, lest

my memories cause me to sin upon the threshold of eternity."

With stately dignity he passed from the chamber. For two months he lingered, entering into joy upon the feast of the Nativity.

Thenceforward from the time of his reception, Ragnar the viking became the king's guest, journeying with him to his villa at Beodricsworth ; while the maid Frea remained with the nuns until she was somewhat restored to health, when she passed into the care of the lady Edwina, the king's kinswoman, who dwelt in a wing of the royal house.

Throughout the land there was peace, not in East Anglia alone, but in the neighbouring countries. The Danish inroads into Kent ceased as suddenly as they had begun, but Ethelbald was watchful, and did not allow his bow-strings to break or his spears to rust. Edmund, also, though diligent in making laws, and in righting wrongs, gave his heart to the training of his army, and the defence of his realm. Already he had sent to Wessex for master ship-builders, but Ethelbald, himself busy constructing a navy, could not spare men who knew the craft. To the land of the Franks then he despatched messengers, but the envoy returned with fair promises, and no shipwrights. Next, chosen men were sent to the shipyards on Hamo Water to learn the trade, but the king chafed at the length of time required, and said regretfully to Humbert,

"Never will the land be secure until a fleet guards her shores."

Meanwhile Alfred's visit bore fruit. A formal betrothal was announced between Edmund and Elgiva, daughter of Æthelwulf. The country re-

joiced, holding it to be a fitting alliance, and preparations were made for marriage festivities in early spring. As his subjects considered his betrothed, the king himself regarded her. A fair and gentle maiden, whom a man might well love. Beautiful, innocent, pious, and, if God blessed the union, maybe the happy mother of a race of kings.

With work and rest, excitement of the chase, and hope of the future, Yuletide passed, and January set in with bitter weather. At night, around a fire of logs, Edmund, with Gorm the wolfhound, old Ulfketyl, and Osbert his son, Bishop Humbert and a few nobles, listened in wonder to the tales of Ragnar the Rover, until the blood of the young men leaped within them, until they longed to take ship and range about the world, as their heathen forefathers had done, until they could scarce abide the ordered life of a peaceful realm. And in this the King was with them, for his heart was hot with the fervour of youth. No monkish neophyte he, the slave of sickly piety, but a man amongst men, full of high courage, ambition, and the will to love.

In all the court there was but one who brooded and one who was sad, Biorn the thane, and Frea the viking's daughter. For the young maid, the days passed wearily. The boughs of trees beyond the window slits were heavy with snow and hoarfrost; icy winds lifted the tapestries hanging against the walls of the chamber, and the fire of pine twigs upon the hearthstone gave little heat. Once a day her father visited her, and once a day came Eustace, the Frankish physician, but the lady Edwina would allow no other guests. Oft and again, echoes of laughter from the courtyard drifted upwards, sounds

of horse and hound, clang of spear on shield, as men-at-arms practised military exercises; and once on the eve of the Nativity a band of choristers sang a sweet carol. But, later, someone touched a harp beneath the windows, and a man's voice rose clear and sweet to the narrow openings. Frea had heard no music like it in her own land, and raised herself from the pillows.

"Captive maiden, cease your weeping,  
Love and life are yours to take.  
I will sing in sweetest measure,  
Bid your sleeping heart awake.

Rise and listen to my message,  
Comb your hair of shining gold,  
Clothe yourself in silken raiment,  
Lover's arms are strong to hold."

Ere the singer touched his harp for another verse, the lady Edwina entered in wrath.

"What is this? What is this? Osbert, son of Ulfketyl, singing his heathen love songs beneath our walls! I have sent Wanda the steward to bid him cease! It is not your fault, child, you are flushed and fevered, and small wonder! Drink this potion and lie still. I will sit with you an hour!"

"Dear lady, the song was sweet, though I could not tell its meaning!" Frea murmured.

"Our Lady be praised for that! How old are you?"

"Eighteen years, upon the day of our disaster!"

"Um—a saucy age! Have you been out of bed?"

"No. Indeed I have not looked from the window."

"That I did not ask! You have not waved your hand, nor dropped a sash or snood?"

Mischief danced in Frea's eyes, in spite of her



languor. "Nor cut off a lock of hair, nor chanted a magic rune, nor drunk a philter, nor——"

"Hush, child, remember you are sick! Oh, these young men, since a young king came to rule! In old Oswey's time no one sang love songs. Now it is youth, and the things of youth. True, Osbert is a brave boy, and will be as fine a warrior as his father, but he says openly that a captive princess is prisoned in this chamber, and that he will rescue her. Me he calls the dragon, and last night, in jest, begged Edmund's leave to fight the guardian of the tower!"

"What said the king?" Frea asked.

"Again you ask of Edmund! Thrice in two days! Why do your thoughts wander?"

In alarm Frea replied.

"It was not of set purpose! My father is a king, and he is old. I thought all kings were old—until I came hither. Yet Edmund is younger than Ingor my brother, who has lived thirty winters. The lord of Anglia is kind, my father loves him. Soon he will send us back to the Norseland," and, because the maid was weak and sick, she turned away and wept.

To outward seeming, Biorn, thane of Beodricsworth, joined heartily in the life about him. At feasts when the harp went round, his voice was heard in song; when the Witan was summoned he furthered the king's schemes; in the greenwood he surpassed himself in skill and cunning, but these things were a mask, hiding a poison growth. This way and that he turned scattering discontent, but the seeds fell on barren soil. The people loved their ruler, and would hear no ill of him. Nor could the thane well say that Edmund neglected to strengthen

his land against attack, for with their own eyes men saw armies in the making, knew that, according to plan, their turn would come for military training. Knew that, if invasion threatened, the king would call a national levy, when every East Anglian capable of bearing arms would rally to the standard. Gradually all hope of placing himself at the head of an advanced military section, and of raising revolt, passed from his mind. Opposed to the king he could attract no followers, and he knew well that insurrection, to be successful, must carry the country with it. Torn by jealousy, his ambition thwarted, he found no means by which to gain his end.

On the eve of Childermas he sat brooding within his chamber, nor would he touch the food which frightened serving-men had set before him. The carefully planned work of ten years was lost, defeated by the statesmanship and decision of the young ruler. Defeated too were the subtle schemes by which he had sought to undermine the trust and loyalty of the people. In bitterness he watched his ambitions crumble, nor had he others to set in their room.

From the palace chapel a bell tolled the hour of midnight, and an owl hooted to the moon. Some memory stirred in Biorn ; raising his head from his clenched hands, he shook away the matted hair which fell across his brow. His face was pale, and his eyes, pink rimmed, but black about the sockets, were full of smouldering hatred. Moved by sudden resolution he rose from his seat, wrapped himself in a dark cloak, gave a savage kick to a dog who would have followed him, and, leaving his dwelling, hastened towards the stables.

Across a heath to the west of Beodricsworth, the Icknield way cut straight and clean like the shaft of a spear, telling of order and civilization, but in the fastnesses on either side wild creatures of the night roamed at will. Strange tales were whispered of the desolate moorland. Nor would any traveller leave the Roman causeway except in case of dire necessity, for one and all believed that the spirits of the Saxon gods ruled the waste, and that nameless deities of an earlier cult hovered with malign intent about a ruined cromlech.

In a rude hut of mud and thatch, built about the entrance to a cave hollowed in some past age from the side of the hill, two women crouched over a fire of brushwood. The elder held a grey woollen garment about her and rocked to and fro. Her face was hidden by grizzled masses of hair, but her gaunt body was of enormous stature, and her bare arms gnarled with muscle and sinew. The younger scarlet clad, and of slighter build, did not move, but gazed into the fire with unblinking lashes. Silken hair, black and shining, fell to the ground on either side of her pale oval face, dead save for the crimson line of her mouth and the restless pain of her dark eyes. Icy wind, rushing through the doorway, blew the sparks into a golden shower, but, though they fell upon her hair and garments, she did not stir. At length her companion spoke in a deep harsh voice.

"Whom do you see to-night, daughter?"

"A man riding across the heath."

"Do you know him?"

"Aye."

"Well?"

"Aye."

"Too well?"

"Aye."

"A thief?"

"Aye! What he took he cannot give again."

"The past is dead, the future living."

"There shall be no living future for Biorn the huntsman!"

"How say you?"

"Thrice upon the sacrificial stone within the Druid circle I spilled blood from my pierced bosom. Thrice I called Biorn's name, thrice the death cry answered! Oft and again the number came. But I could read no more."

"Fool!" the old woman shrieked. "Fool! Poor fool! The image of Biorn is yet in your heart, nor will the hate of hell drive it forth! Small marvel the Great Ones were silent. What to them is the call of the flesh, the moan of a broken heart, the death of a bastard babe? To-night, for thethane's undoing, I will raise such a spirit from the depths as even I have feared to invoke; and, lest Biorn go mad, the Unnamed shall wear the semblance of his strangled son. Hark! Hark! he rides as if fiends followed!"

With an anguished cry the younger watcher rose to her feet, stretching wide her arms.

"To-night let tenderness, the dew of pity, the balm of womanhood be driven from my heart! Let hatred, revenge and bloodshed usurp their room. Dread power which made me slay my babe, possess me now! May every kiss I gave to the false thane become a fiery serpent tearing his soul!"

"Brave words! Brave words! Have hate and courage, but leave vengeance to me!"

Hardly had the witch finished speaking, when a rider drew rein at the entrance to the hovel ; tethered his horse to the doorpost, and demanded admission.

" Who seeks lone women upon the desolate heath ? We are poor moss-gatherers, mother and daughter ; we have but one crust of bread, a jar of water, and a little wood to kindle a fire ! Yet these will we share with honest travellers."

" Enough, mother ! You knew me long since by the sound of my hoof-beats ! "

" Are you a friend ? "

" This many a month."

" A friend should greet a fellow-friend by name."

" Biorn the king's thane greets Gundra, Witch of Exning. He greets also Thora her daughter."

" Enter, gallant thane. Make merry in our dwelling ! The witch's wine is a sweet potion, and the scent of a bruised lily joy to the nostrils."

" Who has bruised the Red Lily of Exning ? " Biorn cried, advancing to Thora with outstretched arms.

For an instant she shrank back, then, swaying as with an abandonment of passion, gave herself up to his embrace.

" By gods and saints I swear your kisses make the kisses of good women chill and lifeless ! "

For answer she smiled into his face, veiling her eyes.

" Thora ! Thora ! I was less than nothing to leave you ! Do you remember the greenwood bower, and all our vows of love ? "

" Aye, lord ! I remember."

" Your message reached me saying the child was dead, but I was busied with affairs of state."

Her face remained unmoved.

"You did not grieve, Thora?"

"There was no need!"

"Sir thane, be seated, here upon the wolfskin rug, and drink this cup of wine I have prepared," old Gundra cried, advancing towards her guest.

"Thanks, mother! 'Tis a long ride from Beodricsworth!"

"But a shorter road to hell." He did not hear Thora's muttered words.

"Tell us, how go matters of import?" the old woman continued. "Is the hand of Biorn strengthened against those he hates?"

"If it were so, I had not come hither!"

"In distress, a man seeks true friends."

"If they will give wise counsel."

"First make known your desire!"

"Listen and I will tell you. Year in year out I have striven towards great ends, toiled day and night for the accomplishment of a plan; now my labour is nothing, my work fallen in ruins. Yet I will not draw back. An inward voice whispers of success, delayed indeed, but certain. How it can come I know not! Nor do I know which road to travel."

Once more the old woman swayed to and fro, as she had done before his coming; once more Thora gazed into the fire.

"A web! A web indeed! What would you?"

"Unravel the web, good mother, by your arts!"

"Have you cast remorse aside?"

"Long since."

"Are you afraid to tread a bloody road?"

"Not I!"



" Could you kill your dearest for the sake of vengeance ? "

" None are dear to me ! "

" A cold heart is half way to perdition. What will you give if I summon the Secret Ones ? "

" Ten mancuses of gold. "

" What more ? "

" Twenty ! "

" What more ? "

" A brooch of gold set with rubies ! "

" What more ? "

" Tush, woman ! Tell me your desire ? "

" A cup of wine from the king's table ! "

" A small gift ! "

" Which I will claim at the appointed time. "

Gathering her robe about her, Gundra led the way into the darkness without. It was the hour when the sands of life run low, when prisoned souls go out on the ebb tide. A few stars gave an uncertain light, and a chill wind from the snow-bound north swept and tore as if it would uproot the mighty stones of the cromlech. Gigantic and sinister, the age-old monuments of a forgotten cult stretched circle-wise. In their midst a flat stone, drenched with strange sacrifice, stood broad and bare in the gloom. Swiftly Gundra let fall her mantle, cast off her robe of grey ; revealed herself in clinging garments, a woman of majestic build, untouched by age. Thrice, with waving arms, and drifting hair, which in the darkness had changed from grey to black, she walked round the thane.

" Come not beyond the circle my feet have traced, lest ill befall. Speak no more, nor make the rood-sign. Pray if you must—but backwards. "

Bewildered, Biorn could not tell if mother or daughter stood before him, for in a moment the witch had thrown off her years.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha!" she laughed and her voice was like the ripple of a silver brook. "I approach the Unnamed in the body of youth. For some it is the lion, for others the serpent, but the Primordial Spirit of Evil asks youth, and the things of youth!"

Swaying in rhythmic movement she drew near to the altar, and springing upon it bared her breast. Thrice, with lifted knife she pierced her bosom, and fell face downwards upon the stone. In muffled tones her voice chanted the incantation:

"Warm blood, red blood,  
Drip, drip.  
Out of earth! Out of hell!  
Haste, haste.  
Dead babe, slain soul,  
Come! Come!"

A livid light played about the altar. Pushed by unseen hands the witch's body was hurled to the earth. For a moment she lay still, then, rising, glided three paces forward.

"From the womb of the volcano,  
From the centre of the whirlpool,  
From the black wrath of the tempest,  
From the blue fork of the lightning,  
Come! Come!"

Slowly the light spread, until Biorn was within its influence. Wordless voices filled the air.

Frenzied with diabolical ecstasy, Gundra gashed her breast again:

"What shall I promise thee,  
Unnamed divinity?  
Souls ripe for torment?  
Crown of the thrice-crowned?  
Three crowns of three kings?  
Come! Come!"

Foaming at the mouth, her face aghast and contorted, she sank to her knees, but Biorn stood erect.

Inside the circle of radiance there was calm, but without great winds raged, as if the demons of the pit danced in unison.

Suddenly a thin vapour rose from the altar and took fearful shape. Once again the witch chanted, and this time her voice trembled so that she could scarce pronounce the rhyme :—

“ Not in thine own shape,  
Lest madness seize us !  
Pity thy worshippers,  
God of Denial ! ”

Demoniacal laughter, peal on peal, drowned her words. Thunders were let loose and shrieking tempest, the baying of hell-hounds and the groans of the damned, until it seemed none could live in the heart of the tumult. Then softly, across the clamour, came the sound of music. The light changed from white to tender rose. Sweetly the notes lulled the din, while from the altar rose a silver cloud—which, opening, revealed in its midst a gentle babe.

“ Speak ! Speak ! ” Biorn cried, for Gundra lay huddled upon the earth.

A mellow chime of golden bells, then a thin childish treble in lisping accents :

“ A king is come,  
Two kings are slain.  
As vassal king  
Shall Biorn reign.”

The vision faded, the mists dispelled, and in the east the sky was cold with winter dawn.

## CHAPTER VI

### A FROZEN SPRING

IN East Anglia, as in all kingdoms washed by the harsh North Sea, spring was late in coming. Tightly closed buds swayed in the winds of February, but did not break into tender green. Nevertheless the sap was rising, and young life was calling from each brown tree trunk, from the margin of every swollen stream, from the breast of heath and moorland, and from the heart of youth.

Within her chamber, Freca felt the restless stirring, felt renewed health warm her blood, felt an ardent longing to be up and doing. Slowly the rose returned to her cheeks, the light to her eyes ; and upon a day full of hushed wind and pale sunshine, clothed in a green robe and wrapped in her mantle of white bear cub, the lady Edwina led her out upon a terrace overlooking the main courtyard.

During months of confinement, she had overcome the differences which existed between her own speech and that of the Saxons, and was able to converse easily with those about her.

Swift steps upon the uneven stones made her look up, as a girl of her own age advanced with outstretched hands.

“ At last I have come to visit you ! Six times I sought to pass the dragon, but to-day she sent for me ! ”

"I am glad!" Frea replied smiling, warmed by the friendly greeting.

"You have recovered? There is colour in your cheeks!"

"I am well! I hate sickness!"

"And I! Do you hunt, and hawk, and ride?"

"Yes, in my own land."

"We will go abroad together! But first you must gain strength."

"Tell me who are you?" Frea begged.

"Alas! I forgot! I chatter and let pass important matters! I am Tekla, daughter of Ulfketyl the earl, and twin sister to Osbert, who sang beneath your walls. Did you hear him? Edwina was full of wrath, and my father sent him on a journey to Wessex!"

"I am sorry. His song cheered me. Why did he go away?"

Suddenly Tekla laughed and tossed her head, covered with short golden curls. None of her features were regular, but her dancing blue eyes, wild-rose colouring, and mischievous mouth, were more attractive than colder beauty.

"Poor Osbert!" she exclaimed. "He is nineteen, and in four months has broken his heart thrice. The tale of a damsel imprisoned in a tower savoured of high adventure. He must needs rescue the fair one! And fearing a fourth love affair my father caused him to join the retinue of earls and thanes, which has set out for Wessex, to conduct hither Edmund's bride!"

This time Frea laughed, then she asked a question.

"Whom does the king wed?"

"Do you not know? Did not Edwina tell you?"

At Easter-tide Edmund marries Elgiva, princess of Wessex. Already preparations are afoot for the bridal, and the country rejoices; but from my cousin Edith, wife of a West Saxon earl, I have heard somewhat."

"Is the princess beautiful, high spirited and courageous?"

"No! I doubt it! What strange virtues for a gentlewoman! Many a time have I been punished for the second quality."

"In my land we are taught to be brave, fearless and adventurous, that we may share the lives of our fathers, and our brothers!" Frea said in surprise.

"And your lovers?"

"Very like! I have never had a lover!"

"Only poor Osbert, who has gone to Wessex to fetch the Pearl of Sanctity. By this time, doubtless, he is singing a hymn to her beneath the chapel belfry!"

"A hymn?"

"You do not know our worship? A hymn is a holy song."

"Like the sagas?"

"In hymns there is no word of fighting, or of warriors."

"These hymns must be dull and wearisome!"

"Truly! When old monks drone them in nasal tones and we would be far afield with hawk and hound. Oh do not let us talk of hymns! This, Edith, my cousin, told me in a letter sent by the hand of Martin the pilgrim. 'The maid your king would marry is fair as a frozen snowflake, spends long hours in prayer, never listens to the songs of gleemen, bids her ladies recite portions of Scripture as she sits at



meat ; but, withal, wears rich clothing, and is preparing wondrous raiment against the time of her wedding.' Edith says also that she has recently received from France a cloak of silver, embroidered with blue. But when the queen, her stepmother, who is her brother's wife, sent her a silken robe with jewelled fringe, she threw it upon the fire, lest she should be contaminated by the iniquity of Judith."

" Alas, the silken robe ! "

" Alas, the poor queen ! I saw her once when I visited my cousin. She is kind, gentle, and very sad. Save when she looks at Æthelbald, her lord, her face is full of grief ; he is more to her than life and the pope's blessing. Saints, how they love each other ! "

" Why then is she sad ? "

" Have you not heard ? I thought the scandal had spread to the world's end ! When Judith was a maid, younger than you or I, her father married her to a dotard thrice her age. She was no wife to old Æthelwulf, and at the marriage feast he died. Then she became the bride of Æthelbald, his son. For this, the Pope set them beyond the grace of God."

" Who is this Pope ? Could they not conquer him in battle ? "

For a moment Tekla looked astonished, then she said :

" None may fight against the Holy Father ! But many pity Judith. Had I power I would take away the ban. To me she is more lovable than pious Elgiva, who burnt her gift. Oh this Elgiva ! Because my father is in authority I must be her bower-maid, with three others, Una, niece of

Biorn, Mildred, cousin of Edwina, and a fourth, not yet chosen. A thought ! Oh a glad thought ! Maybe the choice will fall on you ! ”

“ I am a stranger.”

“ You are of kingly lineage, and very beautiful ! The Queen’s maidens must be noble, for to serve her is high honour, or so they say.”

As Tekla spoke, Edwina appeared on the terrace. She was a small woman, inclining to stoutness, with a good-humoured but determined face, and a presence which might have been insignificant but for the air of breeding which stamped her personality.

The girls rose and curtsied, but she bade them be seated, and took her place between them.

“ Lady ! ” Tekla exclaimed. “ Frea, our guest, knew naught of the king’s betrothal, nor of the news from Wessex, nor yet of the preparations for the royal wedding. She was indeed a captive in a tower ! ”

“ Enough ! or I will send you to your aunt, the lady Abbess ! ”

“ That I may borrow the gatekeeper’s horse as I did before, and ride abroad in the greenwood.”

“ Alack ! Alack ! You, a high-born damsel, to go unattended ! Had it come to the ears of the lady Abbess . . . ! Had any passed that way . . . ! ”

“ One did pass ! ”

“ An earl ? A thane ? ”

“ A very noble knight ! My hair was tangled in a thorn, and he released me.”

“ Was it Oswey of Attleborough ? ”

“ I have not seen him for many a day.”

“ Since you scorned his suit and boxed his ears ! In my time maids wedded husbands of their fathers’ choosing ! Was it Godwin of Flixton ? ”

"No."

"Biorn the Thane?"

"No! No! No! Biorn with a foxy beard! My knight of the greenwood was noble and brave. Set high in power. Higher than my father, higher than earl or bishop."

"Not——?"

"Aye—the king, no other!"

"He loosed your hair?"

Tekla nodded, and the corners of her mouth twitched. She remembered the russet and gold of tree and fern, the crystal autumn air, the thrill of a kiss given in mirth, taken in mirth, but for all that a kiss of youth and joy.

"Lady! You are his kinswoman!" she cried suddenly. "Tell me! Why does Edmund marry a maid who is half nun? He has not seen her these many years. She is cold and selfish, her heart is ice—and he—Oh, if I did not love a thane of Mercia, I should love the king!"

Edwina sighed, for Tekla voiced a doubt which lay heavy at her heart.

"Elgiva of Wessex is royal. The match is well-planned. It pleases the people."

"Does it please the king?"

"Edmund will welcome his bride with gladness!"

"Oh I know! I know! I cannot say what I would!"

"Maybe as bower-maid to the queen, you will find her gentle and tender."

"Bower-maid to a snowdrift! But now, I had a thought! For the fourth lady let us choose Frea. Look at the sun upon her head, such fire would melt an ice-floe."

"Will you be companion to Elgiva, with Tekla, and two others?" Edwina asked, turning to her guest.

"Gladly! if I can please the queen. But my father tells me that when a ship is prepared we shall return to our own land."

"Until then?"

"Joyfully."

"Your duties will be simple, and there is time to learn! Meanwhile the air grows chill, we have sat too long," and, rising, Edwina swept from the terrace.

Thereafter the daughter of Ulfketyl came frequently to the palace. Sometimes in robe of russet, hawk on wrist, full of the day's adventure; sometimes in serious mood, after a reprimand from her aunt, the abbess, but more often laughing and gossiping of the doings of the court, and mimicking grave earls and portly prelates. Cheered by companionship and returning health, Frea's beauty returned, until those about her marvelled. In games of skill she surpassed Tekla, but made poor progress with the spinning-wheel, which Edwina placed in her chamber.

One evening, playing ball upon the terrace, the friends did not heed the sound of returning huntsmen, and Edmund, drawn by echoing laughter, looked upwards to the parapet. Suddenly a ball flew through the air towards him, and, as he caught it, Tekla's mischievous face appeared above the rampart. Seeing the courtyard full of young nobles, with the king in their midst, she would have fled, but he called gaily.

"Your plaything, Lady! Since I may not come to you, nor you to me—catch!" and, rising in his

stirrups, he threw the ball towards her outstretched hands. It passed above her head, but with a dart she caught it, and rosy and laughing slipped her arm round Frea's waist, and tried to draw her forward.

"Quick! Quick! The king! You will see him now. The fairest knight in Christendom! He rides Astolat, his white charger! Oh I love the king!—and I did not love a thane of Mercia!"

"This thane of Mercia. Is he below?" Frea teased.

"Neither below, nor anywhere! He stops chattering tongues! But quick! The king."

"No! Some other time!" and the Norse-girl held back, leaning against the wall.

As the clatter in the courtyard died away, Tekla looked at her wonderingly.

"Do you fear to meet Edmund?" she questioned.

"Fear? He is my father's friend. He treats us as honoured guests, not captives. Soon he will send us in safety to our own land."

"That is known to all! Yet you will not look upon him."

"In a little while! My father has brought courteous messages. Some day Edmund will visit me."

"Yes. With Edwina the Dragon! And my father, and your father, and Humbert the bishop, and Biorn the Fox! A cheerful company to keep in check the laughter of man and maid!"

"Man and maid! Edmund is king."

"And man for all that! Oh I could shake the grey-beards, who reckon him of an age with themselves, and regard with joy his marriage to a frozen nun! An she is cruel, I will tangle her hair when I dress it, and put needles in her praying-cushion!"

A week later, on the second day of Lent, Tekla brought horses; a mettlesome chestnut and a powerful grey, with an old groom of her father's mounted upon an ancient roan. Together the girls rode into the country, through pale sunshine, and the chequered light and shade of naked boughs, for it was one of the rare bursts of mild weather which at intervals relieve the harsh monotony of the East Anglian spring.

Two miles from Beodricsworth, before a mud and wattle cabin, Tekla turned to the retainer.

"Here, Walt! Go visit your daughter, we will ride through the wood and return in an hour."

"Aye, mistress—right gladly!" and with difficulty the old man dismounted from his horse.

"Now to the heath! A gallop and a race. Oh you can ride, Frea of the Northland! You and the chestnut are one. See how he tosses his head and stamps his feet, as if proud of his burden."

"It is joy to mount a horse again. Which way?"

Tekla glanced at the afternoon sun and thought a moment. Then her brow cleared, and her mouth puckered in a smile.

"Let us ride to the left beyond the trees, where are three miles of level grassland."

Green robe, and red-gold hair, flushed face, and dancing eyes—never was wild creature of Norse legend fairer than the sea-king's daughter.

"Away! Away! and a silken sash if you reach the oak ere I! Ready? Now!" and, striking the grey lightly, Tekla bounded forward.

A few moments told Frea that her horse was the swifter of the two, and in a little while she was leading by six yards. Intent upon the race, and



looking ahead for the goal, she did not realize that Tekla had reined up, and was watching the approach of a body of horsemen, returning leisurely homeward from the opposite direction. Thus the king riding along the grass track, with Ragnar, his guest, and Biorn, the huntsman, on either hand, and a group of nobles behind, met a storm-maid with the sun upon her hair. Green robe for youth, gold hair for the joy of it !

Like a flash, rider and horse passed, but Frea saw a man upon a great white steed. Saw a face clear-cut and noble. Saw eyes intensely blue holding a question. Saw the glint of a smile. Urged the chestnut forward—cried in her own tongue to the passing wind, “ Baldar the Beautiful, God of Light. Beloved of Sakadi ! ”

Presently the king's retinue met a distressed serving-man, who, being hailed by Ulfketyl, his master, told how the lady Tekla had bade him visit his sister, and thereafter had disappeared with a strange damsel, whom none had set eyes on till that day.

At night, as Frea sat on a stool before the fire of logs, her feet buried in a wolf-skin rug, her spinning-wheel idle (for the lady Edwina had retired to rest, aching somewhat with rheumatism), a knock came at the chamber door, and her father entered, followed by another.

Instantly she rose, curtsying low, for she recognised the stranger.

“ My child,” Ragnar began, laying a hand on her shoulder: ‘ Judging you to be recovered, I have brought our host to visit you.’ ”

Softly she spoke words of welcome, bade her

guests be seated about the hearth, took her place upon the stool. Wondered why music sang in her ears. Apologised for the absence of Edwina. Wondered again why her father's coming brought sudden joy. Thanked the king gravely for hospitality. Met his eyes and smiled.

"You rode fast and far, lady. I had a mind to follow, but Astolat was spent with the day's chase!"

Gorm, the wolfhound pup, who had trotted behind his master, rolled on his back to attract attention, and pawed Frea's gown. In a moment her arms were round his neck.

"You would play? What is your name?" Then to the king, "We are friends, he and I!"

"Gorm is wise, I pray that he prepares his master's path."

"Our host is friend indeed. Is it not so, my father?" But Ragnar the viking, wearied with a day in the open, dozed in his great chair, and the king and the Norse maid threw fresh logs upon the fire, talked of his land and hers, talked of hunting and hawking, of horses and hounds; talked somewhat of themselves, somewhat of music and legend, but never a word of the Princess of the house of Wessex.

When old Ragnar's head rested upon his bearskin cloak, thrown across the high arm of his chair, Edmund asked a song.

"I know but the sagas of the Northmen. Shall I sing of battle, of adventure, of storm?"

"Is there naught else?"

"Victory, and the death of heroes."

"Naught else?"

"Songs the valkyrs sing to warriors in Valhalla!"

"Valkyrs?"

"Maidens who ride down the storm-wind, and, if Odin wills, minister to vikings who have died fighting."

"To-day a Valkyr met me, with sunset hair, and robe of green——"

"My lord, indeed——!" but the king went on:

"This is Valhalla, and, when I die, pray gods and saints it may be fighting! Sing to me then, Valkyr of Anglia."

Half afraid she stretched her hand for a small harp, which lay upon a settle, and tuned its strings.

"I must sing in my own tongue. Yet I fear Odin's handmaids have forgotten the sagas, because our warriors bid them tell of other matters."

"After strife and warfare—what?"

"Beauty, joy, love."

"Sing on."

"Fields of lilies, swaying in the south wind,  
Pipe of wood-birds mating in the spring:  
Sweet as these shall be the sleep of warriors,  
Swift joy, keen joy, white-armed Valkyrs bring.

Turn, viking, turn, on your couch of bearskin,  
Drink deep, gaze deep into eyes aflame.  
Past is the conflict and the clash of weapons:  
Valkyrs are calling—calling your name!"

"Our verses are crude, but they are songs of home! And—and—my lord, I am an exile!" With difficulty Frea finished the sentence, for sudden tears filled her eyes. She had not thought to be thus moved.

"Forgive! Forgive, I pray," the king exclaimed. "You and your father are so much my friends, that I forgot! I will hasten the preparations. You

shall depart with all speed, and yet it may be two months—Can you endure so long ? ”

“ It was but a sudden yearning for the fiords and the bergs. For Gaynor, my mare, for Mara, my old nurse—— Tears are small courtesy for royal hospitality.”

“ Until now you have been sick. I could not entertain you as I would, but, if you will honour me, a horse is yours to ride at will, and, when our ladies come to the banquet, it may be you will join them ? ”

“ Right gladly. Pardon my foolishness ! I shall joy to wait upon the queen.”

“ The queen ? Oh aye, the queen to be ! You have consented to be bower-maid to the Lady of Wessex ? ”

“ To the wife of Edmund of East Anglia.”

“ She is a stranger too ; I pray you may be comrades.”

For answer Frea caressed Gorm's rough head, until he barked with joy, awakening the viking.

Mid-Lent passed with a feast in the great hall, when Edwina, clothing Frea in a new robe of clinging green, and binding her hair with a jewelled circlet, as became a king's daughter, led her forth among the Saxon ladies. Many eyes turned towards her, and, when the harp went round, Morf, the gleeman, made a new song of the Morning Star dropped to earth and come to visit the court of Anglia. From her place beside Tekla, Frea saw the king in mantle of blue, and white tunic, blue bordered ; heard tales of this one and of that ; marked with joy the honour shown her father, and dreamed at night that she wandered in a field of lilies, with a warrior who led a great white horse by the bridle.

During Passiontide she questioned concerning religious observances, and, when Tekla returned from Mass, with a cross of ashes upon her forehead, asked the reason for this, and for much else. With Easter, came a burst of preparation for the expected bride. A wing of the palace closed for many a year was opened. New tapestries were hung upon the walls, and soft skins strewn upon the floors; while silken cushions and woven rugs were placed upon chairs and settles. Edwina lived in a whirl of affairs, yet found time to teach the bower-maidens their duties.

"When the queen rides abroad, Tekla and Frea will accompany her, being good horsewomen," she explained. "And, since Elgiva looks with disfavour upon too much laughter, or so 'tis said, do you, Tekla, be of quiet mien, nor gallop your horse, nor leap streams and hedges, nor call good-morrow to every countryman!"

"An I did not love athane of Mercia, I would wed the king myself! Then should he have a cheerful bride!"

"Hush! Such talk is forward and unseemly! When Elgiva prays in chapel, Una and Mildred, being of pious demeanour, will join her devotions."

The two girls, who were shy and nervous, looked at each other in dismay.

"Poor Una! Poor Mildred!" Tekla exclaimed. "Seven hours kneeling, and no food on Friday!"

At this point, Mildred, who was fat, and loved good things, began to cry.

"A fish's tail, and barley broth on every vigil, and bare feet, and a hair shirt in Lent and Advent."

A reproof from Edwina silenced Tekla awhile.

"For music," the elder lady continued, "when the queen would be cheerful, Frea must sing to her. Not vain songs, but gentle tunes of hearth and fireside. Ah me, child! What can you sing?"

"I can sing Norse sagas and tales of gods and heroes!"

"Freah! Freah! Sing her the song you sang to me, of a heathen viking who speared four monks on one sword!" Tekla cried.

"They were not monks, but enemies, who would have slain him."

"For heaven's sake, sing not such songs to Elgiva!" Edwina exclaimed.

"In my land we love the deeds of heroes!"

"And we! But the queen is given to piety. What more do you know?"

"The song of Sif, the golden-haired wife of Thor. The song of Frea, my namesake. The song of Swan-hild, who died beneath the hoofs of wild horses!"

"Lack-a-day! In the name of all the saints, keep such legends from the Lady of Wessex!"

"Oh mother Edwina!" Tekla begged. "Let us give a feast! A little merry feast, before the bride comes hither. We ladies, and the king, and Ulfketyl, my father, who loves songs of the North-land, and Frea's father, and—Oh!—a thane or two for Mildred and Una! Alas that my thane of Mercia is far hence! Then we can laugh and jest for the last time, and Frea shall sing us wonder-tales."

With soft arms round her neck, crushing her wimple, Edwina, who loved the impetuous maid, half consented.

"When all is ready, maybe, if time allows——"

"Good! Good! Let us haste the preparations! Who will tire the queen's head?"



" You. With Una to help."

" And fold her robes ? "

" Mildred."

" And set up her embroidery frame, and keep her jewels, and carry her missal, and read psalms to her while she eats ? "

" The lesser duties will be equally divided."

" Who will sleep in the ante-chamber ? "

" Two bower-maids night by night. You, Tekla, and Frea, will first attend the bride."

For a moment Tekla looked troubled, then she shrugged her shoulders and exclaimed lightly, " Well, if it must be ! " but, a moment later, when Edwina had moved away, she grasped Frea's hands and spoke fiercely.

" Oh I am wiser than you ! Having no mother, and no kinswoman save an abbess, I have mixed with young matrons and worldly women of the court, here and in Wessex. My cousin Edith, who hates Elgiva, but has her confidence, hinted a thing of this holy maid's intent. Ride with me to-morrow to Exning heath ; there is a woman there I would consult—not for Elgiva, but for myself ! "

Three days after Easter, messengers arrived bringing news that the Lady of Wessex was well upon her way, accompanied by Alfred her brother, and a retinue of nobles and waiting-women. Excitement ran high at the East Anglian court, and, when all was ready for the reception of the bride and her attendants, Edwina prepared a private banquet, for chosen members of the royal household. Laughter and mirth flowed this way and that. Wine was drunk in moderation, and ale wholly banished. Edwina was gracious, as became a noble matron,



Tekla mischievous as ever, the king light-hearted and full of tale and jest ; but Frea, beautiful as a red rose, was silent until the harp went round. Then with swift fingers she touched the strings, and sang as she had never sung before. In wonder, her listeners heard the clash of steel on steel, felt the zest of battle, rode among the stars with Sol and Mani, crossed the rainbow bridge of Asgard, and listened to the magic horn of Heimdal. Taking no thought of the assembled company, the Norse-maid sang as her heart directed, until it seemed her music was for one alone. Fearless, because of the power within her, she looked at the king, drew his gaze to hers, not knowing what she did. Voiced the loves of gods and heroes, and at last laid by her instrument, veiling her face with her hair.

Next day at noon a cavalcade was sighted, and, ere long, the Lady of Wessex, accompanied by her retainers, and a body of East Angles, who had gone forth to meet her, rode into the courtyard. Her face was hidden by filmy coverings, but the king gave her royal welcome, and kissed her hand. Then, because she professed great weariness, Edwina conducted her to her apartments, while women, chosen for the office, saw to the well-being of her waiting-maids.

After a while, when she had eaten, and was somewhat rested, Frea, Tekla, Una and Mildred were summoned to her presence. Curtsying low, as Edwina presented each by name, they raised their eyes to behold a woman slightly older than themselves, beautiful certainly, and richly dressed ; with a small head set on a slender neck, pale gold hair, tightly closed lips, features flawless and regular, and a haughty carriage.

"I welcome you to my service!" she said with no gleam of warmth. "Your duties begin to-morrow at the marriage ceremony; until that time the ladies of Wessex will attend me." Then to Edwina, "I beg you, see that I am undisturbed by sounds of music and revelry, since I desire to spend the night in prayer. Cause the porters to bring into my bed-chamber the casket of relics. It is heavy with gold and silver, and contains the tooth of Saint Felix, the leg of the blessed Paulinus, and the kerchief of Kinswitha, the illustrious virgin."

Making courteous acquiescence, Edwina caught Tekla's eye, and hurried the maidens from the apartment. Outside they looked at each other, and Tekla stamped her foot.

"Worse than I feared! Much worse! Leg of the Blessed Paulinus! In a bridal chamber!"

"The Christians are strange to worship dry bones!" Frea mused. "We adore the gods of Asgard, who are strong and brave."

"I have never worshipped relics, they sicken me! Look! Mildred and Una are afraid that Paulinus may hear what I say, and will walk behind me at night! Patter, patter! Thus!" and, because her heart was sore, Tekla made jest of what she had been taught to respect.

Meanwhile, Alfred, Ætheling of Wessex, conversed with the king; Gorm, the wolfhound, lying between them on the hearth. Both young men rejoiced at the meeting, and in their pleasure forgot its purpose, until Alfred, questioned as to the journey, spoke of his sister.

"You have not seen her yet for she was veiled, I promise you she is beautiful!"

"That I know already, and shall prove to-morrow when Humbert joins our hands. Tell me, Alfred, does she look with happiness upon our union?"

"Elgiva will be happy after her fashion. But my heart misgives me!"

"Can you not trust my care of her?"

"Edmund! friend, brother! Do not speak thus! It is the maid herself. Even now, when all is prepared, I could wish this marriage hindered."

"A worthless thought, and a slight upon the house of Wessex! Come, pledge me in a cup of wine! We will drink to the fairest maid in your land and mine;" but, as Edmund raised the goblet on high, he thought of eyes deep as summer woods, and of lips sweet with song.

Beneath a cloth-of-gold canopy, borne aloft on crimson poles by boys of noble birth, the king and his bride stood together in the great wooden church, which aforetime marked the site of the Abbey of Saint Edmundsbury. High Mass had been celebrated with pomp and ceremony, and incense drifted about the altar, where the seven lamps of the Spirit of God glowed deeply red. The marriage rite was almost ended, choristers and acolytes knelt in their places, abbots and bishops in robes and mitres waited in the chancel, great earls and ladies richly clad filled the galleries and the body of the church, while the morning sunlight, shining through high windows, glorified a scene of beauty and solemnity. Bravely arrayed, the crown of Anglia upon his brow, Edmund looked with joy at his bride, nor heeded all the bishop said. Slender and stately, but cold and unmoved, as became the daughter of a kingly house,

Elgiva stood beside her bridegroom. Silver draperies fell about her feet, and a wreath of blossoms bound her hair. Behind were grouped her maidens. Tekla, grave for the moment, with shadows beneath her eyes. Frea, awed by strange worship, fair as a wind-flower, robed like her companions in gown of moonlight sheen, and all unconscious that Alfred, Ætheling of Wessex, looked neither at the painted missal before him, nor at the casket of the Host, nor offered prayer or praise, but saw only a maid's red-gold hair and the whiteness of her bosom. Blushing, and somewhat abashed, Mildred thought of the feast to follow, which she might not attend, but Una dreamed of the day when she too would stand beneath a wedding canopy, with, maybe, young Osbert, son of Ulfketyl.

*"That the blessing of heaven may be upon you both, that you may have wisdom in all things pertaining to government, that God in His mercy may make glad your house with sons and daughters, that peace may follow you all the days of your life."*

In a voice charged with emotion, because he greatly loved the king, old Humbert finished his homily, and pronounced the final benediction. Sweet singers joined in joyful chorus as the wedding procession swept from the church; while along the route to the palace thousands waited, assembled from the length and breadth of the realm. Girls strewed flowers; the bells rang merry peals; and harpers in galleries and balconies made glad music.

"In sooth, a noble bridegroom! God bless our King!"

"The bride! The bride!"

"Cold as a statue of the Virgin!"

" See the new queen ! Fair ? "

" Aye, as an icicle ! I'd rather smack thy lips, my bonny wench ! "

" Tush, froward ! Kings and queens are not as we ! "

" A new thought ! Yet I swear the king will melt his frozen dame ! "

Thus the crowd, while, within the palace hall, Elgiva received homage and loyal wishes.

At night the king met prelates, earls and thanes at a great banquet, where no ladies found place, and in her bower Edwina and the maidens sought to entertain the bride. Tekla spoke of hunting and of hawking, described the country and the possibilities of sport, told with enthusiasm of the horses set aside for the queen's use ; but Elgiva, though she sought to be courteous, showed little interest.

Frea touched a harp and sang a gentle ballad Edwina had taught her, but, when Elgiva asked for a hymn of Saint Augustine, was unable to satisfy her.

Una alone took courage, and admired the wedding robe, whereat the queen smiled, and warmed a little, summoning the ladies to her chamber that they might take gowns and cloaks and veils from a cedar-wood chest, and see their quality and fashion. Fine raiment certainly, of delicate texture, and for a while they talked of clothes as women will. Until Edwina remarked upon the lateness of the hour and laid the garments once more in their place.

Tekla, who, contrary to her wont, had been gentle and submissive, trembled a little as she gathered up sashes and kirtles, and, with troubled look, glanced about her at the great carven bed raised on steps beneath an awning, and at the alcove where, above a

prayer desk, with ivory crucifix and cushion of crimson, stood the casket containing the saintly relics.

Because the night was cold, the maidens threw fresh logs upon the fire, until the room was full of glow and cheer. With skilled hands they laid aside Elgiva's jewels and loosed her silver gown, arraying her in a silken robe of amethyst, with a string of amethysts about her throat. As Tekla combed her pale soft hair she bade her recite a portion of the psalms, but, because the girl was overwrought, she repeated verses which were uppermost in her mind.

*"She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework, and the virgins that be her fellows shall bear her company."*

*"With joy and gladness shall they be brought, and shall enter into the king's presence."*

*"Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children whom thou mayest make princes in all lands——"*

"Enough!" the queen said sharply. "I had hoped to hear somewhat in praise of the Almighty! Your tasks are ended! I need you no longer—go!" and they left her kneeling with folded hands before the reliquary.

In the antechamber, Tekla turned a wan face to Edwina's good-night kiss, and, when all had gone save Frea, who was to be her companion, she drew her hand wearily across her forehead, and kept silence as she straightened the rugs and cushions of her bed. For a while Frea took no heed, but at length came to her side.

"Tekla, you are troubled! Tell me!"

"You have lived only for daring and adventure in your own wild realm! How could you understand?"



"I care for you, you have been a sister to me—"

"Forgive! I am distraught. It is the queen! What Edith my cousin hinted will come to pass. And he——! Oh he is the noblest knight in all the world!" and, dropping her head on Frea's shoulder, she wept.

Wonder, struggling with youthful dreams, loosed a tide of knowledge, and half afraid the Norse girl whispered:

"Tekla, you love the king?"

"Aye, I love him! As the flowers the sun, as the parched earth the rain drops, as the tide the moonbeams. Oh Mary Mother! My love is selfless. I could be happy in his happiness, and she will make him suffer! She will thrust his love back to his own heart that it becomes bitterness. He will pass soon, and I—Oh, I will not know, I will not——!" Sinking to her knees Tekla drew a crystal phial from her breast. "The draught of the witch of Exning!" No, no! I take no coward's course! I ask but sleep for a few brief hours—Sleep and forgetting!" Swiftly she drained the philter. In a few moments her body relaxed and her eyelids drooped.

"The ivory palaces—the house of love." Her words came brokenly and she slept.

Softly the viking's daughter glided to her own couch upon the rush-strewn floor, and lay face downwards among the pillows. Rest had fled afar, but in a dream she felt a passing presence, and, when all was still, she rose and spread her hair upon the way.

\* \* \* \*

"Hail, Mary, full of grace!  
 Virgin Mother, matchless in purity!  
 Take away all thought of earth,  
 Let me live but for thee,  
 And for the company of saints!"



Thus Elgiva prayed within her chamber, and praying so her bridegroom found her. A white still maid, kneeling before the image of the Man of Sorrows, yet with no thought of compassion or of tenderness.

"My Queen! My wife! You ask a blessing on our life together!"

"I pray for you, Edmund of East Anglia, as I have done since our betrothal," and rising she faced him coldly.

"Listen, sweet bride! To-day when Humbert joined our hands I could scarce realize my joy—"

"Earthly love is a small thing!"

"But rich in happiness! Will you learn to love me, Elgiva?"

"For the sake of love I fled from Wessex, where the sinful passion of Judith and my brother thrusts their souls to hell."

"Our love has been sanctioned by priest and bishop!"

"Because the Church allows it, I have become your wife."

"For no other reason?"

"That I may more truly follow my celestial bridegroom."

"Beloved! You shall practise religious observances as your heart directs, found abbeys and convents, endow monasteries, but now, since I have waited long, tell me I may win your love."

A swift flush mounted to her face, and she shrank into the alcove grasping the reliquary.

"Listen! Listen! This is the moment I have feared. From childhood I have seen the iniquity of Judith. I would have welcomed ignorance, but

life has given me the knowledge of shame. What is love to you is sin to me ! I shudder at the name of earthly love ! By my own purity, I will blot out the guilt of Æthelbald and his queen."

"Do not fear, sweet wife ! I know sorrow has touched you. If prayer and almsdeeds can make atonement for the wrong of others, exercise them as you will. In every abbey and church Masses shall be sung, and supplication offered. I will send pilgrims to Rome, aye to Jerusalem !"

"Do these things if it pleases you, but in my own life I make reparation. As dwelt the holy virgins, Etheldrida and Kinswitha, so will I dwell !"

"But you are wedded wife !"

"Etheldrida, daughter of Unna, your ancestor, was twice married, and thereby gained the greater glory."

"Yet I have heard wise men say there was small merit in Etheldrida's sainthood. She and Kinswitha are dead, but we are warm and living ! Come to me, my bride !"

With eager pleading the king stretched out his arms, and for an instant the maid of Wessex wavered. Had he taken her then, as his heathen forbears won their wives by capture, despite her warped mind and morbid fancies, she would have yielded to the sweetness of first love, and would have lived glad bride, and honourable wife. But, because he feared to wound her with man's ungentleness, he stood ardent and longing, while the moment passed.

With the abandonment of a fanatic, she turned and kissed the golden casket above the crucifix.

"Relics of departed saints, hear my vow ! Never will I embrace an earthly bridegroom. Body and soul I dedicate myself to holiness !"

"Such vows are for the cloister!"

"In the cloister they are of less account than in the world. I will live in the midst of temptation, yet practise abstinence. I will be Queen of the East Angles, yet withal the Bride of Christ!"

"What are these mad pledges!" Edmund cried in anger. "You came to me as wife. I hold you in love and honour. If God wills, your son and mine shall sit upon the throne of Anglia."

Cold resolution masked her face, her eyes were fixed, her lips bloodless.

"I can unlock the gate of heaven!" and snatching a thin dagger from her robe, she turned it against her breast.

Swiftly the king grasped her wrist. "Never will I force my love upon unwilling maid! Live in my realm as queen, sit at my right hand, let us learn to know each other, and maybe I shall win you. You are my wife, and I will strive to win you. Farewell, Elgiva, since my love is hateful, you have naught to fear!"

Bitterly he turned into the dimness of the outer chamber, and knew not that in passing he set foot upon a maiden's hair. But, when he had gone, the viking's daughter gathered her tresses to her bosom.

## CHAPTER VII

### VALKYR OF THE NORTHLAND

"A king is come,  
Two kings are slain  
As vassal king  
Shall Biorn reign."

OFT and again the king's huntsman put the words from him. Told himself they were imaginings of the night, brought about by the drugged wine of the witch of Exning. But when he looked into the future, seeing the schemes of years defeated, vengeance and jealousy stirred his heart, nor could he find outlet for the hatred which consumed him. On all sides he found love and loyalty to the king; even the few followers he had attracted fell away under the stress of public opinion. Ever, when his thoughts were darkest, he heard the thin piping voice of the infant apparition.

"As vassal king shall Biorn reign."

Vassal king! Vassal to whom? Better reign as vassal, than not at all. Vassal to Edmund? No! To whom then? Mercia? Wessex? Northumbria? The kingdoms were at peace with one another. Wessex was allied to Edmund by marriage, the kings of Mercia and Northumbria had sworn brotherhood, in view of attack from overseas.

A thought came which made Biorn shudder; yet, as he recoiled, he saw the opening of a way. A

traitor's way, a way of shame and dishonour, but nevertheless the road leading to a hireling's crown. Jealousy and thwarted ambition had bitten deep into his heart, yet for all that he hesitated, there are things a man may not do unless his soul is already in hell.

For many days he went about his duties with clouded brow, avoided Ragnar the viking, whose company he had sought, avoided the king, save when he rode by his side, avoided feast and banquet, absented himself from Mass and all religious exercises, which beforetime it had suited his plans to attend, sat much within his chamber, and gave curt answers to those who sought his company. Which things Edmund did not mark, himself concealing a bitter hurt.

As a small straw will set a town aflame, so a trivial matter lighted Biorn's torch. A villain received into slavery for debt, against the new decree, a reprimand from the king, and the compulsory manumission of the servitor. Thereafter the final downfall of honour and allegiance, the guilt of treason and the growth of devil's work.

"A king! Better to reign as vassal, than serve as thane!" Thus Biorn mused. "Vassal to the Northmen! Fire and sword in Anglia! What matter? Edmund an exile. Slain maybe. Himself set in authority by Danish overlords as the reward of betrayal." In the scheme of treachery there was but one stumbling-block. Ragnar the viking. The ship which should bear him to Norway was almost ready, a few weeks and he would set forth. In his own realm, no captive king, but a powerful ruler, the strong friend of Anglia. Never,

while he lived, would his rovers cross the sea in countless hordes, bent on the destruction of the land which had succoured their master in dire necessity.

"Two kings are slain! The first? Not hard to find. The second? Time would show."

Once more Biorn sought the witch of Exning, but she would not, or could not, make further prophecy, and only mumbled before the fire, chattering of this and that. Nevertheless, as in old days, Thora the Red Lily, followed him out upon the heath, drew him to an arbour of brushwood, where the wind moaned and whistled, nestled for warmth beneath his cloak, greatly dissembling, took his face between her hands, and murmured words for his undoing.

"I have not the magic of my mother, but I can read for those I love. When I set my spirit free, and journey to the realm of Those I Serve, I see Biorn seated upon a throne, with strange warriors about him, and the dead beneath his feet!"

"The dead?"

"Do not start, nor wrestle with futurity. Many are slain in battle. What of it? Others must needs be slain, because they block the way to kingship. Listen, and maybe I can read the riddle of the night."

"I have read it for myself, Lily of Exning! But tell me if your reading and mine are one?"

"I am not of your Saxon race. Saxon and Northman are naught to me, unless I love. My sires held converse with the dwellers in the Nethermost, ere Woden smote with his battle-axe, or the pale Christ turned men's blood to water. Therefore I read truly! Ragnar the Rover is come to Anglia,

but his sons, Ingor and Ubba, not knowing where he is, nor that he has sworn friendship, look hither for conquest. If Ragnar dies, and a strong man in secret bears the news to Norway, the vikings will set forth in vengeance. Nor will they forget him who showed the way.

"How should Ragnar die?"

Thora laughed softly. "Shall I kill him for the sake of Biorn the Thane? See my hand is small, but it can grasp a knife, my wrist is white, but it has been red with kisses and with blood. Sweeter blood than that of the old viking. Aye, thrice sweeter! When a sucking babe smiled in his sleep, but did not wake at morn."

"More riddles. Hard to prove!"

"No riddles, my beloved. At three-score years and ten a man's life is run. Though he may eat, and drink, and sleep, aye, and hunt and ride, and make boast of youth, the fires are almost quenched. Shall Thora the Lily be the handmaid of nature, since Biorn shrinks from work a woman does not shun?"

"I neither fear nor shrink! Ragnar has not wronged me, save that he stands in the way of my ambition. Since you are wise, tell me the manner of it!"

"The greenwood holds many secrets. Outlaws and thieves find shelter there. When the Rover's death becomes known, it will have been compassed by evil men."

"Such a tale carried to Norway might move the princes to sorrow, but not to vengeance."

"Oh, slow of understanding! Is there no great one in the realm who might put to death a Northman



in malice ; since vikings have in time past harried the Eastern shores ? ”

“ You mean—— ? ”

“ The king—who else. If Ingor and Ubba believe their father slain by Edmund, they will seek his life. Is the reading plain ? ”

“ Two kings are slain.  
As vassal king  
Shall Biorn reign.”

Softly she crooned the words, putting her lips to the thane's ear.

“ My thane, when a crown is 'on your brow, remember the witch's guerdon.”

“ Gold and silver, and robes of silk.”

“ Not these.”

“ What then ? ”

“ A draught of wine from the king's cup ! ”

“ I will remember.”

“ The witch will claim her recompense ! ”

At dawn Thora crept to her mother's side within the hovel.

“ Have you screwed him to murder, with ambition's key ? ”

“ That have I, and more. I have laid a coil about his soul which will strangle it in hell. Even as these hands strangled his base-born son.”

“ When the hag drinks from the king's cup will his doom be perfected.”

\* \* \* \*

Meanwhile, as needs must, a tale was whispered at court. In the great hall, at banquet, and at Mass, the queen took her place by the king's side. Always he treated her with knightly homage, to which she

responded with cold dignity, but never a look or glance of love, never a glad smile of welcome, never the gentle word or passing comment of those who share life's road. Edwina, who knew much, and guessed more, wept in secret, and would have reasoned with the queen, but Elgiva repelled intimacy. Tekla, contrary to her wont, gave no ear to gossip, was mirthful, full of high spirits to outward seeming, and, before the queen, of decorous behaviour. But, though her laugh rang free, in unguarded moments her eyes held shadows.

For Frea the North-maid, the spring days were a time of awakening. A passing from childhood into womanhood. A realization of self, a realization of forces dormant yet vital. Nevertheless when Tekla asked her why she was sad she could not tell.

"Do you hate the queen as I hate her?"

"No. She is naught to me, save that I serve her."

"Do you not see the folly of her relics and her prayers? Her cruelty and hypocrisy?"

"She may be cruel. She is of small account, I put her from me when I leave her presence."

"In time Edmund will do the same——" For a moment Tekla stood wide-eyed, looking ahead. "Then alas for the sweetness and the pain of fettered love."

Because her wildness was in thrall, as oft-times in the throat of a caged lark the song is mute, Frea's thoughts turned to worship. But Odin and Thor were warrior gods, the Norns stern and implacable, Sif, Tyr and Heimdal, deities set far from the heart of a maid. With diffidence at first, she questioned Edwina regarding Christianity; and the noble matron, whose faith was simple, told her the tale

of Christ, nor overburdened it with dogmatic argument. Confusedly, because there was none to set her right, Frea found place for the Redeemer in the company of Asgard. Accepted the mystery of the Trinity ; saw in Odin Allfather the Creator of the Universe, held Christ to be His Son ; passed by the doctrine of the Spirit because to her own faith its mystery held no analogy.

Though not deeply religious, the idea of making a convert pleased Edwina. It would be no small pride to accomplish in secret what the pious Elgiva had neglected to bring about. Also, a soul won for the Church was worth many Masses. To the best of her ability, then, she gave instruction, begging Frea to question none save herself. With joy she thought upon the day, when, her task accomplished, she would lead her proselyte before the king and Humbert, and would say " This heathen maid desires baptism ! "

Not knowing how to work, she built a structure without foundation. In Frea's heart there was no ardent longing for truth, no casting away of heathen cults. She absorbed the new into the old, finding much that was beautiful and tender in what Edwina told her. With little difficulty she learnt the creed in Latin, and, because her teacher could not translate it, accepted it as an incantation. From the first she would have nothing to do with relics, and showed no veneration for Elgiva's collection. Well knowing that before baptism her convert would be required to answer questions, Edwina set forth a catechism which she caused her to repeat day by day. It was simple, and, with better presentation, easy to understand, but, having settled in her own mind the claims

of her new faith, Frea repeated articles of belief by rote, finding them of less interest than the sagas of gods and heroes, which she should have cast aside. She loved the story of Christ, loved the Virgin Mother, but saw no virtue in meekness, wept over the beheading of the Baptist, hated Augustine because he turned back ere Gregory renewed his courage ; had small sympathy with martyrs who did not fight, and none with saints who mortified their bodies. Sometimes her questions startled Edwina, and made her uneasy as to the way in which Christian teaching had been assimilated, but, because she could give nothing better, she answered with platitudes, substituting faith for reason, where reason should have declared itself. Then, at a time when she considered her instruction completed, she unwittingly laid up trouble for herself.

" If all is well," she observed, " and you answer faithfully and with conviction, I doubt not that the king himself will stand godsire to you at baptism."

" Will he question ? " Frea cried.

" Truly, of the things you have learned ! "

Thereafter, each hour of the day, the maid sought knowledge, until the poor lady was bewildered. Declared that all vikings would go to hell, but hoped they would not. Swore that angels were not Valkyrs. Affirmed that none drank mead in purgatory, but knew not what they drank. Doubted if men hunted and hawked in heaven, or if horses, dogs and birds, beloved by their masters, entered into bliss. Thought it sacrilege when Frea would know if Gorm the wolfhound, and Astolat, Edmund's white charger, had been baptised ; and could not tell if Odin and the rest might be converted in Asgard.

At length, when her teaching was exhausted, she declared Frea's preparation complete ; and one morning, after Mass, leading her pupil by the hand, approached Edmund and the queen, with old Humbert walking between them, as they came from chapel. It was May-day, the festival of S. Philip and S. James, and, because the season was mild, blackbirds were singing in the woods, and the bushes were bridal-white.

" My lord ! Lady of Wessex ! And you, most holy bishop ! I have here a heathen maid who desires baptism ! " she exclaimed, according to her intent.

The king paused, and would have spoken, but the queen cried sharply :—

" The Norse girl ! My bower-maid ? Why was I not told ere this ? I would have sent to Wessex for instructors. Who has taught her the truth ? "

" I, gracious queen. "

" She is your convert ? "

" Truly. "

Edwina was a noble dame, but, in all her life, she had felt no such moment of exultation. Her victory over the queen was complete. To forestall her in a matter of religion was triumph indeed ; and Elgiva bit her lip as she turned to Humbert.

" Reverend father, I trust you will examine this girl with searching questions ere you admit her to baptism ! "

With kindly gesture the old man laid his hand on Frea's head.

" My child, do you love Christ ? "

" I do. "

" Will you follow him ? "

"If I am able."

"God's blessing on you, we will talk more anon." Then, to the king, "My son, if I find this lamb ready for Christ's fold, it were fitting for you to receive her as godchild."

"Right gladly Frea, will you have me for sponsor?"

The colour mounted to her brow, and she veiled her face with her falling hair, but Edwina answered joyfully:

"It is as I hoped! You will find her worthy."

"Since she is my handmaid, I also will bear part in the ceremonial," Elgiva said coldly, but Frea lifted her head and spoke with gentle determination.

"My thanks, most noble mistress, but the lady Edwina, to whom I owe health and happiness, has consented to be my godparent. I pray therefore that she alone may mother me!"

"I would have given you saintly relics! But, no matter, since you refuse my offer! What name have you chosen? Frea savours of heathenness."

"In my own land I am called Frea. My father loves it, I would not have it altered, unless maybe to add Edwina to it."

"Let us christen you Kinswitha."

"Rather would I remain a heathen!"

"Hush! Hush! the bishop said gently. "Will you take the name of the Virgin Mother?"

"If—if it pleases my sponsors."

"My godchild shall be Frea, now and always!" the king cried. "Across the sea Frea heralds spring, and scatters flowers. Is it not so?"

"Yes, lord."

"I have it!" Edwina exclaimed. "Let her be

Frea for the king, Mary for the bishop, Edwina for myself. Frea—Mary—Edwina! Will that please you, child?"

"Most truly, but may I beg the queen to give me a name also? A name other than Kinswitha!" Frea said, repenting the haste of her former answer.

"Kinswitha is an illustrious saint. I make no other choice," Elgiva replied coldly, and gathering her mantle about her swept across the courtyard followed by Una and Mildred.

"What of your father?" the king asked. "Does he set no hindrance to your baptism?"

"His will is mine!" Frea said smiling. "He declares he is too old to change the gods of his forefathers, else might he have been converted also."

"I have conversed with him on the matter," Humbert affirmed, "but his mind was made up. And now, my daughter, since I would question and instruct you somewhat, come with me to the bishop's chamber; the lady Edwina also, that I may indeed pronounce you ready for admission to the Church."

Curtsying low before Edmund, the two women accompanied the aged prelate. One was full of pride, but the other repeated softly, oft and again, "Frea for the king!" "Frea for the king!"

Being of quick intelligence the Norse-maid gave fitting answers to Humbert's questions, and subtly turned him from matters of which she was ignorant, until he praised her teacher, and promised baptism at Whitsun.

Many years had passed since a pagan of high rank had been converted in Anglia, and the matter made no small stir. Edwina took credit to herself and grew in importance to those about her; the queen



held coldly aloof ; the old viking thought the matter of little account, but wished to be present at the rite, and, because he refused to enter a church, Humbert resolved to revive the custom of baptism in the open.

On Monday in Whitsun week then, a goodly crowd came together at the ford of the river Lark, which to-day flows past the ruined walls of Saint Edmund's abbey ; the bishop, in cope and mitre, with choristers, acolytes and monks ; the king, with a train of nobles, all in rich apparel, to do honour to the festival ; Ragnar, grey and grim, yet with a smile beneath his sternness ; earls and thanes, with their wives and daughters, all assembled to witness the ceremony ; and on the outskirts of the throng as many of the common people as could, by mounting on each other's backs, or by climbing trees, catch a glimpse of their betters. Only the queen was absent. It was a morning in the sweet o' the year, when spring is merging into early summer ; fleecy clouds on a fair blue sky, dancing play of light and shadow, breath of flowers, song of birds, gladness of beauty and of youth.

" Surely a day for a bridal, rather than a baptism ! " a matron whispered to her neighbour.

" Speak not of marriages ! Mark the king's brow. Small wonder it is clouded."

" By all the saints ! Elgiva must be less than human to resist such a lover."

" They say he never seeks her company, save in public. Maybe time will unite them ! But my husband, who swears strange oaths, declares he would rather be wedded to Lot's wife than to the queen."

In the distance, voices rose and fell in measured

chant, as presently a procession of maidens wound down the incline towards the river. White robed, and garlanded with flowers, they sang a solemn hymn, while choristers and monks took up the strain. Behind them walked the Abbess Hildegarde, Tekla's guardian, and, last of all, Edwina, in rich gown of purple silk, gold embroidered, and wimple of finest linen, leading Frea by the hand.

As the Norse maid passed, a murmur spread from side to side.

"Surely the fairest lass in all the land! See the sun upon her hair! Her face is like a summer rose. Mark her free step and noble bearing! Now she is Christian, the Ætheling of Wessex will press his suit! Poor youth, he saw her at the king's bridal, but, when he would have wooed her, the news of his brother's death drew him in haste to Wessex."

"Does our queen mourn for Æthelbald, you say? Has she heart to mourn or to rejoice? Since she is not present, maybe she weeps for her brother within her chamber. See! Humbert girds up his robe, and doffs his shoes. God grant the water does not chill him!"

Kissing Frea upon the forehead, Edwina placed her hand in that of the bishop, and amid joyous music they went down to the river. When the stream reached midway between knee and ankle, the prelate paused, and, raising his voice, spoke that all might hear.

"I receive this lamb into God's fold, and, in token thereof, baptize her in the name of the Trinity! Frea Mary Edwina, will you follow Christ truly until death?"

"Such is my desire!"

Thrice he poured water upon her head, and marked her forehead with the cross. At the river's edge her father embraced her. Edwina placed the chrisom, or fillet of white linen, worn by the newly baptized, upon her brow, and her godsire sought to speak words fitting the solemnity of the hour, but was silent because her hands trembled in his grasp, because her eyes, full of unrest, were deep as mirrored stars. He should have sealed her brow with a kiss of peace ; old Humbert, Edwina, and many a knight and earl claimed the privilege, the younger rejoicing in the custom ; but instead murmured a wish for happiness, and turned away.

In chapel followed an hour of intense spiritual exaltation, when Frea, nerved to a pitch of ecstasy by the events of the morning, longed with fervour that sin might never touch her new-washed soul ; wished almost that she could die with the cross fresh upon her brow, felt her body of such immaterial substance that with small effort she might drift away beyond sky and clouds to join the throng of virgins on high. Throughout the afternoon she knelt before the altar, vowing herself to Christ, until vows turned to supplications. Softly she prayed for Edwina whom she loved, for brave-hearted Tekla her friend, for her father, for Mildred and Una, for the queen, and, last of all, covering her face with her hands, she prayed for one she did not name.

“ Sweet Christ, take sadness from his brow, give him happiness and love ! ”

When the sun streamed in long shafts through loopholes in the western wall, Edwina touched her upon the shoulder.

"Come, child, you have prayed enough. Your companions await you. We have prepared a love-feast, to which none save your friends are bidden."

"A feast, my mother?"

"With those who led you to the water, all women who hold you dear. Hildegarde, the abbess, will honour us, as will the prioress, and the novice mistress. The queen remains in her chamber, but has sent kindly greetings."

With a last look at the altar, enriched by a golden crucifix brought from Rome by some kingly pilgrim, Frea bowed low, and followed Edwina to the women's apartments. Here she was arrayed in sweeping garments of white, over which her hair flowed like a mantle, and was afterwards led to the guest chamber, where all kissed her upon the brow.

Through a golden haze, for her spirit was still caught up to heaven, she saw the abbess Hildegarde, a woman wise in wordly matters despite her piety, saw the restless mirth of Tekla's eyes, saw Edwina serene and matronly, listened to hymns of saints and martyrs sung by a sweet-voiced nun, touched no food until Edwina chid her, and at length, when the meal was ended, found place at Hildegarde's side.

"Lady, I ask a favour?"

"What is it, child?" The abbess had been a notable woman in her day, ere the cloister took her.

"To-morrow when Mass is ended, may I come to you, forsake the world, wear black and white, and join the nuns?"

Musing, with a smile upon her lips, Hildegarde stroked Frea's hair. Thus, in mood of spiritual abandonment, had maidens come to her before.

"A nun is not made in a day, nor in a year, my

child ! Whom Christ calls, He calls surely and certainly, hour by hour, in the midst of life, aye and of pleasure ; though truly there are some who with broken hearts find solace in religion. But your heart is not broken ! Talk with me again at Martinmas, and maybe you shall become a novice."

" So long ! " Frea sighed. " I may sin ere Martinmas ! "

" Assuredly, and repent a dozen times ! "

With affectionate good wishes the guests took their leave, and at length Tekla and Frea were alone in the chamber they shared when not in attendance upon the queen.

" You were more beautiful to-day than any maid in Anglia, Wessex or Northumbria ! " the Saxon girl cried, sitting upon the border of Frea's couch. " Had Alfred, the queen's brother, seen you, he would have lost his heart indeed ! "

" The prince who brought Elgiva hither ? I scarce remember him. "

" He will return—and then ? "

" At Martinmas I enter Hildegard's convent ! "

" Alfred will come ere Martinmas ! Oh Frea, you are no nun. You ! With your red-gold hair and fair sweet body. With your lips for love, and your eyes for dreams ! To-day as you stood before Edmund I thought—But oh, no matter, since you will become a nun !—Pray, dear—Pray to Etheldrida and Kineswitha ! "

" I hate then both ! "

" Softly, softly ! A nun must not hate. They were virgins given to sanctity. "

" They brought pain and unhappiness to others ! "

" To their lords doubtless, but what of that ? They were very holy ! "

"Oh Tekla, do not tease! I want to avoid sin, to keep my robes white, and already I am trailing them among the thorns."

"Forgive me! You are weary. I will spread your own white bearskin over you, that you may sleep. Oh, I hate nuns and saints, and all who thwart the course of nature! Rest, and, to-morrow or maybe the next day, you will sing again of heroes and of valkyrs."

For a while Frea slept, worn out by physical and nervous exhaustion, but, after an hour, awoke, with a moonbeam across her face. The mood of the day was upon her a hundredfold, strengthened by rest. Stretching out her arms she seemed to float upwards along the silver ray. Soft night airs fanned her face, and a force, which she obeyed without question, drove her from her bed. "I must away, and give thanks!" Throwing her green robe about her, she hastened from the room. Down corridors, and across a garden she ran, reaching at length a small gate, bolted from within, which led to a foot-bridge over the moat, and to a wicket in the outer palisade.

None barred her path, her feet passed lightly over grass and flowers; until she came upon the heath, green with young shoots and the tender beauty of half-curved bracken. Sweet earth-scents rose on every side, the smell of moss and wood, the smell of crushed fern and trodden turf, the smell of pine and bush, and the smell of flowers to be. A young moon swung in heaven, washing a young world, as a young maid sped unhindered through the night!

On and on as if she could never tire, music in her ears and worship in her heart. The worship which finds God in nature, the worship of her own wild



land, merged with the religion of the Christians !

Far out upon the moor, she paused beside a cluster of firs, whose trunks showed silver and red in the moonlight. Around the land lay like the realm of Faery.

Kneeling, she kissed the earth, kissed the curling fronds of bracken.

" Oh Beautiful ! Beautiful ! The sky is full of golden ships where young star-captains sail. The trees are warriors who go out to battle. The hawthorn bushes are the maids who wait for them !

Swiftly, because in spring the old gods work their magic, faith was swept aside, and, rapture unrestrained, fled on the road to Asgard.

" I have forsaken you ! Gods of my country Baldar the Beautiful ! Odin Allfather ! Frea my namesake ! The Christians have cleansed me, thrust me away from you. See, I return to you, breaking my fetters ! "

Snatching the baptismal fillet from her head she trod it underfoot, and with waving arms and floating hair danced a wild measure of her native land, singing as she danced.

" Over the rainbow bridge,  
Glorious in victory,  
Sword-bright and sun-bright,  
Riding on wingèd steeds  
Come the Almighty ones !  
'Neath the ash Yggdrasil,  
Rooted in Nif-heim,  
Where babbles Hvergelmir,  
Sit they in council.  
Baldar the Beautiful,  
He of the golden helm,  
Cries to the white-armed  
Valkyrs of Odin.  
Bring me an Earth maid  
Out of the Norseland,  
That she may ride with me  
In the sun's chariot ! "



Suddenly Frea stayed her dancing, and sprang forward, kneeling with arms outstretched.

"Balдар the Beautiful! Balдар the Sun God!"

Wide-eyed, she beheld the vision of a rider upon a great white horse coming across the heath, and because, in Norse legend, gods and mortals mingle together, she felt no fear, only wonder, and strange new joy. A voice was sweet in her ears, and she was called by name.

"Freа! Is it indeed Freа?"

The rider dismounted and stood above her. Looking up she saw—not Balдар, the Sun God, but Edmund, the king. Throwing his mantle upon the ground he drew her down beside him, asking no questions. Gradually tears gathered on her lashes.

"I thought you were a Norse god—I thought——"

"I am a man, come to guard you!"

His words, his nearness, and the spell of Asgard, made her heart leap.

"They called me! I had forsaken them! But they called—I have thrown away my baptismal fillet—Can you forgive?"

"I? The chrisom is but a symbol, what matter!"

"To-night I sought to become a nun! But Hildegarde refused me until Martinmas."

The king laughed softly. "You a nun! They would shear your hair of gold."

"Afterwards I came upon the heath and danced——"

"I watched! I thought you were a wood nymph."

"Do you love the guardians of wood and stream?"

"When I see them, as I saw to-night!"

He was looking at her, and their eyes met.

"You are like a field of ripe corn at sunset."

"Once you called me valkyr."

"And will again! But presently I must set you upon Astolat's back, and lead you to Beodrics-worth."

"Not thither! To a land east of the moon, where the rainbow is born!"

"Where valkyrs ride with earthly lovers?"

They heeded not the passing of time, finding each other sweet.

Plucking flowers from the grass Frea wove them into a chaplet.

"I will wear it instead of the lost chrisom. Flowers are the gift of Frea."

"Has Frea other gifts?"

"She makes the fields green in spring."

"A goddess in robe of green, with eyes like summer woods."

"Sometimes Frea is queen of love."

"Tell me of love!"

"I cannot, I have not learnt. Long ago, a woman from the south sang me a song. She called Frea, Dame Venus, and told of a Christian knight who dwelt in her palace, losing his soul."

"He counted it well lost?"

"For a little while, until his heart drove him in penitence to Rome. They hated Frea in the Holy City, and the knight was cursed by priest and bishop, but at length he gained forgiveness. In token of his pardon, the staff upon which his chief accuser leaned broke forth in blossom."

"Did Frea forgive?"

"How can I tell! She was a heathen deity! Oh, the gods of the Northland are fairer than pale saints."

"Yet you would be a nun?" There was raillery in his voice.

"The time is past! Now I would be a viking and sail among the stars. Before you came, I thought the stars were golden ships. Look! There is one bigger than the rest, shall we embark and go a-roving to the moon? But not yet—it is pleasant here—I think that I am weary——"

Without warning she sank back, pillowing her cheek upon her arm. Sudden exhaustion, the outcome of conflicting emotions, and a day of stress had done their work. Her lashes drooped upon her cheek, and she lay very still.

Seeing her thus, the king knew that he might not tarry, yet watched her for a while.

"Frea! Frea beloved!" but she did not hear, and he was scarce conscious of the words he uttered. Taking her shining hair in both hands he held it against his face, not knowing he had once set foot upon it.

"Frea, awake! I dare not stay!"

Half dreaming she opened her eyes.

"Come! Already it is moonset!" his voice was strained as he raised her in his arms, and set her upon Astolat's back. The great steed nuzzled against his shoulder, as taking the bridle in one hand he placed his arm about the maiden's waist, supporting her in the saddle. Thus they set out across the heath.

"Are you weary," he questioned.

"I am happy, happy, happy!" Her voice held the lilt of a song.

"And I!"

"The king should never sorrow!"

"He has found happiness, and, maybe, sorrow, in a forbidden land!"

Her body was warm within the circle of his arm, the night was soft as the breath of love. Overhead, the stars in their courses hung heavy with the working of destiny.

In a voice fluttering, yet honey-sweet, Frea began to sing :

“ On a sea beyond the sunset  
Sails a ship with silken sails ;  
Spoils of southland, wealth of eastland,  
Merchandise in purple bales.  
Purple bales with cords of silver,  
Nard and attar, myrrh and spice,  
Combs of jade, and bowls of amber,  
Magic blades of strange device.  
Ship of dreams, with prow of crimson,  
Oars of crystal, mast of pearl. . . . ”

“ Ah, what is that ? ” the song was quenched in a cry of fear, as a silent procession wound its way from behind a copse.

Four men, walking slowly, carried a litter formed of branches bound together. Upon it lay a still form beneath a bearskin mantle, and behind, Osbert, son of Ulfketyl, followed with his father.

“ Set down your burden ! ” the earl commanded as the king approached.

“ My lord ! There has been devil’s work ! ”

“ How so ? Take the horse ! ” and, giving the reins to Osbert, Edmund hastened to the litter.

“ Who lies there ? ”

“ Ragnar the viking. See ! Smitten in the back by coward hand.”

“ Cover his face ! Alas, the maid ! Lead on, we follow.”

## CHAPTER VIII

### ORDEAL BY IRON

FOR a day and a night, in bower and hall, earl's house, and churl's cabin, men and women whispered together regarding the death of the stranger. There was grief in the palace where the old man's daughter watched beside her father, nor did those who wished to do him honour know how best to conduct his funeral. At length Bishop Humbert spoke what was in his heart.

"Ragnar of Norway followed false gods, therefore we may not lay him to rest with the followers of Christ ; but, seeing he set no stumbling-block in the way of his daughter's conversion, and was present at her baptism, we can with faith and prayer believe his heart was near the truth. Let us make his grave hard by the burial ground of the faithful, and pray God to have mercy on his soul."

Never had funeral of heathen king been attended with so much Christian ceremony, and, when a white bird flew across the grave, the mourners whispered it was the viking's soul, now cleansed in spiritual baptism.

Edmund, with earls and thanes, among them Osbert, Ulfketyl and Biorn, joined in the rite, and afterwards went sadly away, their mantles about their faces.

Ever rumour grew, adding new feathers to her

wings. "Who did the deed?" "An outlaw surely!" "The stranger carried little worthy of theft, and his hunting knife with jewelled hilt, which the king gave him, was yet in his girdle!" "Slain in revenge?" But, since he had injured none, the thought was foolishness.

"Alack! Alack! his death will bring the Northmen on us!" a crone, wiser than the rest, moaned in despair. "Did I not see a fiery star in heaven, and at Mass the candle flames burnt blue!"

"Be of good cheer, mother, we have blades to fight the ravagers!" a soldier cried, but others besides the old dame looked darkly at the future.

Within the palace, Edwina and maidens comforted Frea as best they might, but she was gentle and patient, saying little, and weeping not at all, which they held as a bad omen, fearing pent-up grief.

On the third day after Ragnar's burial, news spread like a flood-tide.

"Osbert, son of Ulfketyl, has accused Biorn the king's thane!"

"Biorn? He was ever friendly to the stranger!"

"Nevertheless he is under suspicion and remains within his house."

"Nay, there is naught to tell, until the king holds public examination in the great hall!"

Interest grew. Men came in from the neighbourhood to hear the latest word, but, beyond the fact of Osbert's accusation, nothing was known.

Early in the morning, on the appointed day, the ville was astir. Would Biorn clear himself before his opponents, or would his innocence be tested by ordeal? Such as could not, for reasons of low rank,

gain admission to the hall of assembly, stood about the doors, until the crowd without was a hundred times greater than that within. And, because of the jovial Saxons who loved excitement, no occasion was too solemn for a wager, much money was pledged as to the result of the proceedings.

On one side of the hall, upon the raised platform, stood Osbert, with his father, Bishop Humbert, Wiglaf the treasurer, Morcar the chief captain, and behind them Gurth the falconer and Ulf the bowman, men of lesser station, but well-known and respected for their skill, each in his calling.

On the opposite side Biorn stood alone. Haughty and aloof, his head held high, his hair and beard dressed with care. A notable figure in huntsman's leather tunic, and cloak of green, with horn and pouch slung across his shoulder.

One and all bent the knee, as Edmund passed to his place ; and listened with deep attention to his words.

"Men of Anglia, a grievous crime has been committed. Ragnar of Norway, my friend and guest, has been foully slain. Is it your will that justice should be done ? "

"Aye. Aye ! "

"Then let the herald pronounce the message ! "

A youth, wearing the royal livery, stepped to the edge of the platform, and, after three blasts on a silver horn, cried in a loud voice :

*"Let it be known to all earls, thanes, churls, and freedmen in the realm of East Anglia, that Osbert, son of Ulfketyl, of the family of Ossa Longspear, accuses Biorn, thane, of Beodricsworth, and king's huntsman, of the treacherous slaughter of Ragnar*



*Lodbrog, King of Norway, by grievous misadventure cast up upon these shores.*

*That justice may be administered and wrong righted, let any man who has knowledge of the matter declare what is in his heart ! ”*

There was a hush, and many wondered if new witnesses would come forward. When none appeared, the king turned to Osbert.

“ Osbert, son of Ulfketyl, make known before the assembly the grounds of your accusation ! ”

The young man advanced three paces and stood facing Biorn. He was a handsome youth, tall and finely proportioned, with the dreaming eyes of a poet.

“ Late in the afternoon of the first day after the festival of Whitsun,” he began, “ I went on foot across the heath, eastward of the ville, until I came to the wood of Ickworth. Being anxious to compose a song, I sat down upon the grass beneath a bush. For an hour or longer I rested, until dusk fell, and the moon rose. Sheltered by a hazel copse I did not feel the night air, and time passed swiftly. When my poem was almost ended, I heard voices in friendly converse, and, because I did not wish to be hindered in my composition, lay hidden until the travellers should pass me by.

Presently Biorn and Ragnar, the stranger, came out into an open glade. The moon shone upon their faces, and I could see the fashion of their tunics and the workmanship of their girdles. They had with them neither hawks nor hounds, but spoke of matters concerning the chase. From their converse, I gathered that they had been to the dwelling of a churl of Ickworth, owner of a notable falcon, and,

finding him from home, were returning through the wood. The matter was of no moment, and I waited for them to pass, when suddenly Biorn stepped behind the viking, and stabbed him in the back. The old man groaned, fell forward, and lay still."

Osbert hesitated, struggling with emotion. Sighs and whispers of "Alas the coward blow!" went round the assembly, only Biorn remained unmoved. With an effort the youth controlled his voice and continued.

"The deed was sudden, and to my shame I say it. When I might have sprung up and seized the murderer by the throat, I crouched, as if bound in fetters. Swiftly Biorn drew out his knife from Ragnar's back, glanced at its dripping blade, hurled it into the greenwood, and fled. As soon as my limbs were loosened, I ran to the dead man's side, but found him beyond succour, then I hastened for help to Beodricsworth; the rest is known to all."

Men looked at each other in horror, and the king turned to Biorn.

"Have you aught to say, ere we go further?"

"When this calumny is done I will speak!" the thane replied haughtily.

At a signal Ulf and Gurth came to Osbert's side.

"These men," he continued, "with my father and certain chosen followers returned with me to the wood. After careful search, we found the knife, and saw it to be a common dagger, of the kind carried by any freeman. On the edge near the hilt, the blade was chipped thrice, and the wooden handle scored with crossed lines on the under side. I pray, now, that further witnesses may take up the tale."

"Ulf the bowman, since you are the elder, say

what you know!" the king commanded, and the archer began to speak slowly, in the broad Saxon tongue of the peasants.

"Ulfketyl the earl, who stands yonder, bade Gurth and me hide in the undergrowth and watch the dagger. For he thought, and rightly enough, that the murderer would return to seek it. The nettles stung my legs sorely and we had but a crust of bread and a little water. Two nights and a day we waited, and, on the second morning at dawn, the two of us having climbed an oak for greater security, there comes Biorn the thane looking this way and that. I was for falling upon him, but Gurth held me fast. Presently our thane found the knife, in an untrodden patch of fern, where we had placed it. I hold he shuddered as he lifted it, but that I will not swear to. Anyhow, he hid it under his mantle, and went away quickly. When he had gone an hour by the sun, we hastened to the earl and told him what we had seen."

"Gurth the Falconer! Do you in all things agree with the evidence of Ulf the Bowman?" Edmund demanded.

"Aye, lord. By all the holy saints I swear to it."

"Osbert, son of Ulfketyl, do you before God believe in the guilt of Biorn the thane?"

"I know him for a murderer and an outcast!"

"What men do you summon as compurgators, to testify to your own uprightness?"

"Ulfketyl my father, Humbert the bishop, Wiglaf the treasurer, and Morcar the chief captain, who are with me at the tribunal."

"Men of Anglia," the king said, rising from his seat, "You have listened to the statement of

Osbert, the accuser, and to those of Ulf and Gurth, his witnesses ; but, since in this realm none may be condemned unheard, I command you to contemplate with open minds the arguments of Biorn the thane, by which, I pray God, he may clear himself from a grievous charge."

A murmur showed the disposition of the nobles, but the king took no heed.

" Biorn, Thane of Beodricsworth, let the assembly learn your defence ! "

Self-confident and assured, the huntsman stepped forward.

" I am known to all, my deeds are open to all. Therefore I have scorned to summon compurgators to vouch for my honesty. If I have sworn falsely, if I have defrauded, let those whom I have injured come forward and prove my guilt. Should none appear, then is each man in the assembly my compurgator, save Osbert, who accuses me of blackest crime. True, on the night of the murder, I walked with Ragnar beyond the palace gates, as the sentries can aver who saw us depart. He accompanied me along the Icknield Way, as far as the cross road to the hamlet of Creswick, where, by reason of my office of king's huntsman and forester, I had business with the Reeve, concerning the damming of a stream. At the turning, therefore, the viking left me, and I saw him no more, until, overcome by the news of his death, I approached the bier with the rest. For twenty years I have lived honourably in Anglia. Can those who accuse me find motive for my crime ? Ulfketyl is my friend, a warrior whom I hold in veneration and respect, but Osbert, his son, though an upright youth, is by

his own confession, a poet and a dreamer That he saw the murder of Ragnar I doubt not, but what easier for a startled youth than to mistake one man for another in the treacherous moonlight? As for the dagger, truly I sought it, and any other trace which might betray the criminal. Truly also, I hid it beneath my mantle, as Ulf bore witness, intending to bring it to the king; but hardly had I reached my dwelling when messengers came from Osbert, accusing me of guilt. Here is the weapon, three notches in the blade, and crosswise lines upon the handle. See for yourself if it is not the same?" and with a scornful gesture he held out the knife for examination.

"Are you satisfied?" he continued. "Old Ragnar's blood is yet upon the blade. May it cry out in judgment if I speak falsely!"

For a moment Osbert's cheek paled; Ulf and Gurth looked furtively at each other expecting a miracle; but the king cried sternly,

"This is no time for vaunt or boast! Oglaf, Reeve of Creswick, stand forth!"

An aged man, leaning upon a staff, moved from the centre of the hall.

"Did you have converse with Biorn the Thane, upon the evening of Monday in Whitsun week?"

"Truly, lord, I had converse with him. He met me at sunset, by the stockade of my dwelling."

"Was he alone?"

"I can scarce tell. When he spoke to me he was alone. My eyes are dim and the light was failing, but, when I first marked his approach, it seemed that a man of great stature walked beside him."

"When he departed, did his companion join him?"

"I cannot tell, I went inside my house."

With curling lip Biorn listened to the Reeve's evidence.

"Am I to be condemned by tales such as these?" he exclaimed. "Was I the only soul in Beodricsworth, who found duty or pleasure upon the heath that night? What of the young maid, newly baptized, who left her couch at midnight? What of the knight who set her upon his horse? Maybe their business was of better account than mine?"

For the sake of malice Biorn jeopardized his cause, yet could not withhold the venomous shaft.

A stir in one of the galleries, and the sudden appearance of a woman kneeling before the king, made men hold their breath.

"My lord! My lord! Give me leave to bear witness! I am Tekla, daughter of Ulfketyl, and known to many!"

"Rise, lady, and speak, if you have news of import," Edmund replied, hiding his astonishment.

The old earl came to his daughter's side, and took her hand, but she moved away from him, and stood alone.

"What Biorn the Fox has hinted I know not, but this I know: On the evening of her baptism, Frea, daughter of Ragnar, grieved that her father did not come to visit her, according to his custom. At length when it grew late and we learned that he was not in the palace, the Norse maid, my bed-fellow, torn with anxiety, ran out upon the heath by the foot-bridge and the wicket, to seek him."

Tekla lied victoriously, aware that she was fighting a calumny. Only when she spoke truly did her voice falter.



"After a little while, I also went out upon the heath," she continued. "But, since I did not know which way my friend had gone, I turned towards the wood of Ickworth. Half a mile away, where the trees grow thinly, and there are scattered hazel bushes, I saw a man running from the copse as if pursued. His face was towards Beodricsworth, and, though I could not mark his features save that his beard was pointed, I swear he was no tattered outlaw, but was dressed in leathern tunic, and dark mantle. Suddenly I became afraid, I know not why, and hastened homewards. The Norse maid had not returned; but soon came a clamour from the courtyard, and the news of the coward deed. I had not intended to disclose the matter, seeing I could not recognise the running man. But Biorn himself forced me. I crave pardon, if my evidence is of no account."

"You have spoken well, lady, and we thank you," Edmund said gravely, as Tekla curtsied and withdrew.

Meanwhile, Anlaf, an earl of noble family, and the recognised mouthpiece of his companions, rose in the hall.

"Edmund the King, earls and thanes here assembled, I hold that Biorn, the huntsman, has not, out of his own mouth, manifested his innocence. Proof against him is heavy, but, since it was night when Osbert saw the blow delivered, we may not say with certainty 'Biorn is a murderer.' I propose therefore, without further consideration, that the establishment of guilt or of innocence is left to the mercy of God."

Cries of approval rose on every side.



"Is it the will of the assembly that the accused be tried by ordeal of hot iron?" the king asked.

"It is! It is!"

For a moment Biorn's lips contracted, then he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I am content!—Let heaven judge, seeing men fail in justice!" and with head held high he walked from the hall between two soldiers.

The decision of punishment or acquittal having passed to the Church, Humbert, with abbots, priests and monks, took counsel as to the ritual of the test. The trial of a king's thane was a notable event, and, though the wise among the clergy knew there were methods of engineering an ordeal, Humbert sought to avoid anything which could hinder what he held to be the plain working of heaven.

On the third day, then, from the decision in hall, the nave of the great wooden church was made ready. All entrances were guarded; for none might gain admission save the king and his followers, the bishop, and such clergy as accompanied him, the accuser and his compurgators, any chief witnesses, and the accused.

A bright fire was then kindled inside the western doorway, and a space equal to nine times the length of the prisoner's foot was marked off in front of it; while, beside a flat stone, whereon lay a bar of iron three pounds in weight, stood Biorn, indifferent and cynical, his right hand smeared with a preparation given him by the witch of Exning.

Many looked at him curiously, and none doubted his guilt. Before the altar, Humbert said the opening prayers of Low Mass, and, at the third collect, accompanied by priests, servers, and monks, left

his place, and swept down the church towards the fire. Amidst solemn chanting, the iron was lifted by a lay brother and placed in the flames. Again the bishop sought the altar, and continued the service. At the sacring bell all heads were bowed, Biorn's among them, but when the service was ended he stood careless as before, awaiting the ordeal. During the short time required for the completion of Mass, the iron had changed from black to red, and glowed hotly in the heart of the fire.

One and all gazed with suppressed excitement, as monks and clergy made a circle round the accused.

"Give judgment, O Lord, that right may be manifested!" Humbert prayed, while the lay brother approached with heavy tongs, and lifting the red hot metal placed it upon the stone.

"Biorn, Thane of Anglia, are you prepared to make the test?" the bishop cried.

"I am!"

"Then let heaven decide!"

A thrill ran through the church, and men held their breath, as, unflinching, and without haste, Biorn grasped the iron, walked with it to the appointed space, and cast it scornfully away.

Two monks waiting near by with linen bandages, looked at him in wonder, and one muttered to himself, "Surely this man is innocent!"

"To your task!" he cried haughtily, holding out his arm, and it was the brother who trembled, smelling burnt flesh, not the man whose limb was wrung with pain.

Presently, his arm bound in wrappings from fingers to elbow, he came before the bishop.

"Set the stamp of Holy Church upon this handi-

work—that the maiming of a strong right arm may be complete ! ” he cried. “ Not in these days does God work miracles ! Never again shall I draw bow against the foes of Anglia ! ”

“ Silence, blasphemer ! ” Humbert said sternly. “ If you are innocent of blood your flesh will not shrink, nor your sinews be withered. With wax and signet I seal these linen bands, which shall be opened three days hence.”

Once again Biorn returned to his house, nor did he, in face or bearing, betray his suffering. Before serving-men and villains he was unmoved, as if no ill had befallen, but, at night, paced to and fro in his chamber, knowing, with reason, that the witch’s ointment had aggravated his hurt.

On the morning of the third day, the great hall was filled as at the first meeting, save that neither accusers nor compurgators found place upon the platform. When all were seated, at a signal from the king, a procession of clergy, with the thane in their midst, entered and formed a semicircle on either side of the throne.

Once more Humbert prayed for the vindication of justice, and earls and nobles strained forward, as he broke the seals upon Biorn’s arm.

Slowly monks unwound the bandages, until the injured hand was plain to see. A swollen shapeless mass of reddened flesh.

A groan, followed by cries of horror, went up from the assembly.

“ He is the slayer ! Blood is upon him ! Now will God punish ! ”

But the thane stood, pale, and somewhat worn with pain, but scornful and unmoved.

“Biorn the Huntsman! By test of ordeal, you are found guilty of the foul slaughter of Ragnar, King of Norway!” Edmund said, rising. “To what punishment the Council will condemn you I know not, save that it will be in proportion to your offence.”

“Tear him with hot irons! Smite him as he smote the viking! Bear him aloft on the points of spears!” voices cried. But a second time, Anlaf turned opinion to his own desire.

“Friends! Friends!” he cried. “Death is a small thing! This man should suffer worse than death, seeing he slew the king’s guest! Ragnar came hither in an open boat, shipwrecked and forlorn. As Ragnar came, shall Biorn go! Let us bind him hand and foot, and lay him in the viking’s craft, which is yet at Aldeburgh. Then, having towed him far out to sea, let us return, leaving him to fate! Nor will we choose rough weather when the craft may be o’erturned, but calm wind and peaceful waves, that he may lie in a living tomb, twixt sea and sky.”

Something in Anlaf’s proposal fired the imagination of the Anglo-Saxon nobles, and with one consent they called for its accomplishment. Because their voices were unanimous, and because by ancient custom the choice of punishment lay with them, the king was forced to consent, but even as he did so his heart misgave him.

Nevertheless, then and there, horses were fetched, and as many as could of earls, thanes, and freemen, set forth upon the journey to Aldeburgh. A goodly throng, with the prisoner in their midst, and a priest to shrive him. Resting the night at a monastery,

they drew near to the coast upon the morning of the second day.

Along the roads, villagers awaited their arrival, for the news of their purpose had spread. As they went, they gathered fresh crowds, on horseback, in carts, and afoot, until it appeared that the whole population of Anglia was streaming seawards.

Now at last, from pain, fatigue, and despair, Biorn's head was bowed ; but his face, hard set and grey, was a mask hiding his torment.

Already the viking's boat had been drawn to the water's edge, a black craft from which the paint had peeled, leaving the dragon's head upon the prow, stark and sinister.

Scarcely a ripple stirred, there was no wind, and the sun beat down upon a sea of blue, splashed with violet, where clouds threw their shadows. Upon the shingly beach the procession halted. Retainers and servants drove curious spectators back from the boat, and cleared an open space. By common consent, the conduct of affairs had been delivered to Anlaf.

"Biorn, murderer of Ragnar Lodbrog, before we deliver you to the sea, confess your crime, that you may be shriven ere you stand at the judgment seat of God."

A mass priest, in the habit of a Benedictine monk, came forward, making the sign of the cross between himself and the prisoner.

"Slayer of the stranger, repent while there is time ! Kneel down, and in the sight of all confess your iniquity ! The mercy of God is boundless, and maybe He will save your soul, when the days of Purgatory are accomplished !"

"What have I to do with shrift and housel !

If you must whine like a sick rat, whine for yourself ! Work your will ! I commend myself to the sea. Winds and waves are more just than the men of Anglia, and their fleeing God."

A hush fell upon the throng. It was an age of superstition, common folk expected a manifestation of Divine anger. Odda, the minstrel of Aldeburgh, he who had witnessed Ragnar's landing, swore he saw an awful vision, and afterwards put it in a song, which he sang in hall and bower. A black devil with eyes of fire, and a tongue a yard long, leapt upon Biorn's back, and forced him into the boat, after which filthy imps and noisome demons bound him hand and foot.

Men with less spirituality, and more common sense, saw four hefty yeomen fasten ropes about the murderer, and cast him into the vessel. They beheld also, how Anlaf, with six thanes, manned another boat, and, bending strongly to the oars, towed Biorn's craft far out to sea, until the barques were two black dots upon the sky-line.

Long after dusk the crowd waited, seated upon the shingle, and at length, when sea and land were growing grey, with song and chant, and the measured dip of blades, Anlaf and his rowers returned alone. Priests and many others crowded round them, but they would say nothing save "Our work is finished," and rode with all haste to the monastery of Saint Stephen, where the king awaited them.

Gravely he listened to their tale, approving the motive which governed them. But afterwards, speaking alone to Ulfketyl, cried with conviction :

"I wish this man had been hanged on a tree, or slain with his own weapon ! My heart tells me no good will come of this day's business."



## CHAPTER IX

### THE LILY POOL

SUCH summer had not been in Anglia for many years. May passed, and June came with deep meadows fit for mowing, corn in the green ear, and flowers dew-laden at morn and even. When rain fell, it fell gently, and no more than was needed to swell the grain, and to nourish the pastures. Cold winds, which blow often enough from the Nativity till Saint John's Day, were hushed. The land smiled, deep-fruited and dreaming, as an orchard of the west. Even Frea, sad at heart because of her father, rejoiced when Tekla took her to gather wild roses and trailing honeysuckle, laughed when they lifted their robes knee-high and paddled in a running brook, each week set sadness a little further away, after the manner of youth; but loved the viking's memory no less for that.

The lady Edwina, for all her fifty years, felt the influence of nature's outpouring, and arrayed herself in gowns of coloured silk, until the bower-maids, led by Tekla, hinted that she would find a second husband.

Ulfketyl, the old warrior, grew uneasy, and for many reasons found the management of one fair daughter harder than the direction of an army. Since her appearance in hall at Biorn's trial, two men had sought Tekla in marriage, impressed by her



beauty and courage. One suitor the old earl favoured, and, though willing enough to transfer his responsibility, was anxious for the maid's happiness. At length, when he needs must break the news, he called her to him, and, caressing her curls, as she nestled upon his knee, knew not how to begin.

"My child, I am growing old!" he ventured.

"You, father! Why you are the youngest man at Edmund's court, because your heart is joyous!"

"I am growing old for all that, and you have no mother."

Tekla gathered his beard into her hand, and twisted it into a knot. "Well, my father, who asks for me in marriage?"

"Marriage! I spoke not of marriage!"

"No, but for the sake of the Thane of Bures, you said 'I am growing old!'"

"By Woden and Thor!" the earl cried, but she laid a hand across his mouth.

"Alack! This heathen warrior needs baptism!"

"Baptism! I was sprinkled long since! My grandsire swore by Woden."

"As would I were I a man! Oh, father, what is this of marriage?"

"Thirty years ago," Ulfketyl mused, "I snatched your mother from a convent, when they would have made her a nun against her will. We rode hot haste to the nearest priest, and, when he had joined our hands, fled to my entrenched homestead at Dereham. Seven days my bride's kinsmen surrounded the stockade, and strove to force an entrance. Our men fought bravely, but many were slain, and at last the gates yielded. A small thing turned the tide of battle——"

"A small thing!" Tekla cried with shining eyes. "A small thing! Many have told me how you stood alone with a two-headed axe, and kept the way against a hundred."

"Nay! nay! Not a hundred, child! Fifty maybe, no more. It has grieved me since that I slew so many of your mother's kinsmen."

"And, because you slew them, she loved you beyond measure." Tekla's voice was low and sweet, as she put her cheek to his. "Father, some part of your spirit is in me; I too could fight for those I love!"

"You are but a tender maid!" In days to come he remembered her words.

"Shall I tell you of this suitor you would have me wed?" she asked in lighter vein.

"Aye. Since you know so much!"

"He is a worthy man, of noble family, owns much land between Yare and Waveney, has had one wife already, for whose soul he has built a church and appointed a mass priest. Her good deeds are ever before his eyes. She cared for the sick, cherished the poor, loved beggars, spun and wove, was full of affairs, managed her lord, was a pattern to her household. Indeed, indeed, I could not take the place of so virtuous a lady!"

"Hunbeanna of Bures was a good husband!"

"Truly, I should hate a good husband! A small mild man, who would *ask* ere he kissed me! And oh, my father! How could I marry a man called Hunbeanna?"

The old earl laughed loud and long.

"I should miss you sorely!" he said at length. "But you must marry. Witgold of Aylsham desires you. What of him?"

"For Witgold I have liking and affection. He is bold in the chase and a keen soldier, but I cannot wed him."

"He is poor I know, but we have lands in plenty. I will dower you with my estates, from Elmham to the sea!"

"Not yet. In two years' time. Listen, my father! Maybe I could love a warrior, as my mother loved you!"

The earl was silenced, and Tekla had her way, nor did her father guess whither her love had turned.

The coming of spring, and the full tide of summer made little difference to the Lady of Wessex. Her face was veiled when she went abroad, lest the sun should mar its whiteness. Laughter and song passed her by, nor did she heed the flowers about her path. With her it was ever winter. Where there is no sap, growth is stunted, and her heart, frozen and wilted, made no response to the call of nature.

"Queen of the East Angles, and Bride of Christ," she repeated to herself night by night, as she lay down to rest; and, when she could not sleep, thought of her own body uncorrupt in a silver shrine, the object of veneration and pilgrimage. For the sake of purity such as hers, men and women would build churches and monasteries. The memory of Elgiva, the queen, would burn as a sacred lamp, and, fired by her holy example, wives would turn aside from vain desires, to practise renunciation.

Humbert, the bishop, was troubled, for, since the chaplain who should have come with the queen, from Wessex, was stricken with fever, at a monastery upon the way, he had become her confessor and spiritual father. Nor did the good simple-minded

old man understand his charge. With all the strength of an upright nature he hated dishonesty and subterfuge, and could not read aright the queen's motives. For all his priesthood he was worldly wise, believed in family life as the basis of a nation—rejoiced in the love of men and maidens, purely given, saw God's hand in the working of nature, was deeply religious without fanaticism, slow to interfere, and mellow in judgment. Truly the queen told him her sins—little selfish sins—a wandering thought, a neglected prayer, the omission of a fast ; nothing which touched the deeper side of life. Sometimes he wished her capable of sin, that heart-broken penitence might warm her soul.

After much thought, knowing how matters stood, he sought her presence, not as confessor, but as friend, and found her among her maidens, robed in red because it was the feast of Barnabas. According to her wont, she rose and curtsied, doing honour to his office.

"Welcome, my father ! See, we broider a banner for Saint Michael's Day. What think you of the celestial armour ? "

"Fair indeed ! Very fair ! " the old man said kindly. "But, since I must have speech alone, may these depart ? "

Motioning him to a chair of ceremony, and bidding the girls leave the chamber, Elgiva took her place upon a low stool.

Her attitude was humble, but her face wore its usual expression of haughty egotism.

For a while they spoke of common matters, until Humbert, looking at her keenly, asked :

"Have you found happiness in East Anglia, daughter ? "

Surprised at the question, she paused a moment as if in thought, and then replied :

"There is more happiness here than in Wessex. But since Æthelbald's death, religion has been restored to the house of Æthelwulf."

"I rejoice at the news ! Tell me, Elgiva, would you know peace and the blessing of heaven ? "

"I desire them ardently ! "

"Then follow the path of duty, and of womanhood ! "

"Duty and womanhood ! The first is set ever before me, the second is my birthright."

"A noble heritage. Do not thwart the gift of God ! "

"Have I failed ? Have I sinned ? Good father, shrive me and give me penance."

"Would I might give you what you need ! "

"Only tell me, and I will strive ! "

"God grant you a loving heart, and the tenderness of a true wife."

Comprehending his meaning, the queen shrank within herself.

"My love is not of the earth. My heart is given to Christ and His saints ! "

"You would please Him in your own way ? Not in the way He has ordained ? "

"I would serve Him as He has been served by many a saintly virgin."

"Such is your desire ? "

"Surely."

"Then cast aside this robe of hypocrisy. Enter a convent, take the vows, live as a nun. It is a holy vocation. I will send letters to our Father in Rome, or maybe I will journey thither myself and

lay the matter before him. He is just, and without doubt will set aside your marriage, making it as if it had never been."

With haughty gesture the queen rose from her seat.

"I have chosen my life! I brook no interference. I am not as others. My soul is purified. I will be both queen and nun, that my example may illuminate the ages."

Conscious of failure the bishop left her presence with a sad heart, and prayed long before the altar in his private chapel.

Old warriors who had loved the king from his youth shook their heads when rumour reached them.

"An she were my lass, I would cut an ash staff from the nearest hedge!" Wiglaf, the treasurer, who had seven strong sons, growled in his beard.

"Does she take the men of Anglia for monks and dotards!" Morcar, the chief captain, exclaimed. "The woman is worse than fool! Let her have a care lest what she scorns is given elsewhere!"

One and all watched the queen, seeking for some hint of gentleness. She was held in honour, treated with deference, but loved by none. The songs of gleemen wearied her, she absented herself from public festivals save those of a religious nature, and only appeared by her husband's side in chapel, or when they rode abroad accompanied by a retinue of nobles.

Wounded, but proud of spirit, the king yet hoped that he might win her. For him her pale cold face held no charm. Because she was his wife he must love her if he could, and look forward to the day when, prejudice set aside, she might bring him an heir to the throne of the East Angles.



Upon a morning of bright sunshine, Edmund and Elgiva, with a train of thanes and ladies, rode forth to the house of an earl, at Elmswell. Midway upon the journey, tired by the heat, the queen grew thirsty, and halted not far from a humble home-stead, while a squire ran to ask a bowl of milk.

Presently a young woman came from the doorway, frightened somewhat at the presence of courtiers, yet anxious to be of service. A little girl clung to her skirts and a golden-haired baby crowed on her arms. At sight of the king's steel cap he laughed, and held out his hands.

In confusion the mother tried to quiet him, but he laughed the more, until those standing around laughed too.

"A jovial warrior for East Anglia!" Edmund cried. "Come now, can you ride upon a white horse?" and taking the little fellow set him astride Astolat's withers.

Meanwhile the queen finished the milk, and returned the cup, meaning to be gracious.

"I thank you, good woman! You can tell the neighbours your babe mounted the king's charger!"

"The king! The queen! I did not know! Pardon, I pray! Bisi, my baby, was over-bold. Bisi! Bisi! Come hither!" and she strove to lift the little one down, whereupon he fastened his fists in the horse's mane.

"He has sworn allegiance!" Edmund laughed. "Someday Bisi shall have a war horse, and a suit of armour! Come, young soldier!" and he placed the child once more in his mother's arms.

"God's blessing upon the king and queen!" she said softly, her eyes shining with pleasure. "May happy children sit by the royal hearth!"



"These common people have one thought alone!" Elgiva said, impatiently turning her horse about. With all merriment gone from his face, the king answered gravely:

"I thank you, good mistress. The prayers of a mother bring oft fulfilment!" and for an hour he rode alone.

That same evening, as the lady Edwina with Frea and Tekla sat upon the grass, beneath a bower of roses, Edmund, accompanied by Osbert, son of Ulfketyl, and Gorm the wolfhound, sought their company.

It was growing dusk, the stars hung low and golden in the night sky, no wind stirred, white moths on noiseless wings hovered over sleeping flowers, and in the wood beyond the moat a nightingale was singing.

"Let me kiss your hand, and find place beside you," the king exclaimed, when his kinswoman would have risen. "This is indeed freedom from care!" and he rested upon one elbow at her feet.

"Freedom from care now maybe! But aching bones to-morrow! Come upon the rugs and cushions. Frea wants not a whole bearskin mantle! Osbert, your sister has room and to spare! Her crimson cloak is wide enough for two."

Laughing, the young men did as they were bidden.

"My bones have never ached yet, lady!" Osbert exclaimed.

"Not when Brother Ambrose found you catching rats, instead of hearing Mass?"

"I had forgot! Old Ambrose beat me many a time, but it is long ago. Once he beat Tekla thinking it was I."

"Hush, brother, do not shame me!" the girl cried.

"There is no shame, only hardihood! When we were youngsters we must needs change clothes, and few could tell us apart. One day Ambrose shut me up in a tower, and, because I would go hunting, Tekla, wearing jerkin and cloak, took my place. Presently the good brother came in, laid about her shoulders with a stick, gave her ten stripes on either hand, and made her kneel in a corner and repeat fifty Aves and ten Paternosters."

"Do you do penance for him still, lady?" the king asked.

"An I tried, I should have leisure for naught else!" she laughed.

"Nay, nay! I paid my debt in full a year ago!" Osbert objected.

"How so?"

"Since the king asks, I must tell the tale! Tekla, do not hinder me! There was a certain earl who paid his addresses to a fair maid, and, because he was fat, and his beard was long, she would have naught to say to him. Once on a time, however, she relented, and promised to meet him on a certain evening, in an arbour at sunset. With joy he hastened to the spot, but found his loved one full of reckless tales of camp and chase, strong of arm, sharp of tongue, a maid not to be wooed in gentle fashion. At length she challenged him to sword play, and disarmed him in the first round. Whereat he swore 'This daughter of Ulfketyl is no mate for me,' and went his way. True, the earl was not over-quick, being weighted with good living. but I found it no easy matter to fence in veil and robe, and, since

my feet are bigger than those of any maid, I must needs keep them hidden."

"Ne'er did I hear such a story!" Edwina exclaimed. "Small wonder Wulfnoth of Merton married a widow ripe in years!"

With laughter and merry jests an hour passed. Serving-maids brought cups of wine and little honey cakes, and presently a round moon rose mellow and radiant.

"'Tis Midsummer eve," Edwina mused, "when fairies are abroad, and young girls go to meet their loves. Thirty years past on Exning heath, the Abbess Hildegarde, gay as a lark and full of song and laughter, Edith of Aylsham, long since laid to rest, and I, stole out by night with an old groom, to walk thrice around the sacrificial stone within the cromlech. Edith swore she saw a knight in armour like to Lancelot of the Lake, but she married a worthy thane. Hildegarde had a vision of a shining crown, and I——"

"Whom did you see, sweet mother?" Tekla begged.

"I saw naught, I ran so fast! We went barefoot, and the stones cut my feet. But next day the Ætheling, my father, consented to my marriage with Kenulf of Mercia. So maybe the charm worked aright."

"An we walked thrice around the Exning stone whom should we meet?" Osbert laughed. "I would join hands with a princess of Ind, treading delicately, between golden peacocks."

"I would find a knight brave as the son of Uther Pendragon, wise in counsel, gentle to women, young, blue eyed, fearless."

Tekla's voice thrilled as the words rushed from her. Perhaps the moonlight turned their blood to wine, for the king, looking upwards between the roses, said :

" I would find a green-robed valkyr, seeking mortal lover ! "

" Frea, you are silent ! " Edwina exclaimed, touching her cheek. " Since we talk folly, whom would you summon ? "

" A god from Asgard. "

" Not Odin Allfather ! He is old for Midsummer night ! Nor Thor with hammer and thunderbolts ! " Tekla teased.

" Baldar the Beautiful, Lord of the Sun ! "

Sharp indrawn breath, the quickening of heart-beats. Neither look nor touch, but the swift call of soul to soul, of heart to heart, the birth of love, for joy and for pain, for sweetness beyond all dreaming, and for bitterness worse than death.

Of set purpose, shaking the glamour from him, the king was the first to speak.

" I came hither with news, which I have not made known. "

" Glad news ? " Edwina questioned.

" For our guest maybe ! " Then to Frea, " Lady, a new vessel, with a stout crew, awaits you in the harbour, below Gyppeswick. I will write letters to your brother, Ingor of Norway, and will send them with you, by the hand of Essa, my trusted thane. His wife, a lady of high rank, the sister of Hildegarde, will journey with him, and will give you in safety to your kinsmen. "

Fre'a's face paled and she spoke her thanks falteringly. Suddenly Edwina gathered her into her arms.

"Poor lamb! She shall not be sent away thus! She is happy here! She has no mother, and I no daughter. Let Essa go to King Ingor and deliver letters, then let the Northman come himself and claim his sister."

"Will it please you to remain until we can welcome your brother?" Edmund asked, but Edwina interrupted.

"Truly it will please her! I deliver her to none, save to Ingor of Norway! Also, you forget, she is a baptized Christian, and must take with her priests and teachers."

"I thought her a valkyr!" the king murmured, but only Frea caught his words.

A week later, a ship bearing an envoy from Edmund of East Anglia to Ingor of Norway, son of Ragnar the Rover, sailed down the estuary of Stour and Orwell, bound for the Northland. Midway upon her course storms took her, which beat her to the shores of Orkney. Green seas fell upon her, winds buffeted her, and at length, with masts torn away and oars broken, she was wrecked upon that barren coast. Of all her crew not one returned to Anglia to tell of the mischance.

Meanwhile, Alfred the Ætheling returned from Wessex, whither Æthelbald's sudden death had called him. He embraced Edmund joyfully, and asked news of the queen.

"She is happy, or says so."

Young as he was, Alfred knew that all was not well.

"The Norse-maid?" he asked. "Is she yet with you?"

"She dwells with Edwina, and is bower-maiden to Elgiva."

"Tell me, is she bethrothed to any, in her own land?"

"I have heard nothing."

"Edmund my brother, since you are her host, let me know if I may strive to win her? Were I heir to the throne of Wessex, I might not wed a stranger with heathen kin, but Ethelbert and Ethelred stand between me and kingship, and I am glad."

Eagerly the young man looked into his friend's face.

"Woo her, Alfred! Make her your wife! She will gain a noble lover. Be swift in your suit. I wish you happiness."

So the king spoke, seeking to turn fate aside—seeking to be true to friendship and to honour.

Thereafter, because the realm was yet at peace, followed days in the greenwood, entertainment by one earl and another, meetings of the Witan upon matters of internal policy, the training of footmen and of horsemen, the building of ships on the banks of Orwell, and the ripening of the harvest.

With August, came a message from the dwellers about the lakes and broads, by Yare and Waveney, begging the king to visit them. They were a loyal race of hard-living men, used to life in the open, used to a fight with nature for bread and hearth, for, with the rising of the winter floods, often enough houses, cattle and stores of grain, were swept away in a night. For years a scheme had been afoot to drain the marshes; and at length, because the season was good, the men of Broadland besought Edmund to aid the work with public money and subsidised labour.



On learning that no king had travelled thither for many years, he determined to make the journey, and, to please his subjects, asked Elgiva to accompany him. At first she consented, willing to show herself to the people as queen and saint, but afterwards changed her mind, and retired to an abbey, south of the Thames, finding no spot in Anglia holy enough for her meditation.

It happened then that Edwina, a gadabout at heart, must go in the queen's place, accompanied by Frea and Tekla.

By easy stages they rode through a summer land of ripening wheat, past sweet-smelling hedgerows and reddening orchards, across heath and moorland, flushed with purple heather. A gay cavalcade of knights and dames, in brave array, mounted upon mettlesome chargers, strong hacks and ambling palfreys.

Each morn the company set forth in order of precedence, but, ere midday, friend sought friend, and Alfred the Ætheling rode ever at Frea's side. Sometimes the two galloped ahead, passing the king in their speed, but always he curbed Astolat's desire to follow, and spoke the more earnestly to earls and thanes of affairs of statecraft. Edwina nodded sleepily upon an aged mare of easy paces, and took no heed of Tekla, who, with a young noble on either side, made mirth and merriment from morn till even. Sometimes the king joined her, but at his coming her laughter was hushed, and, because her knights drew back giving him place, it fell out that he and she rode oft together. And so the tangle twisted itself. Tekla was happy knowing that happiness could not be hers. Alfred the Ætheling was



happy, loving a maid who did not love him. Edmund the king found neither joy nor reward along the path of honour, and Frea laughed by day, and wept by night, because she had seen the face of love, yet had not entered his dwelling.

At length they came to the edge of a broad mere, where many men gathered to give them greeting, and where a string of barges waited to carry them along the waterways.

Thence followed days of dreaming; black sails curved above, oars made dipping music, shorn meadows swept downwards to beds of rushes, and the margin of mere and stream was sweet with flowers. At night the boats anchored by some good landing-stage, and a feast of simple fare was spread upon the grass. Sometimes Edwina and her maidens tarried when the meal was ended, listening to song and tale. Sometimes they sought the barge, which served as the ladies' bower. Upon a night when there was no moon, and the air was heavy with heat, and with the scent of earth and trees, Frea stole away from the feast because her heart was torn. Edwina and Tekla, missing her, thought she had gone to rest, and did not heed. Alone she wandered to a pool which mirrored the stars, a magic lake, fringed with lily-flowers, mystic as the lotus buds of Nile.

With fevered hands she loosened her garments. "I will wash away tears and sorrow. I will come forth cleansed of unrest and memory."

Swiftly she gave herself to the cool water, and swam with clean strokes about the mere. Gradually sadness left her, and she sang a little song of a naiad and a shepherd lad, and still singing reached the

bank, shook the drops from her hair, rubbed her shining limbs with her mantle, and clasped her robe of green about her.

"Tears are gone for ever! Sorrow is fled, that love may enter—Come love! Come--!"

With arms outstretched, she stood vital and aflame. Perhaps some old river god within the pool remembered his lost power, and, leaving his bed of water weeds, rose up and whispered in the king's ear! A man, a maid, and a summer night! Witchery of youth. Vintage of sweet wine.

"Frea! You called me?"

"I called you not! And yet I did call you, Edmund the king!" Unafraid, she looked into his face, and her eyes were deep with unuttered love. "Oh I have called you for many moons, and you have not heeded. But you shall heed now! By all the gods of the Northland, by Frea my namesake, Queen of Love! I will draw you to my side!"

So might some witch of old time have spoken, some daughter of earth-born mother and immortal sire, in the beginning of the world. Starshine and the hush of dreams, wild words winged with desire—and the sweet-bitter joy of love, which is, yet may not be.

"Frea! Beloved! God and saints, I may not tell you!"

"What need! Oh my king, what need!" She laughed low because his words were music in her ears.

"My friend, Alfred the Ætheling, holds you dear!"

"Alfred! A true knight, but I have naught to give."

"You do not love him?"

Proudly she drew herself up, straight as one of the reeds which fringed the pool, and there was triumph in her voice.

“ I love Edmund the King ! ”

“ Life of my life ! These words are still unspoken, this hour has never been ! ”

“ It is the hour of birth ! I care not if it is the hour of death, since I have lived to meet my lord ! ”

Swiftly he drew her to his heart, tasting the sweetness of her lips.

“ Frea, I have loved you from the beginning, and I have striven ! ”

“ I also. Oh what matter now ! In your arms the world is naught, laws are naught, bonds are naught.”

“ Kiss me again, beloved, for I am athirst ! ”

A little hour of youth and happiness. In after years they crowned him with three crowns, and called him saint. Abbot Sampson and the monks of Bury knew not that Edmund, Pure Knight, King and Martyr, had loved a maid full well, and, because of his great love, had suffered no spot to mar the whiteness of his armour. Galahad he, with the passion of Lancelot, and the unstained honour of Arthur.

## CHAPTER X

### INGOR THE CHANGELING

OUTCAST of God, between sea and sky, fevered and nigh to madness, Biorn the thane heard the voices of those who had condemned him drift further and further away, until there was naught but silence and the lapping of the water against the sides of the boat. Bound hand and foot, he lay writhing with pain from his maimed limb, cursing Heaven, the witch of Exning, himself, and the mother who bore him. Strange faces peered over the edge of the boat, old Ragnar walked the sea, the carved monster at the prow turned about, spitting venom.

With night came delirium, and with morn sanity, and a viking's vessel, driven somewhat from her course by gales in the northern seas, and making for home.

Bearded men in winged helmets cut Biorn's fetters, and set him in their midst, aboard a dragon ship. Weakened by pain and fever, yet with undimmed cunning, he conceived a plan.

"What do you here, adrift in viking's boat?" the captain asked.

"Alas that I might perish, ere the tale I have to tell should reach the Northland!"

"What is your tale?"

"A tale of murder and grievous wrong!"

"To whom?"

"To Ragnar, King of the Northmen!"

"What news of the Rover?"

"News which I may deliver to none, save to his two sons."

"A week, or maybe ten days hence, you shall have opportunity."

Until then you are our prisoner, and your boat our prize."

"I am content. Give me bread and water, oil, and a bandage for my hurt."

"You are a bold captive! Have a care lest we throw you back into the sea!"

"Then would Ingor and Ubba wreak vengeance upon you!"

Silent and watchful, Biorn dwelt aboard the vessel. None questioned him, for since he had named the sons of Ragnar, he was held in awe. No man at the risk of life would meddle with the princes' business, and, since the stranger reserved his tale for them, to their presence he should go.

Land on the seventh morning, and a fishing village of wooden houses with strangely carved lintels; chattering on the shore, whispered words, sidelong glances, pointing fingers; then a journey across mountain and stream to an inland town, where Ingor and Ubba kept state; a bed of straw in a dungeon, and a week to wait their pleasure.

Riotous and drunken, Ubba the Red returned from a foray, having slain a jarl and his family, because they crossed his will. Superstitious for all his cruelty he paused on the threshold of the royal dwelling when a raven croaked, and curved his hand to ward off disaster. His companions, fifty in number, waited until he had turned to east, to

west, to north, to south, nor did they by glance or smile betray the estimation in which they held his folly.

"Horns of ale, and a feast for the victors!" he cried, stumbling into the rush-strewn hall, where tables were set beneath silver lamps, stolen long since from Christian churches, in wild raids of loot and bloodshed.

"Ho! Ho! for home, and ale, and maids. Find place, Northmen all!" and throwing himself into a chair at a trestle table, raised on a platform at the end of the hall, the prince gathered about him his band of chosen comrades.

Slaves, captives of war for the most part, entered, bearing joints of meat on gold and silver dishes. Each man cut with his dagger what sufficed for his needs, and supplemented it with bread and honey cakes, coarse cheese and sweetmeats. When the meal was ended, the ale went round, and, because no horn would stand upright upon the table, its contents must be quaffed at a draught.

Half-drunken at the beginning, Ubba waxed merry and full of his own deeds.

"I tell you, Olaf Siegerssen, no woman can resist my power!" he shouted.

"Because all good parents keep their daughters from your presence!" a youth less overcome than the rest muttered beneath his breath.

"No maid in all the world, be she child of Odin, or Christian fool!"

"Prove it! Prove it!" a dozen voices clamoured. For even flatterers and parasites grow bold, under the influence of ale.

"Prove it, you say? That will I, for a wager!"

A full purse to a suit of armour that Clotild, the Frankish captive, pledges me in a cup of gold, snatched from the altar of her chapel ! ”

“ Agreed ! Send for the girl ! Good sport at the feast.”

“ Fill the ale horn !  
Sing of battle,  
Sing of war-deeds,  
Sing of heroes.  
Fill the ale horn,  
Sing of maidens,  
Two apiece  
For every viking.”

Many voices joined in the rude song, and, ere it had died away, two serving-men entered, dragging a girl by the wrist. Tall, with drooping head, and heavy hair, which fell across one shoulder, she came shrinking into the presence of Ubba. Her garments of russet and blue were torn and frayed, and with difficulty she held in place the kerchief on her bosom.

“ Still proud, my pretty one ? A fair word, and you shall go in silken raiment ! These rags hide your loveliness.”

But the maid took no heed, and remained silent, with downcast looks.

“ Have you no boon to ask ? I am gentle to those I love ! ”

There was little beauty in her face, marred by tears and suffering, and the eyes she lifted were wild with fear.

“ Sir, let me return to my prison ! ” she murmured brokenly, in the speech of the Northmen.

A prison bed is hard for those fair limbs ! Come and sit beside me. It is long since I have seen a woman smile.”



"Sir, I am neither fair nor merry. Let me depart."

"Where would you go, Clotild?"

"To my dungeon cell! Or——" her lips quivered and falteringly she clasped her hands. "Lord, do you mock me? Or have you some pity left?"

"I have more than pity, for a lovely maid!"

"Then send me home!" With a sob she fell upon her knees. "My father, and all my kin, were slain in the burning of the village; my little sister, whom you took, is gone, I know not where; but in France I have a lover——"

A shout of laughter drowned her words.

"You shall have many in Norway! When I tire of you, others will take my place!"

"Have pity, noble viking! We should have been wed at Martinmas."

"What if I let you go, to join this lover?"

Suddenly her face was transfigured, and her beauty returned.

"I will pray for you as I have never prayed for living soul. Oh, my lord! May God and his saints reward you!"

"So be it then. You shall return to the land of the Franks ere another moon. And now, since I have set you free, I ask a pledge.

Rising from his seat, and walking unsteadily, Ubba came to her side, and put his arm about her waist. Shrinking she drew away, but he held her fast.

"Truly you are not fair, too thin for my taste. I like a buxom wench! Nevertheless, I'll teach you somewhat of the ways of Northmen! Slave! the cup from Dornay!"

Cold with dread, because once more hope was leaving her, Clotild watched, while a youth brought a silver goblet of fine workmanship, set with precious gems.

"Hast seen this cup before, my Christian saint? Mark well its fashioning. A vine cunningly carved is twined about the stem, and each grape is a precious jewel."

With a low cry, the girl made the sign of the cross, as Ubba held the vessel before her eyes.

"Ah, ha! You recognise it! Tell me, since we are unlearned heathen, what is it?"

"Sir! Sir! Keep it undefiled! Set it apart in honour. It is the sacred chalice of the Mass, reft from the altar of Dornay——"

"Sacred is it? A goodly jest! We will prove its holiness. Fill to the brim with mead!"

"Sir, in the name of God——"

"Now, pretty one! Drink to me, and say—'Ubba the viking, I pledge you in the cup of the Christians, that I may win freedom and my Frankish lover.'"

One and all, the Northmen gathered round. Some whispered "Shame! Maybe there is magic in the goblet, and the ale will turn to poison!" while others encouraged Ubba in his brutal jest. Struggling from his grasp, Clotild fell upon her knees, her hands clasped in prayer.

"Jesu, Son of Mary! give me strength!"

Angrily the viking leaned above her.

"Drink, fool!"

"I cannot! I cannot!"

"Drink, I say, that you may go free!"

"Saints in heaven aid me!"

Roughly the prince took her by the hair, striving

to force the chalice to her lips, until its contents were spilled upon the ground.

"Why do you refuse—it is a small thing!" he muttered savagely.

"I may not dishonour my God!"

"Then I will force you!" and once more he set the goblet to her mouth, but she clenched her teeth, praying the while.

"Enough, Ubba! Enough! You have lost the wager!" a Northman cried, but his words roused the prince to fury. Drawing his dagger he held it to the girl's breast.

"Will you drink to me?"

"I may not!"

"Go! Get recompense from the God you worship!" and striking deep he pierced her heart, while the blood gushed out, dyeing the reeds upon the floor.

For a moment a hush fell upon the vikings, who, for all their cruelty, admired courage. Clotild lay dead in their midst. An unknown Christian maid, who, with simpleness of heart, had won the crown of martyrdom. Sobered somewhat, Ubba turned to the serving-men.

"Bear this carrion hence, and give to Olaf Siegerssen a purse of gold."

"Nay, prince!" a young Northman cried. "Keep your wager, I want it not. Men I war with, but I like not women's blood."

Ere the slaves could do their work, there was a commotion in the lower hall. Doors were thrown open, and a company of warriors, more richly clad than Ubba's companions, poured into the chamber.

"Sword of Odin! My brother Ingor! Oh, my

most dear brother ! Doubtless come hither to reprove my wrongdoing ! ”

A man of great height and mighty build, in winged helmet, and dark coat of mail, half concealed by a sable mantle, strode through the throng which parted before him. Contemptuously he looked from Ubba to the dead girl upon the ground.

“ Brave work here ! Since when have the sons of Ragnar warred with women, in their own halls ? ”

“ The wench defied me, and I slew her ! ”

Ingor the Changeling narrowed his slant eyes, inherited from his mother, the witch of Muscovy.

“ The death of a woman more or less in a raided village is of no account, but I like not slaughter upon the hearthstone. Carry her hence ! ”

Slaves hastened to do his bidding, and strewed new rushes in the place where she had lain.

His wrath cooled somewhat, for he was swift in passion, Ignor took the chair of state beside Ubba, while attendants served him with food and ale.

“ What brought you hither before the appointed time ? ” Ubba questioned.

“ A strange tale which should already have reached your ears, since you were here before me. ”

“ A tale ! I have heard no tale ! ”

“ No ? Your doings were with hapless maids, rather than with matters of import ! ”

“ An you goad me before the vikings, I will be avenged ! ”

It were useless to kill me, Ubba. The Northmen would not choose you leader ! ”

Ingor spoke truly. Gaunt and yellow-skinned, with beardless face he compelled respect, and the rough hordes he ruled were willing to follow him in desperate quest, and wild adventure

"I have had news of our father," he said gravely.

"Does the old man live? What of Frea, our sister?"

"That we shall learn. Doubtless Ragnar had a ship in wait to which he carried the maid, intending to sail with her to some new land of his own finding, though the mariners who returned with him knew nothing of it."

"What is the news?" Ubba was becoming impatient. The return of his father would mean loss of power, and some obedience to authority.

"A party of vikings found in mid-seas a man bound in Ragnar's boat. The fellow would tell them nothing, save that our father is slain. He reserves his tale for your ears and mine."

"Where is he?"

"Here. In captivity."

"Summon him, my heart aches for my father!"

"And would ache more had he returned in safety. Do not dissemble, Ubba, since I know your nature!" Then, to one of his company, who stood behind his chair, "Bring hither the stranger."

Ale and song were forgotten, as Biorn, guarded on either side, entered, with fetters upon his ankles. Not often was the evening meal enlivened by happenings such as this. With suspicion the Northmen looked at the prisoner. His hair and beard were matted, his cheeks haggard, his dress in disarray. Glancing swiftly about him, he marked Ingor by his commanding presence.

"What is your tale?" the prince exclaimed. "Speak!—We are the sons of Ragnar!"

"You see me in sorry plight!" Biorn began in the speech of the vikings. "Yet is the news I bring

sorrier than my own condition. Ragnar Lodbrog, the great Sea Rover, is dead—treacherously slain by cruel hands.”

“ Alas, I feared it ! ” Ingor cried, his brow darkening, for he had loved his father. “ Tell us the manner of it ! ”

“ That will I, but the tale is long, and these bonds are heavy ! ”

“ Loose him ! ” Guards obeyed, and presently the thane stood unfettered.

“ Know you the land of the East Angles ? ” he enquired.

“ By repute, yes.”

“ Upon that shore Ragnar and his daughter were cast in a frail boat, having, by misadventure, been carried out to sea. As shipwrecked strangers, but of high lineage, they were taken before the king, a man sunk in cruelty and wrong, who had no pity for their distress, and cast them into prison. There they languished for many a day, until, it being my duty as officer of the guard to visit them, their sufferings moved my heart, and, heedless of my own undoing, I planned their rescue. All would have been well ; I had horses in readiness and a boat upon the sea, but one of my own men turned traitor and denounced me to the king.

“ In wrath Edmund sent for Ragnar, and slew him with his own hand. Me, he cast into the viking’s boat, saying that as the stranger had come so should I depart ; but first he caused my right hand to be maimed by fire lest I should aid myself.”

“ What of the maid, Frea ? Was she slain also ? ” Ingor asked.

“ Frea, your sister, lives, but— Alas ! That I



should bring such tidings to her brother ! Not in a crowded hall, in the ears of men, may I speak of her misfortunes."

"Draw near. Sit by my side and tell me!" Ingor was moved. Anger and sorrow were in his heart, while Biorn whispered a tale of the devil's hatching.

"This Edmund!" Ubba exclaimed. "This shameless Lord of the East Angles has set at naught the honour of a king's daughter?" Because his own life was ill, the prince's wrath waxed hot.

"There is no doubt in your tale?" Ingor questioned. "Ragnar, my father, is indeed slain? It is as you say with Frea my sister?"

"True, alas, noble viking! In proof, witness my wounded limb—seared by hot iron!" and, stripping off the wrappings, he held it for all to see.

"With both hands whole I might have loosened my bonds, set up my mantle for a sail, guided the boat somewhat. But that my suffering might be long drawn out, they maimed me and cast me adrift. What I endured of hardship and of pain was for the love I bore your father. My heart bled for him, a noble stranger locked in a foul dungeon. Oft-times at night I brought him food, and talked with him of past adventure, until it grieved me that one so noble should remain in fetters. If you doubt my word, call mariners who sailed with Ragnar to examine the boat in which the vikings found me—they will know if it is your father's craft or not! Other proof I have none, save my word. I am Biorn, the Huntsman, King's Thane, of honourable family. The King of the Franks knows me, likewise the Holy Father, who blessed me when I went to Rome on



pilgrimage. Ask them if I am worthy of trust ! Ask the Prince of Lombardy ! Ask in the realm of the old Saxons ! But do not ask the cowardly East Angles, and Edmund their traitor king ! ”

“ I know you for a true man ! ” Ubba cried. “ These wrongs shall be avenged with fire and sword ! ” but Ingor mused awhile.

“ How came it ? ” he said at length, “ that you, a noble of high rank, with much to forfeit, should be so moved with womanish pity as to risk all for the sake of a stranger ? A man of enemy race withal, for it is well known that the Northmen have many a time raided the shores of the East Angles, the Northumbrians, and the West Saxons, burning towns and villages, and carrying away much treasure.”

With wonted cunning Biorn saw the weak spot in his own tale, and his mind leapt to cover it. For a moment he seemed to struggle with himself, then he burst forth—

“ There is a matter I had thought to hold back, seeing the hope of it is past. But, since you demand all, I will be honest, even to my own undoing. When first I talked with your father, he was full of sorrow, believing he must die as a trapped hare, but, when I hinted escape, hope returned. He knew the enterprise was perilous, he knew also that I hated the king for his cruelty and injustice. In return for my aid, should our plans be successful, he promised me a band of warriors to lead against Edmund, the oppressor, that I might drive him from the throne, and rule in his place. The East Angles, weary of his tyranny, would have welcomed me as their deliverer, but since our scheme grievously miscarried the affair is ended.”

"Ended! How so?" Ingor exclaimed. "It is but begun! Think you the sons of Ragnar suffer themselves to be scorned? You would see this Edmund punished?"

"As he punished me!"

"You know the shores of East Anglia? The estuaries, the rivers, the fortified positions?"

"I know them all."

"You could lead an army thither?"

"Blindfold. Or in my sleep!"

"Are you willing to swear faith with the Northmen?"

"Aye. If I may guide them to vengeance!"

"Well spoken! By the might of Odin I promise that, when the land of the Angles is conquered by the vikings, I will set you up as tributary king under the sons of Ragnar. But beware lest you play me false!"

Biorn's eyes gleamed. His hour of darkness was past, triumph was at hand. Once again the prophecy of Exning rang in his ears.

"A king is come,  
Two kings are slain:  
As vassal king,  
Shall Biorn reign."

He knew the danger of what he undertook. His was a desperate, and a single chance. At any moment messengers might arrive, bringing the truth, therefore his weapon must be forged while the furnace was heated.

"Lords of Norway!" he exclaimed. "You see before you a man deeply wronged and cruelly handled, with no thought save that of revenge. Gladly will I lead your hosts to the land of Anglia, but, mark my words, and send spies if you will to

prove their truth. Each day that passes Edmund grows stronger. But recently he has allied himself by marriage to the royal house of Wessex. Already he has laid down a score of keels in his new shipyards. His army is fully trained and equipped with weapons of war. He has horsemen and footmen always in readiness, and can, within three days, muster the whole strength of his kingdom in a national levy."

"He is then no mean enemy?"

"He is a warrior, though as yet unproved, save in coastal raids and border skirmishes. If you would subdue him, you must gather together the might of the vikings. The conquest of East Anglia is no foray, to be lightly undertaken, nor can it be accomplished unless the Northmen, one and all, are in agreement."

"What is the strength of Edmund's army?"

"Some fifty thousand men, disregarding the aid which may come to him from Wessex."

"We can put a hundred and fifty thousand warriors in the field, can we but find ships enough to bear them to East Anglia."

"My lord!" Biorn cried earnestly. "If your heart turns to vengeance, do not delay! Strike quickly, or not at all! It is Edmund's ambition to meet the fleet of the Northmen at sea, and to drive it from his shores. Now he has few ships. In a year—two years—he will have many. Already he has fortified his coasts against invasion, as did the Roman lords of long ago, when they sought to hold back the Saxons from the conquest of the Britons!"

"Vikings here assembled!" Ingor said, rising. "You have heard this man's tale of my father's treacherous murder! I speak not as ruler, but as

fellow-warrior. Let each man put himself in my place, and say what he would do ! ”

A murmur, rising to a shout, spread through the hall.

“ Vengeance ! Vengeance ! Rise and slay ! ”

“ You are agreed this is no private quarrel ? Ragnar was our king, a bold adventurer, whose deeds are sung in many a saga. ”

“ He was the boldest viking ever born. Thor smite his murderers ! ” a voice cried.

“ Will you follow me across the sea, to avenge his death ? ”

“ We will ! We will ! ”

“ You have heard the stranger declare this is no blind foray, but the conquest of a kingdom. Are you prepared to fight in company with men of many tribes, against a common foe ? ”

“ We are ! Old feuds shall be set aside ! We will bury family quarrels ! ”

“ Well spoken, heroes all ! We must gather ships and stores. Horses we will not take, but will find them in Anglia. To-morrow I will summon the warriors, that preparations may go forward with haste. The death of Ragnar the Rover shall be avenged ! And for recompense, when our work is done, each man who sails with me shall have land in plenty, and fat cattle, for we go to a country rich in grain and pasturage, where warriors may dwell at ease after the toil of battle. ”

Far into the night Ingor held council with Ubba, who had long since thrown off the fumes of drink, with Biorn who thrilled to his own desperate game, with vikings skilled in leadership, and with men hot for enterprise.

Thereafter news of adventure spread throughout the realm, despite the fact that Ingor kept as secret as might be the nature of his quest. Where the sons of Ragnar led, others would follow, and men flocked to join the expedition, not only from Norway, but from Sweden, Denmark and the Islands of the North. Ships were gathered in every anchorage. Old vessels were refitted. From morn till eve smiths forged weapons, tanners dressed hides for shields, bow-makers tested wood and fashioned arrows. Ever the question went from mouth to mouth, "Whom do we attack?" and ever the answer, given by those who knew the truth, but might not declare it, was the same, "Ingor leads us against the murderer of his father."

For three months the kingdom was in turmoil, and Biorn watched with fevered anxiety, hoping against hope that the expedition might be ready to set out ere the coming winter. The autumn was short, snow fell earlier than usual. By October, Norway was frost-bound, and Ingor determined to delay until the new year. In vain Biorn pleaded that in East Anglia the weather remained open for many months, that, at such a season, invasion, being unexpected, was certain of success, but the prince was not to be diverted from his purpose, and dismissed his army to their homes to await the spring. Thus for a little while the flood was turned aside

## CHAPTER XI

### A LITTLE SEASON OF LOVE AND LAUGHTER

AUTUMN sunshine mellowed the roofs and walls of Saint Genevieve's convent, lighting up the newer stone work, and warming with rich tones of red and brown the ancient wooden walls.

Established a hundred years before by an East Anglian queen, in gratitude for the restoration of her infant son to health, the community had prospered, enriched by generous gifts and princely endowments, until many manors, together with much pasture and arable land, was held by the nuns. A wooden palisade, but no moat, enclosed the gardens which immediately surrounded the convent, for, in an age when the soil was cultivated for utility alone, the Abbess Hildegarde had, contrary to custom, brought with her from the continent, on some of her many pilgrimages, rare plants and bulbs, which were tended with skill by loving hands. Nor were home-grown flowers neglected. Roots from fields and hedgerows were transplanted into more favourable soil, and blossomed abundantly, making great store for the bees, which inhabited the straw hives in a sheltered corner of the grass walk. Heavily laden apple and plum trees dropped their ripe fruit upon the ground ; and, surrounded by a thickset hedge, the herb garden lay green and peaceful. Here medicinal plants were cultivated, mint, endive,



hemlock, fennel, rue, thyme, rosemary, mugwort, savin, and many others, for the lady abbess prided herself upon her knowledge of the special properties of each. Truly, at a time when medical skill was so mixed with incantations, superstitions and charms, that a remedy to prove efficacious needed to be drunk out of the church bell, her simple cures were a god-send to the many sick persons who came to the convent for treatment.

Beyond the herb garden was the graveyard, where four successive abbesses had been laid to rest. One, indeed, because of her great piety, had for awhile slept in a shrine within the chapel, but nuns reciting the midnight office declared that upon the vigil of every feast she came among them, pleading her unworthiness, and begging to be buried with her sisters in Christ.

Numerous activities were centralized under the convent roof, where holiness and usefulness went hand in hand. Unlike many of the lesser communities, here was no lax moral tone, the daughters of Saint Genevieve went soberly attired in Benedictine habit ; not theirs the fine linen, of which the Venerable Bede complains, or the veils fastened with ribbons, which excited the wrath of Saint Aldhelm. Two classes of nuns acknowledged Abbess Hildegarde as their head. Those who had taken full vows of poverty, chastity and obedience ; and the lay sisters. The first order was composed entirely of women of high rank, who, for one reason or another, had sought the cloister, often enough bringing much of their worldly wealth with them. Though they spent many hours in religious exercise, those fitted for the work embroidered tapestries



and vestments, illuminated manuscripts, studied such books as were available, spun and wove the cloth for their garments, gave instruction of a limited nature to the children of earls and thanes, and, above all, tended the sick.

To the lay sisters belonged the household duties of the community, the baking, cooking, washing, sweeping and cleaning of the convent ; while those physically suited to the task tilled the soil, tended the cattle, milked the cows, and spent their time in farm work generally.

Seven times a day the chapel bell sounded for devotion, and seven times the nuns of the first order, and such of the second as could leave their toil gathered for prayer and praise. Swiftly the days passed in useful monotony, with nothing save internal happenings to break their calm. The spoiling of a sheet of vellum, a false note in a chant, the non-arrival of a guest, the admission of a novice, a funeral, these were events indeed ! True, tales still lingered of fierce inroads of the Mercians, when the nuns had been obliged to flee, taking their treasure with them, but for many years the land had been at peace, strife and bloodshed were set far away.

In her long life, Hildegarde had learnt much of the human heart, and, like Hilda of Whitby, was renowned for her wisdom, in matters sacred and profane. Gifted with sound common-sense, tempered with kindly insight, she could, in an age when credulity and superstition were part of the national life, have set up as a sibyl ; but instead she welcomed, with sympathy and understanding, all who came to her, sending them away cheered and hopeful.

Little by little, with advancing years, she was

forced to delegate certain duties to officers trained under her rule. Her skill in medicines she passed on to Sister Ermyntude, a brisk black-eyed nun, with a humorous mouth, who knew more of the art of healing than any physician in the land.

An hour before vespers, the infirmary beside the western gate was crowded with sick persons come for treatment; some the nun tended herself, others she passed on to her band of assistants. Her patients were poor folk for the most part; but sometimes the wives and daughters of well-to-do churls sought her aid.

"Our Lady's blessing, Mistress Withwin! What ails the babe?" she cried, as a woman in red petticoat and russet cloak drew near, with a little girl in her arms.

"Indeed I know not, nor my husband neither! Ten miles have we journeyed this day to bring her to you, holy sister!"

"Ten miles! And the child in high fever! Give her to me that I may feel her pulse!"

"What could we do!" the mother wailed. "We were at my sister's house when Nedda fell sick! Gurth, my husband, ran to the monastery, and brother John came with a remedy."

"Of what nature?" the nun asked sharply.

"A most sacred cure, but it did not profit! A hair from the beard of Saint Oswald dipped in holy water. The water we poured between the little one's lips. The hair we placed upon her forehead."

"Praise heaven she endured no worse! Carry her home to bed, bathe her forehead with lotion, give her a fourth part of this draught every six hours, and do not wake her if she sleeps."

While Sister Ermyntrude was speaking, an old woman leaning on two sticks hobbled to the step which divided the upper from the lower hall, and sat down, swaying to and fro as if in pain.

"Aye, my poor bones! God's curse on the devil's pains!"

"Come hither again, mother? While you live beside the marsh rheumatism will cripple you!"

"Whither should I go, my pretty saint. Whither should I go?"

"I have told you many a time that our guest house is open, and when you are cured your son will receive you."

"Aye, but if I move I must obey the will of others, eat when they eat, sleep when they sleep," and, with a shrewd look, "pray when they pray."

"Maybe I understand! Where is the jar of liniment I gave you? It should have lasted seven days, and but three are passed since you were here."

"May I be forgiven!" the old woman cried. "Walt the son of Wigg tempted me."

"Have you used charms or incantations?"

"Nay, Nay. I will tell the truth. One night when I groaned because of my bones, Walt came to me, and said his grandam had been cured in a miraculous manner. At the waning of the moon she caught six rats, and nailed them to the door by their tails, after which she sprinkled them with earth six times a day, and anointed their bodies with lotion got from a holy convent. As one by one the rats fell down, her pains left her——"

"Small wonder my liniment failed to ease you, since you used it on rats!" Sister Ermyntrude interrupted. "Good simples shall not be wasted.

Go to Walt, son of Wigg. Like enough he can cure you ! ”

“ Alack ! Alack ! It was the devil’s physic ! ”

“ More like a fool’s remedy ! ” Then, relenting somewhat, “ Here mother, since you are old ! Now swear by all the saints to rub it on your joints. No more of rats and witchcraft ! ”

“ God’s blessing on you, holy nun. I will chant a rune for you this night, which will keep off colic and the evil eye ! ” but Sister Ermytrude had turned away and was busy with another patient ; a stalwart man this time, with one eye bound by a kerchief.

“ Better indeed, lady, and the swelling gone ! Each morning I rub it with a fragment of the shoe of Saint Cuthbert, according to the advice of Father Anthony, but also I use the ointment you gave me.”

“ It is well. Continue both cures and the eye will heal. This also, walk not into the ditch a second time, returning from a bridal.”

“ Saints preserve you, lady ! Your remedies be of more value than magic and charms, aye than relics also. True, when my brother broke his arm, they bound it to a fragment of Saint Oswald’s cross, and the bone became sound, but maybe another splint would have served.”

“ Tush, Tush ! Saint Oswald showed mercy ! ” the nun reproved, for, though common sense told her the man’s words were true, religion forbade her to doubt the efficacy of the saints. When the last comer had been tended, and the hall was clear, she turned to an oaken press, the doors of which stood open wide, showing great store of jars and pots.

“ See here, Sister Martha ! We yet lack bottles of salve, for the dressing of wounds ”

"Two score stand behind the ointment vessel, mistress!" a young nun cried, hurrying forward.

"Two score? Two score forsooth! What are two score for the wounds of an army?"

"An army? We minister only to poor folk, injured with picks and reaping hooks!"

"Time may come when we have soldiers fresh from battle, brought hither maimed and dying. Nay, child, do not look at me as I were mad! Pray God, it may never be! Day in, day out, men train for war. Would you have us unprepared, when the whole land is making ready?"

"No, mistress! But strife and bloodshed!"

"Such things have been in Anglia before. Therefore we will gather herbs for dressings, and weave linen for bandages. Do not think because our days are cloistered, change will never come."

"Ah, sweet sister, I love the passing of the seasons, the chapel at Eastertide, the feasts of Our Lady, the quiet tasks I must perform; and sometimes, at Mass, I think I can see Christ standing beside the altar."

"Truly, child, you have gained happiness! By God's grace we heal bodies, and sometimes I think we mend souls as well."

The call to vespers drew them to the courtyard, where with folded hands they joined the procession of women passing to chapel. Reverently Sister Martha took part in prayer, hymn and magnificat, but through them all trooped warriors with lances, led by the Archangel Michael, who had the features of Edmund of East Anglia.

Service ended, Hildegarde the abbess, followed by professed nuns, novices and lay sisters, came into

the still autumn dusk, to find hurry and bustle about the main entrance. Two portresses ran carrying torches, while the gatekeeper opened a grille in the heavy doors, crying :

“ Who seeks the hospitality of Saint Genevieve ? ”

“ A traveller who can find no peace ! ” The words came clearly, in a voice of infinite sweetness, and the abbess halted upon the way.

“ Enter and God comfort you ! ” she cried.

Immediately the gates were thrown open, and a little company in dark cloaks and hoods came forward on foot, while a large cavalcade of men and horses waited without.

One of the muffled figures bowed low before Hildegarde.

“ Ten years ago, my mother, you told me I should come. See ! I am here ! ”

“ Who are you, daughter ? ”

“ Swiftly the coverings were thrown back, and the torchlight fell upon a pale oval face, with sorrowful dark eyes, upon black hair closely bound, and upon a slight figure clothed in sombre robe, clasped with the golden dragon of Wessex.

“ Judith, wife of Æthelbald ! ”

“ Not wife, but widow.”

“ I know ! I know ! ” and the abbess took her in her arms.

“ I am defiled, accursed. You do not fear my sin ? ”

“ You are sad ! It is enough.”

“ Mother ! Sweet mother, have you no reproaches ? ”

“ Did Christ reproach ? ”

“ I am very weary ! Give me peace ! ”



"Come to my chamber. The guest-mistress will attend the housing of your retinue. Oh, my daughter, you have trodden a long road, and your feet are bruised ! "

In a convent cell, larger than the rest, but unadorned with tapestry or hangings, Judith, a king's daughter, and the wife of two kings, sat hand in hand with Hildegarde the abbess. The simple meal the nuns had set before her remained untasted ; a bright spot burned on either cheek, and her frame was wasted.

"You have come to us for healing. You are sick in body and in soul," the older woman said tenderly.

"What matter now my lord is gone ! We lost eternal salvation, but we found each other ! "

"God, not man, bars souls from heaven ! "

Wonderingly Judith looked into Hildegarde's face. "You speak thus ? You ! A lady abbess ! A saint almost ! Oh, my mother, it is not for myself ! When I knelt beside his bier I cried to God, 'The fault was mine, not his ! ' We were outcast from Holy Church, yet never can I repent one hour with him. Tell me, sweet mother, can I save his soul ? Can I, by fast and prayer, and self-denial, make reparation for sin, having no penitence."

"Was your union with Æthelbald a sin ? "

"The Holy Father condemned us ! "

"You were no wife to Æthelwulf. Yet it were better had you not loved his son ! I grow old, and on the border line much is made plain. Pray for your husband's soul, and for your own ; but do not seek to take upon yourself the judgment of God."

"Mother ! Mother ! Let me rest with you ! Serve as the humblest novice, sing in the chapel,



tend the sick. As widow I am no longer excommunicate. Oh, I would pray for him, not for myself!"

"Our convent is a refuge. Shall I cast out one who craves sanctuary!" Then, gathering the frail figure in her arms, "You are but a tired child for all they called you queen! Oft-times a sinner is dearer to heaven than many saints. Live with us, lead our simple life of daily work and prayer, leaving the rest to Christ."

Thus Judith, for her love's sake, took the white veil of a novice, and dwelt among the nuns. In the palace Elgiva heard of her coming, and sent a letter of remonstrance to Hildegarde. Whereto the lady Abbess replied with courtesy and decision, setting forward in no uncertain terms that she alone had authority within the convent, that by the rule of her order she might not refuse a suppliant, that, since her widowhood, there was nothing to prevent Judith from taking the veil. Much more she could have said, had she been so minded, but, seeing she was a holy woman and charitable, refrained.

To live for ever in a golden haze, to move amidst the things of life, scarce having knowledge of them, to be filled with sweetness until its overflow reached those around, to respond to every breath of love as a stringed instrument to the hand of the musician, to wonder that such joy could be, and to hold it tenderly, lest it should prove a dream, such was Frea's lot through late summer days, and painted autumn weather.

The night beside the lily pool remained a gift, a secret hour, fragrant, glamorous, lovely; and thereafter followed days of subtle understanding,

fraught with sweet unrest. For Edmund and the maid he loved, there might be no lovers' tryst, only the meeting of eyes across a camp fire, a hand clasp, or a murmured word. But, on their last evening among the waterways, they found a hidden space of happiness untold.

A young moon rode sickle-wise amid the star dust, making a track of silver upon the shallow mere, as, with dip of oars, the king pulled from the margin.

"A week ago, and we were far apart! Beloved, why did you come to me?" Frea asked softly.

"I heard you call, as I should hear across the world, Nor were we far asunder! Almost I took you in my arms upon the heath. When did you love me first, my Valkyr?"

"My love for you had no beginning, as it can have no end, but I knew I loved you when you set foot upon my hair."

"I do not understand!"

"On the night of your bridal, you trod it beneath your heel."

His brow contracted, and for a moment his look was stern, but the cloud passed, and he called her to his side.

"Come, let us drift together. I have much to tell, though part you know already."

Swiftly he shipped the oars, and spread his mantle for her upon the floor of the boat. His arm held her fast, his lips sought hers, and for a little while there was no need of speech.

'The queen is naught to me,' he said at length. "I hold her in respect and honour, no more! My marriage is an empty form, yet am I bound. Oh, my beloved! were I free to make you my queen,

there is no height we might not reach. Tell me, you do not grieve because of our great love."

"Grieve—I grieve? Wherefore? I love you! The world holds nothing else. What matter the queen and her pale saints! She is set far from us."

"My wild maid of the Northland! They converted and baptized you, but you are wholly pagan."

"Do not blame me. I am two women in one. The gentle Frea, who sings Christian hymns, talks with maidens, is quiet of demeanour; and the other Frea, who would ride with witches, feast with the old gods—aye and go berserk, for joy or anger. Tell me, Beloved, since I come of wild marauding race, shall I slay Elgiva and set you free?"

"I love you for your very fearlessness! In times past, was there never a Northman who found favour?"

"I waited for Edmund the King!"

"Freya, in robe of green! My green woman from a far-off life! Would I might take you to my heart, and make you the mother of warriors."

Tears came, and she hid her face on his breast.

"What now, my heart? I have made you weep?"

"Edmund! Your son and mine, pledge of our love!"

"Beloved, you know not what you say! Nor how you tempt me. This thing could be, yet may not! Judith and Æthelbald braved all, yet he called her wife. But you—I could not take you so—Nevertheless I am man! Oh, my love, my love, I cannot see the end, yet, at the last, we shall be together!"

So he spoke, not knowing that one day Frea would lie by the king's side.

This, for memory, and much more, the maid took

with her to Beodricsworth, until those about her said :

"Frea goes in a dream composing songs ! Have you noticed of late the marvel of her voice ? She has the rarest gift of music in all the land."

But Edwina smiled wisely and thought, "She loves the Ætheling of Wessex—that has changed her ! Never yet did I go a summer journey but there came of it some sweetness between man and maid. Soon we shall have another bridal, and a happy one this time, may it please the saints !"

Then it happened, because the land was filled with activity, and the gathering together of forces, that the bower-maidens must weave a royal standard for the king, rich with embroidery and needlework. A white lamb upon a ground of blue, spangled with stars.

Like the rest, Frea, busy with stitchery, bent low over a frame, sewing love and tenderness into the pattern which grew beneath her hand.

"Have you done such work before ?" Elgiva asked, astonished at her aptitude ; for it was one of the occasions, growing rarer as the months went by, when the Lady of Wessex, leaving prayers and saints, sought converse with her fellows.

"Long ago, when I was a little maid," Frea answered, "the women of our household wove the Raven Banner of Norway between dawn and dusk, and from them I learned what skill I have."

"Some gleeman in Wessex sang a song concerning it !" Elgiva mused. "But I took little heed. What is the tale ?"

"We wove the banner with song and charm !" Frea began reluctantly, fearing the sharp censure of

heathen customs she knew would follow. "And, 'tis said, when vikings go into battle, the raven ruffles his plumage, and flaps his wings, if success is near, but droops his feathers and hangs his head when defeat is at hand."

"A foolish superstition, which I pray since your baptism you do not heed!"

The Norse-maid's needle moved more swiftly; otherwise she gave no sign that the queen's words had stung her.

"Strange!" Elgiva went on, looking at the design the girls were copying, "if the raven sought to pluck out the eyes of the lamb."

"Lady!" Frea cried at last, springing to her feet, "true, my countrymen are vikings given to war and bloody raids, but never have they brought fire and sword to the hearthstone of their friends. Edmund the King welcomed my father and me, when we were homeless strangers. My brothers, Ingor and Ubba, will remember the debt to Anglia."

"Since the king befriended you, repay him with quiet demeanour and meekness of spirit!" Elgiva said coldly, and passed to her prayers.

"Would I might take her frozen cruel face and clench it in my hands thus!" Tekla cried, crumpling a piece of silk. I heard a song once, sung of a queen of France. Oh I could so treat Elgiva! Listen!"

#### THE TIREWOMAN.

"I am the Queen's tire-woman, binding her golden hair.  
Would my comb were a dagger keen to mar her beauty rare!

Pink of falling blossoms,  
Lilies tall and white,  
What was the gift I gave the King,  
In the hush of the summer night?

I am the Queen's maiden. Strange maiden I !  
Would I could pierce her heart, and watch her die !  
    White of falling snowflakes,  
    Icicles on the tree,  
The Queen cast me forth in scorn,  
But the King's son came to me."

"A cruel song!" gentle Una said shuddering.

"I do not know its meaning!" Mildred exclaimed.

"Did the tire-woman love the king's son?"

"Yes, most wise maiden!"

"And she was of common birth and he could not—"

"Oh stay! stay! Saints and angels preserve me from so much understanding!" and Tekla pressed her hands to her ears, but, when she looked at Frea, she found the thread had fallen from her fingers, and that her eyes were full of dreams.

Upon the feast of All Saints, when it was time for him to return to his brother's realm, Alfred Ætheling of Wessex came to bid farewell to Edwina, who, after courteous conversation of this and that, summoned Frea to her presence, and withdrew, leaving prince and maid together.

For a while they kept silence, all had been said between them. Then the youth, speaking impetuously —

"Frea, let me be your warrior! Fight for you without hope of favour, as the knights of Arthur fought!"

"I could wish no nobler champion!"

"If I can win honour for your sake, you will think kindly of me?"

"I do so now! Oh, Alfred, love some sweet Christian maid. I am pagan still, despite my baptism."

"What matter! The Knights of the Round Table



were chivalrous to all ladies. I seek no reward ! But, in days to come, here, or in the Northland, promise that, when a strong arm is needed to uphold your cause, you will send for me ! ”

Almost she could have loved him well, had not a keener, wilder love, strong as the winds of spring, consumed her life. Nor did she know that in the hour of her refusal she had weighted the scale of fate, making destruction, blood and death swing heavy in the balance. The sister of Ingor the viking, honourably wed to a Saxon prince, would have proved false the traitor's tale, but the same maid, held at Edmund's court, gave colour to the story.

“ I will remember,” she said gently. “ Oh that love and freedom went hand in hand ! ”

“ I would not bind you ! ”

But she smiled, knowing he could not read her meaning.

“ Farewell, Frea ! ” and he knelt to kiss her hand. “ The time will come when I shall do deeds worthy of your acceptance.”

Maybe, after she had passed beyond the shadows, he remembered his promise amid the swamps of Athelney, and again on the victorious field of Ethandun.

At his going Edwina was angry, called Frea to her side, bewailed young maids' perversity, asked if she waited for Sir Lancelot of the Lake or for Saint Michael, the warrior angel. Set forward the great deeds of the house of Wessex, the perfections of the Ætheling, scolded, cajoled, and wept a little.

“ Sweet mother ! How could I call Elgiva sister ? ” the Norse-maid asked with smiling lips.

“ Sister ! I had forgot ! The queen is no true

daughter of the line of Cerdic. Her mind is warped with too much piety. Nay, nay ! I am a good Christian woman, and I revere the blessed saints, but matron or maid who neglects the path of duty is of little merit ! ” Then, with a sigh, “ I pray day and night that the Holy Father in Rome may learn of matters here, and bid Elgiva seek a convent. He can, by papal decree, make her false bridal as if it had never been.”

“ Will he exercise his power ? ” Frea asked, striving to keep sudden gladness from her voice.

“ Alas, I know not ! If he understands the justice of the matter, doubtless he will act with authority. The Church is stern to wrongdoers, but merciful to the injured. Our king is worthy of happiness ! In youth the heart is hot ! Elgiva may find the love she turns from given elsewhere. Holy Saint Monica ! What do I prate of to an unwed girl ! ”

But Frea, picking a kerchief from the floor, veiled her face with her hair, as was her wont, when the swift colour mounted in her cheeks.

For three days, though Edmund was absent, she sang from morn till eve. Hope shone in her eyes, laughter played about her lips. Since the king loved her beauty, it had become suddenly precious. Edwina must give her unguents for her skin, scented lotions for her hair, her robe must hang in gracious folds, and she would wear naught but green.

One morning, Mildred and Una being in chapel, Tekla sat with her alone at the embroidery frame, whereon the banner of Anglia grew in colours of gold and azure.

“ You do naught but sing, and I cannot tell the words ! ” the Saxon girl complained. “ But now

I asked you of your brother, if he will come to take you hence when Edmund's messengers reach him, and you answered as one in a dream ! ”

“ Forgive me ! ” Frea cried, suddenly roused. “ Doubtless Ingor will journey hither, but not until the spring, and that is months away ! ”

“ You have changed since first you came ! Then Anglia was exile, now it is home. ”

“ Sometimes it is paradise ! ” And once more she begin to sing.

“ Did you find love on the uplands ?  
Maid with the dewy feet,  
Or away in the realms of sunset,  
Where earth and heaven meet ?

Did he come with a crown of roses,  
And a harp of gold in his hands ?  
Wrapped in a mantle of purple,  
Fashioned in Eastern lands ?

Softly the maiden answered,  
Fleeing with footsteps light :  
‘ I found my love by a lily pool,  
In the hush of the summer night ! ’ ”

“ You sing love songs ! Yet you have no kindness for the Ætheling of Wessex who holds you dear ! I wonder somewhat, and yet—Oh, Frea, forgive ! Since we journeyed among the waterways, a thought has been in my mind. I have no jealousy, my love for Edmund holds no thought of self. I could love the maid he loves, because she has his heart ; love her because she loves him. I cannot make my words plain, they rush from me. Yet I know what I would say—If I have come upon a secret thing, then I ask pardon—but, among the meres and rivers, the king sought your company. I saw your boat adrift beneath the summer moon. You are more beautiful

than any, and your voice is sweet as the note of a wild wood dove—small wonder if—if he loved you.”

With gentle trust, fearing to wound, yet hating to deceive, Frea stretched out her hands to her friend.

“I too love the king!” she said with simple dignity

“And he?”

“I think he loves me well.”

For a moment Tekla was silent. Then, because her heart was very brave, she put her arm round Frea’s shoulder and kissed her on the cheek.

“Alas, the tangled skein of fate! You will find happiness upon the barren road, hours of wonder and of pain! Take what gifts you can and hold them precious. I will love you always, loving the king.”

Because she was the daughter of a warrior, she turned a smiling face to Edwina, who entered, concerned with thread and silks. All day she jested mirthfully with Una and Mildred, and with a young thane, who brought her a tame deer; but at sunset mounted a strong horse her father had forbidden, and rode fast and far to Exning heath.

“Give me a potion, mother, to kill love!” she cried, standing by Gundra’s hearth.

“Aye, aye! An I kill love in such as you, but I must kill the body also!”

“What matter! Yet it is the coward’s way! Oh, I am sick of vain desire! I love a man bound to another, who loves my friend, whom a prince loves. Two thanes love me! So it goes on!”

“And will do, till the judgment.”

“Is there no healing? You who read runes, gather mystic herbs at the moon’s waning, and deal

in things forbidden! Brew me some witch's draught that pain may cease, that I may look upon his face, nor yearn to lie at peace within his arms!"

"Listen, daughter of Ulfketyl! Because you have not scorned me, and because your heart is steadfast, I have looked for you beyond the spilled cup, and the flight of bats, into the spirit-driven spaces, where the high gods dwell. This have I read in many spells: A flight of arrows shall bring peace, and the shedding of blood quietness. You will know an hour of joy when the clamour of battle is around you. At the last, when passion and death join hands, you will wed a man thrice your age, and, living in honour and great state, will draw many to you by reason of wealth and wisdom."

Sad of heart, Tekla turned away, not knowing that she would become a notable woman.

Upon the heath, under the windy stars, she cried aloud, "An hour of happiness in the midst of battle! What happiness but with him! Oh, my lord, I will follow, even to the swords of the Northmen!"

## CHAPTER XII

### THE WORK OF BIORN

GORM, the wolfhound, grew from puppyhood to doghood, thieved less, and learnt orderly behaviour. Gradually his body filled out, and his legs no longer seemed borrowed from some larger beast. Jealously he guarded his position of king's hound, and, when lesser curs yapped round him, took them by the neck, and threw them over his head. Fights he disdained, seeing nothing worthy of attack, but loved children, and rolled on his back for their pleasure. Women he treated with good-humoured tolerance, sniffed at their skirts and passed them by; nevertheless he was sometimes found in the ladies' bower, where a friend who had won his heart supplied him with dainties, not intended for his consumption.

Once, when the queen was absent at her prayers, he visited the maidens sitting beside the embroidery frame, and was welcomed with caresses and honey cakes. Tekla took him into a corner, and, with a sweetmeat held on high, tried to make him beg, a feat he never accomplished. Perhaps his paws were too heavy, for at each effort he overbalanced, and came down sideways, amid peals of laughter.

"Let us work him into the banner!" Frea suggested. "A shaggy dog crouching beneath the lamb."

"No! He shall have a banner for himself!" Una cried. "Wait, I will design it!" and, taking a



piece of charcoal, she made a rough sketch upon a piece of linen, of Gorm attempting his trick. Certainly she had a natural talent for caricature, a gift held of little account in the age in which she lived.

Her companions stayed her, when she would have dusted away the outline, and, because the humour of her drawing amused them, Tekla pinned another strip of linen to the wall.

"Show us Brother John riding a mule!" she exclaimed, referring to a fat monk.

"Walt the gleeman drinking ale!"

"Gurth the forester winding a horn!"

"The wife of Oglaf crossing a brook!"

But, like a true artist, Una took no heed, and pictured what she would. Eagerly the girls crowded round her, and presently there was a ripple of mirth, as a tall figure, with eyes turned upwards and hands pressed together, stood out upon the sheet. Unmistakably it was Elgiva, with a halo about her head, and her robes trailing in the mire, because her gaze was heavenwards.

Suddenly Mildred, who was near the door, cried out in alarm, "Haste! Haste! The queen crosses the courtyard!"

There was no time to obliterate the drawing. Tekla tore it from the wall and hid it beneath the cushion of her stool. Frea, knowing Elgiva's dislike of animals, pushed Gorm through an opening into the main corridor, and in a moment four girls, slightly flushed, who dared not look at each other for fear of laughter, were broidering stars upon the azure banner of Anglia.

Presently the queen, followed by Edwina, and two Saxon ladies, the wives of earls, who, by reason

of their position claimed her courtesy, entered the room.

"This is the banner of which I told you," she said indifferently. "Frea the Norse-maid works with skill, and Una's designs are well enough. Since you desire to observe the stitches, Mildred shall read aloud from the works of the Blessed Bæda."

With stumbling voice, for she found reading difficult, Mildred told of the miraculous healing of sick persons by means of sacred relics, but, in the midst of a tale more marvellous than the rest, she paused, for the hangings across the entrance were suddenly pushed aside, and Gorm trotted into the chamber, with a strange bone in his mouth. Unconsciously, and with good humour, he lay down upon the rushes and held it beneath his paws.

The queen turned pale and grasped the carved arms of her chair; Tekla gave a little cry; Mildred and Una shrank together expecting some supernatural occurrence, for the bone was bound at one end with gold, and had been treasured for years in a jewelled casket.

"The blessed leg of Saint Oswald! Exposed in my chamber for veneration!" Elgiva whispered hoarsely. "Oh the shameless hound! Holy Saint, forgive!"

But Frea, who cared little for dead men's relics, knelt by Gorm and took his treasure from him.

Then the queen, whom all the court held to be incapable of love or wrath, broke out in anger. Her mask of coldness fell away, and, seizing an iron bolt used for barring the door at night, she raised it in both hands and sought to bring it down upon Gorm's head, only missing him by a little space. Again she raised it.

"I will kill the miserable cur! Defiler of Sanctity!"

But strong young hands grasped her wrists.

"You shall not kill Gorm! He knew no better! Human bones should be given burial! I enticed the dog hither, and put him forth at your approach. Punish me!"

"Loose my arms, heathen were-wolf! Baptism to such as you is but a curse! I dismiss you from my presence. Go—join your robber brethren, who feed on the blood of martyrs."

"Gladly I go!" Frea replied, "having no heart for service!"

"Where Frea leads I follow!" Tekla exclaimed. "I have sought to give respect and duty, but it was vain. Farewell, Lady of Wessex! I like not righteousness which lacks humanity," and together the girls passed through the doorway, with Gorm at their heels.

For a while they waited in Edwina's bower, until she came to them weeping and flustered, yet with a gleam of triumph in her eyes.

"Oh, the cruel woman! And what rage! Who would have dreamed? Alack, the sacrilegious hound!" and she patted the offender's head.

For a moment Tekla struggled with a smile, then she burst out, "Poor Gorm, he looked reverend as a bishop when he entered, and the bone was dry! Saint Oswald will not be angry, he was a kindly man. Doubtless the queen will say a Mass to him!—but Gorm!"

"Aye, Gorm!" and Edwina smiled also. "You maids must stay with me."

"Not beneath this roof, my mother!" Frea said regretfully. "I cannot meet Elgiva."

"Nor I."

"Tekla too? Why must this be? I am my own mistress, and rich; I entertain what guests I will."

"The queen called me heathen were-wolf. What if I kill her?" Frea asked.

"Then she would be a martyr indeed, and that would please her! I have it! We will ride to the convent of Saint Genevieve. The Abbess Hildgarde will give you welcome!"

And so it fell out that, at noontide, in travelling array, for the nunnery was four miles distant, with pack-horses and grooms, and serving-women, they set forth upon the road.

Their going made no small talk about the court. "'Tis Elgiva should enter a nunnery, not the maidens!" women who had brought sons and daughters to their lords whispered reproachfully.

"By Woden! I would have given much to see the hound!" old Ulfketyl roared, when he heard the tale.

Gorm had his fill of bones, and more attention than he had ever known; and thereafter, at night, slept on a deer-skin beside the king's couch.

A trivial incident truly, Gorm's adventure, but one which lived long afterwards in the minds of many, as the last happening which ruffled the tranquil stream of life, ere the storm burst, which swept laughter, and joy, and all good things before it like a flood, leaving only bloodshed, destruction and death.

In the north-east a war cloud gathered. Spring came, and with it the breaking of the ice, and the gathering together of a mighty fleet of dragon ships,

black sailed, and massed with shields on either side. Such an expedition had never been ; old men who must needs stay at home, women and youths, looked on in wonder. Some wept, others bade the vikings safe return, with great plunder. Not until the day of sailing was the destination known, save to a few. Then, in sight of all, Ingor the Changeling addressed his army.

“ Men of the Northland ! I have assembled you beneath the Raven Banner, that my father’s death may be avenged. His slayer, Edmund, King of East Anglia, dwells across the dividing sea, and holds my sister, Frea, in dishonourable captivity. His people are rich, and have collected much treasure in their houses of religion ; his land is fertile ; he has flocks, and herds, and many horses. For every viking a plot of ground, and whatever of spoil he can win for himself ! Ragnar’s death shall be avenged ! To East Anglia then for conquest, for plunder, and for riches ! ”

Cheers rose loud and long. To those who could not hear what Ingor said, the speech was repeated, until each man in the expedition felt himself possessed of Edmund’s realm.

Strong winds from the north-east hastened the vessels upon their course, and, at length, in the cold dawn of a March day, a watchman on the tower at Orfordness beheld the sea a mile distant dotted with sails. No fishing boats these ! He had seen their like off the shores of Kent. With hurrying feet he fled down the steps of his turret, and ran to the guard-house, where a score of soldiers slept.

“ Comrades ! haste ! The Northmen are upon us ! ”

The men knew their duties. Two leaped upon horses and galloped inland, to inform the outposts. Two sped north and south, respectively, to the villages along the coast, summoning aid. The rest roused the inhabitants. Each Saxon, capable of carrying bow and spear, went to his appointed place. Women and children were packed into wagons and driven westward. Every point of vantage was manned ; the little garrison hoped for success amid the sandbanks, through which there was but one clear channel, known only to fishermen. Could the landing be delayed by a couple of hours, help would come from the military stations near at hand, where soldiers had for months been quartered, to hold off an invader until the national levy could be called up.

Old Edwey the priest, who had tended his flock of hardy fisherfolk for forty years, blessed the men as they hurried to their posts, sought to comfort weeping women who knew they had said farewell to husbands and sons for ever, and refused with indignation when many would have persuaded him to enter the last wagon.

“ Have I in two-score years been so poor a shepherd ? I cannot fight, being old—but I can pray ! God’s blessing on you ! ” And, after all had gone, it being time for Mass, he passed into his little wooden church, and rang the bell. An arrow’s flight from the tortuous passage between the sandbanks, where they had brought their ships to anchor, the Northmen heard the sound, and thought it some signal for the gathering of soldiers. But Edwey, standing alone beside the altar, recited prayers and canticles in an unfaltering voice, knelt



in adoration before the sacred elements, prayed for the men upon the sandbanks, and pronounced the final benediction. Then the Northmen slew him at his post, as they had slain the handful of Saxons who sought to oppose them.

From their ships they embarked in countless small boats, rowed by swift oarsmen, while the East Angles, trusting to hidden shoals and shallows, believed that they would run aground on shifting sand, and be rendered easy prey for flights of arrows. Not so—the first boatload headed directly for the channel, showing that the secret way was known.

Resolute, yet with all hope gone, the defenders drew bow, but the Northmen covered themselves with their shields. A Saxon yeoman recognised a man with red beard and foxy face, sitting in the prow, directing the advance. With a mighty shout he left the bushes which shielded him and rushed into the water.

“This is your work, traitor and murderer!” he cried, and, lifting his two-headed axe on high, sought to reach Biorn, but an arrow from the second boat pierced his heart, and he fell forward, dyeing the water red.

Boat followed boat in rapid succession. At first the Northmen took no heed of their opponents, but, when close on a thousand men had landed, they turned upon the East Angles, who fought desperately, but were defeated by numbers.

In an endless stream the boats approached the strip of beach, landed their occupants and returned for more. After careful search, a party of Northmen found another channel, higher up, which they also used, and thus, when the Saxon advance-guard

came up, half the viking's army was ashore. Sharp skirmishes followed, in which many of the invaders were slain, but the East Angles, realizing the inferiority of their forces, withdrew to the defended positions further inland.

Meanwhile through townships and villages the news spread. Messengers rode hot-haste to Beodricsworth; rode north and south, bearing the call to arms. At night on every piece of rising ground, for there are few hills in East Anglia, beacons spread the summons. Already the king was on his way to the coast, gathering troops as he went.

Suddenly, from the south, came tidings that another army under Ubba sought to gain footing in Gyppeswick, having sailed their ships far up the tidal estuary of Orwell. Old Ulfketyl hastened, by forced marches, to oppose them, but came too late to stop their landing.

A thing he did, however, which made Ubba gnash with rage. On a moonless night, when the tide was high, he gathered a flotilla of flat-bottomed boats, such as men used for eel fishing and the like, and manned them with stout warriors, who volunteered for the adventure. Silently, with muffled paddles, a score of clumsy craft, guided by watermen who knew the currents, slipped down stream, to the place, where, between broadening banks, the dragon ships lay moored. They were lightly guarded, for Ubba needed every man ashore, and had no thought of attack.

The deed was done silently. Hand-to-hand fighting ensued, as the Saxons boarded the vessels, slaying their crews and beating down all resistance.

Ere morning, Ubba, roused from slumber in his tent, saw along the river to the south-east a blaze of light which had no relation to the breaking dawn. With tow dipped in pitch the Saxons had set fire to his ships, and had cut off for him all means of retreat. Henceforth it meant success or death. He was no coward, for all his cruel deeds, and swore by gods and devils that nothing should hold him from victory.

Ulfketyl, who had entrusted the leadership of the enterprise to his son Osbert, saw the glow, and muttered, "The boy has done well!" but afterwards sighed, thinking of a more daring scheme he had been forced to abandon, for lack of mariners.

Well enough to burn the Northmen's ships, but better still to capture them, and, having sailed them along the coast to Orford, to use them for the destruction of the transports lying at anchor outside the sandbanks.

The old leader had struggled with the idea, had looked at it this way and that, had considered its details, and had put it from him. No man can turn suddenly from ploughing and reaping to navigation, nor yet from the usages of bow and spear to the trimming of sails. A few there were who might have made the attempt, but their numbers were insufficient, and the earl must needs take the second course.

Upon the tongue of land between the estuaries of Orwell and of Deben, Ubba had pitched his camp, ravaging the land behind, that none might be left to attack him in the rear. After the manner of the vikings, he sent a message to his enemies, ignorant if Edmund was in the Saxon host or not.

"Lay down your arms, submit to my authority. The land of Anglia is mine, and all it holds. If you resist I will slay you; if not, maybe I will grant you life."

Haughtily Ulfketyl answered the heralds.

"Tell this robber I know him not! If he approaches, I will certainly kill him. Edmund, of the ancient house of Redwald, whose servant I am, is King of Anglia, and we acknowledge none other!"

Whereat the Northmen returned to Ubba, and came no more to the Saxon camp.

Thenceforward began a period of skirmish and sally between the two armies. The prince would not attack until he learned how his brother fared to the north, and Ulfketyl, having burnt the ships, knew that his enemy could not escape; moreover he was holding in check forces greater than his own.

Meanwhile, Ingor, who had the main body of Northmen under his command, marched from the coast inland towards Framlingham, meeting with little resistance, save harrying attacks upon patrols and stragglers. The country through which he passed had been systematically swept clear of all that might serve for food or transport. Horses, cattle and sheep had been driven westward, barns and granaries emptied or destroyed, all vehicles not taken away had been rendered useless, and in the empty houses there was no sign of life. But did a Northman venture half a mile from the army in search of food, he was immediately set upon, by a foe ever on the watch. Even the churches and monasteries from which the invaders had hoped much, were but empty shells with all treasure removed.

When murmurs of discontent arose, the Changeling pointed ahead.

"The more they have taken away, the more we shall find hereafter!" But the promise of wealth to come did not fill his men's stomachs.

On a slight rise, westward of the little hamlet of Framlingham, deserted like the rest, he pitched his camp, defending it with dykes and palisades; and for many days he lay inactive, resting his men, and organizing his plan of advance. Meanwhile, the question of food became vital, such stores of grain as the Northmen had brought with them were almost exhausted, and the fields of wheat and barley were only a few inches above ground. Sometimes a raid into territory far to the north or south resulted in the capture of a few oxen, or a few sacks of flour, but they were won at a bloody price.

Angrily Ingor turned to Biorn, whom he had summoned to his tent.

"You told me this king was unprepared, yet there is no sign of haste in his arrangements. We cannot subsist upon the stones and earth of Anglia!"

Gravely, yet with his usual cunning, the thane made answer:

"I warned you, most noble, that Edmund is a warrior. Doubtless, awaiting your certain vengeance, he made preparations. Have patience, he is not your match in battle, nor have his men the valour of the vikings!"

Anxiously Ingor sent out scouts to discover how Ubba fared, but the men returned after four days.

"Lord, there is a ring of steel about our army which we cannot break! Secretly they have closed in upon us from behind, cutting us off from our ships."

“ Fools ! Where was your courage ? ”

“ Dead men cannot bear tidings, and we returned to warn you ! ”

“ Begone ! I will find braver spies ! ”

But the taunt fell upon deaf ears, for the vikings knew that none could pierce the circle drawn by Edmund

Upon a soft spring evening, Ingor sat gloomy within the rough tent which sheltered him. Sickness, the result of insufficient nourishment, had broken out in the camp, and there were sores upon men's skins beneath their mail. Now and again they muttered of the wrath of Odin. Swore that in the host there was one condemned, who should be cast out, but only a few dared name whom they suspected. No camp fires glowed for there was no food to cook, no songs echoed with the passing of the ale-horn, for the ale was finished. Want showed his grisly face, and pestilence tottered in his wake. Bitterly the prince thought of former triumphs, cursed himself for believing his army could live upon the conquered land, and resolved ere long to risk all in a desperate venture.

Noise of lamentation, and the repeated clash of blades on shields in token of sorrow, made him stride with bent brows to the square of exercise. On all sides men were running to discover the reason of the clamour. Heeding none, he passed through the throng, which opened before him.

In an open space between the tents a dead horse was stretched upon the ground beside another, which stood, foam-flecked and bloody. A man without helmet or shield, a gaping wound in his forehead, lay in the arms of a viking, while a second, fallen



to the earth, rested upon one elbow, muttering broken fragments of speech.

"What is this? What news have you?" Ingor asked, thinking his spies had returned. Then, suddenly, he recognised the wounded warrior.

"Might of Odin! Ubba, how came you here?"

With difficulty the prince staggered forward, blinded by the blood from his hurt.

"I bring disaster!" he gasped.

"Where are your followers?"

"Here!" and he pointed to the man upon the ground.

A murmur of incredulity passed from side to side.

"You are dazed, brother, with fight and travel. Make known if you can how your soldiers fare."

"They fare well in Valhalla!"

Snatching a mantle from one of the vikings, Ubba wiped his face. A man brought him water in an ale-horn, and after he had drunk he spoke clearly.

"We landed and pitched our camp between two rivers, but, as we lay, planning attack, the Saxons burnt our ships. At length, because food was scarce, and because the enemy hesitated, we rushed forward, hoping to rout him. The fight was hot. I tell you these Saxons are devils! Nor were we opposed to Edmund himself, but to an old man, one of his generals!"

He paused, exhausted, and again a viking put the horn to his lips.

"Lay me on the ground. I am sore wounded! No! No! I shall not die. Hammer of Thor! I will strike back at this boastful king who scorns my vengeance!"

"What befel?" Ingor questioned.

"We fought, but the Saxons turned our blows

with witchcraft ! We hurled ourselves upon them, but they stood as a wall ! We assailed them with javelins and arrows, but they were protected by evil spells. Towards evening we drew off in order to our camp, but, at night, crossed the northern river by a shallow ford, and, ere daybreak, were well upon our way to join you. Suddenly the enemy fell upon us. Many we slew, but the rest drove us before them, until we came to a greater host, about this place. Front and rear were we taken. The gods know how I escaped ! We two alone remain of all the southern army ! ”

Some groaned, others covered their faces with their mantles. Ingor alone stood with head erect.

“ Get to my tent, brother. Have your wounds dressed ! ” Then, to a warrior who stood near, “ Summon the jarls to council ! ”

Swiftly with clatter of arms they came to the place of assembly ; stern-visaged men, deep drinkers and hard fighters, with resolution upon their faces. Because the tent in which they met was too small to hold them, they tore away its sides. Torches fixed to poles set in the ground gave a fitful light. Seated upon a pile of shields, Ingor waited.

“ Bitter disaster ! ” he groaned at length.

“ Aye, aye. Unexpected and bloody,” a viking answered. “ We erred, holding these Saxons of too small account.”

“ If half our host is wrecked by a general, what of the king himself ? ” another groaned.

“ That have I thought upon ! Listen ! ” and Ingor sprang to his feet. “ Because my vengeance is keen, I will call this murderer to single combat ! If he refuses I will mark him in battle, and will fight with none other. If he accepts—then he is

already dead. No man crosses blades with Ingor and lives."

Cries of approval interrupted his words, but he went on, "When I have slain Edmund we will destroy his army, for a body without a head is naught. Also, the Northmen grow discontented from inaction and lack of food. Ere a week is gone we will feast on Saxon meat and ale."

"Praise to the gods! Victory is ours! Skald to Ingor!"

"Send hither Biorn the Stranger!"

Messengers hastened to obey, and presently the Thane entered, bowing low. In all the throng, he was the only one whose beard was trimmed, and who wore no armour.

"I am minded to make you my herald to the Saxon camp," the prince said sternly, "since the Northmen affirm you bring them ill-fortune."

For the first time, since the beginning of his enterprise, Biorn showed fear. His face turned grey, and his limbs shrank together.

"Should I seek my countrymen, they would kill me!"

"What matter, if you deliver my message!"

Quickly the thane regained his self-control.

"As you will, my lord!" he replied indifferently.

"What are the tidings?"

"I will slay this Edmund in single combat!"

"Good! May your arm be strong! When the deed is done, who will guide you to the richest monasteries, the wealthiest towns?"

"Maybe we shall find them unaided!"

"My lord is of great sagacity! When the Saxons are defeated, Ulfketyl and Wiglaf will gather remnants of the army, and will hold out in marshes and in fortified positions, working damage to an

invading host ; but doubtless some East Angle, of greater worth than Biorn the Huntsman, will come forward, and will show my lord the secret paths and hidden passages."

" Enough ! Enough ! " Ingor cried impatiently. " Since you are of use to me I will spare you. But I do not trust you over much ! "

Once again Biorn knew that by his wit he had escaped, and, for strengthening, repeated to himself the prophecy of Exning.

" Eric Thoroldssen, stand forth," Ingor cried, and immediately a young man of great strength, in winged helmet and full equipment of arms and mail, came forward.

" Son of Thorold the Wolf-born, do you dare enter the camp of our enemies ? "

" Fear and I were never bedfellows ! Send me, lord ! I will cast defiance in the faces of these witch-mongers."

" Well spoken. Go—stand before Edmund and say : *Ingor, Ever to be Feared, the Unconquered King of the Northmen, has come hither to avenge his father's death, and the dishonourable captivity of his sister, Frea. If you despise his power, you shall lose both life and kingdom. Come therefore, meet him in single combat before the rival hosts, that the blood of Ragnar, your victim, may be avenged. If you are slain, the world will be rid of a tyrant. If you slay Ingor (which the gods will not allow), the blackness of your iniquity will summon warriors thick as summer dust from the kingdom of the Northland. Appoint time and place, the vikings await your answer with impatience. Carry my message honourably. Take three companions and a standard bearer, with the Raven Banner. Set out at moonrise, do not tarry.*"

## CHAPTER XIII

### WHITE HORSEMAN AND BLACK

A LENGTHY period of training and preparation had made the men of Anglia ready for the call to arms. Nor had the summons come as a surprise, for prolonged peace between the rival kingdoms from Clyde to Thames had led them to turn their attention to menace from without.

For many years, whenever strife was prophesied, there was no hint of anger between Mercian and Northumbrian, Angle or Jute, but always between Saxon and viking. Thus, men grew to expect invasion, and realized that in their own right arms lay the safety of their homes.

Secure in the leadership of their king, the East Angles hastened each to his appointed meeting place ; and, led by a chosen captain, marched to the royal standard, set up six hours' journey from the viking's camp. In three days, by means of well-planned organization, the greater number of drafts had come in, save those from the extreme north about the borders of Wash, and from the small towns of Hunstanton and Binneham.

With pride, the young king looked at the men, who, in years of inactivity, had been willing to forgo hours of ease for the practice of bow and spear, and who had endured gladly months of hardship common to all. As comrades he greeted

them, reviewing regiment by regiment ; and later on visited them about the camp fires.

Strong of body, skilled in all military exercises, clad in steel cap and scale armour, Edmund looked a soldier, and a leader of men ; for with personal valour he combined judgment and foresight, and the intangible quality of magnetism, which made each man's devotion a thing of private significance.

In orderly array, the Saxons set up their rude tents of skins, similar in pattern to those used by their barbarian ancestors, when the Roman legions harassed them in the forests of Germania. Each morning Mass was said, for, though no monkish dreamer, as the chroniclers aver, Edmund held religion in respect, and believed in the strong Son of God as Lord of Battles. Each evening, according to an ancient custom, continued until Senlac, nearly two hundred years later, gleemen and harpers sang the great deeds of old, with the passing of the ale-horn ; but, since by example and precedent, the king discouraged drunkenness, men who quaffed too freely were looked at askance, and punished.

Day by day, spies, risking much for the information they gathered, brought in reports of Ingor's movements.

" They carry no food with them, thinking to ravage the land —— "

" Their ships ride at anchor beyond Orford, and are thinly guarded." At this the king strode up and down in anger.

" Where is my fleet that I may destroy them ? Twenty keels laid down, six nearing completion, none ready. In all else are we prepared save this."

" The sweating sickness has broken out in their



host. They call on their false gods for succour," and at length—"Biorn the Traitor is with Ingor the Changeling."

Then the king swore by Christ and his Saints to take the false thane alive.

Confidence ran high in the East Anglian army; stealthily Edmund threw claws about the vikings' camp, until the circle was closed on the invaders, besieging them as in a fortress. Offers of aid arrived from Mercia and from Wessex. In face of a common foe all rivalry was buried. Æthelred, Elgiva's brother, was prepared to advance with ten thousand men. Northumbria was willing to throw herself into the struggle. And at length, borne by tireless riders, exulting in their news, came word of Ulfketyl's exploit, and the rout of Ubba's force. Shouts, loud and long, went up, and warriors, held in leash, strained to be at the throats of the vikings.

Into the midst of a scene of exultation, strode Ingor's envoy, bearing the raven banner. Because the king would suffer none to transgress the chivalry of warfare, they were blindfolded and were led without hurt to his presence. Then, their message delivered, they were given safe conduct beyond the outposts.

Swiftly the rumour of the challenge spread.

"Ingor invites Edmund to single combat, saying he slew Ragnar the Rover."

"Our king slew him! God and Saints! I wager my life this shameless lie is the invention of Biorn."

"Who else? Would we had hanged him to the rafters of the hall!"

"Will Edmund agree, think you?"

"How can I tell? He grasped his sword, when they

called him murderer. Had he been some lesser man, Ingor's herald would have found answer in hell."

"An he accepts, 'twill be a great fight. God strengthen his arm against the Changeling. A slant-eyed Muscovite, son of a night-riding hag! Fierce fighter though, and of better spirit than his brother Ubba ——"

"Biorn spat more poison, it seems!"

"How so?"

"He whispered a tale concerning the heathen maid who sought baptism, and our king."

"Blessed S. Michael! The maid is very fair. If Edmund regards her tenderly—what then? The queen is but a stone image. Youth to youth, my brother!"

"Out upon you! You are shameless as Biorn."

"Nay, nay. I love a pretty wench, though I have a wife and six tall sons. By S. Peter, the Norse-girl has found a noble knight. I doubt not she holds him dear!"

Meanwhile, Edmund, with Morcar his chief captain, and three earls, commanding divisions of the army, sat long in council.

The source of the slander whispered into Ingor's ear they knew, and too late cursed themselves for Biorn's escape.

"I will go forth, fight with the Northman, and disprove the lie!" Edmund exclaimed, "I ask nothing better."

"Nay, my most dear master!" old Morcar cried, tears in his sunken eyes. "This prince is experienced in every craft of warfare. His sword thrust is famous in all the kingdoms of the north; moreover he deals in magic, learned from his mother, the Tartar witch."

"Nevertheless I will fight him!"

"My lord, suffer me to set forth a plan!" Edgar Red Beard, a noted warrior, said with diffidence. "Though courageous, and trained in sword play, you are young, and have not, save in coastal raids, met these Northmen. Forgive my boasting. In times like this words are useless unless plainly spoken. For twenty years I have fought the vikings, here, in Wessex, in Northumbria; and when they were driven from their lands in the kingdom of the Franks. Those who know me, will name the success I had."

"Aye, aye," Morcar cried. "Once on the banks of Humber you slew six Danes with your own arm, I mind it well; and, when a seventh attacked you, you stunned him with a broken blade."

"I regard your prowess, Edgar," the king said with admiration. "What would you ask?"

"Only this. Name a champion to meet the viking, and force the lie into his throat. There are others worthier than I, but none who would fight more gladly!"

"Edgar! Edgar!" the king cried. "Had you a son, would you hold him in honour if he hid behind your cloak?"

"I would not have him seek needless danger!"

"Then he would be no son of yours! True, there are many in the host more skilled in arms than I, but, since Ingor's challenge is to me alone, none shall take my place!"

Once more Morcar pleaded—"I see no reason why we should accept this combat, we hold the Northmen in the hollow of our hands. At any moment we can break in upon them. If you meet Ingor, and fall by

his sword, it will be an evil day for Anglia—consider, my master, and scorn the Changeling's vaunt."

"My mind is set to meet him in fair field. Yet, because you urge consideration, I will take counsel with Humbert, whose judgment I trust. With relays of horses upon the road to Beodricsworth I can make the journey ere to-morrow's dawn, and on the fourth day will send my answer to our enemies."

It wanted an hour to sunset as the king went forth, and thereafter, through the sweet spring night, he rode with three companions, reaching Beodricsworth at sunrise.

In the courtyard of the palace, Ulfketyl, but now returned from Gyppeswick, and on his way to join the main army, met him. Eagerly the two greeted each other.

"My lord, I had not thought—!" the old earl exclaimed.

"Nor I! Your victory and the burning of the ships gave us all good courage."

"Oh aye, we twisted the dragon's tail! How goes it to the north?"

"Come with me while I eat, there is no time to lose."

Over a meal of baked meat, white bread, and ale, Edmund told of the encircling of the Danish host, of their lack of condition, and of Ingor's challenge.

"Is there aught else we might have done?" he asked, setting store by the veteran's opinion.

"No, no. The movement was well planned, the spoliation of the countryside a proved means of defence. But this challenge—I like it not. My son, do not accept."

"Edgar! Morcar! and now Ulfketyl! Am I a child to be hid from danger?"

"You are a valiant knight, but the Changeling is champion of the Northmen. They say he has a thrust none may resist, taught him by the Tartar bandits of his mother's tribe. If you are slain, what of Anglia? Distant kinsmen of the royal house would tear the realm in twain. The Lady of Wessex has brought you no infant son, for whose sake those who loved his sire might hold the crown in trust."

"You speak truly. I know the wisdom of your words. Yet would I meet the Northman! I am come to ask advice of Humbert, and for that end I will seek him now."

"Aye, aye," old Ulfketyl grumbled. "What you wish, the bishop will counsel. An I had known, I would have seen him first. In his youth few could bend him, but at fourscore years he takes colour from those he loves."

"Ulfketyl! Ulfketyl! Do not be angry! The knights of Arthur fought oft in single combat!"

"Oh aye, with each other, or for a woman, or some like foolishness! Alfred of Wessex had the Pen-dragon ever on his lips, and now the king echoes his words! You, and Alfred, and my son Osbert, and more I could name, had best set out to find the Holy Grail, once the Danes are conquered!"

Greatly the king laughed, grasping the old warrior's hands. "Find the sword Excalibur, that I may slay Ingor, and prove my wise men wrong."

According to Ulfketyl's surmise, the ancient bishop, overjoyed at seeing Edmund, and but half understanding the matter put before him, counselled trial by combat, and the vindication of truth.

Ere he set out upon the return journey, Edmund rode to the convent of St. Genevieve. The Abbess

Hildegarde received him with honour, and, when he begged speech of the maiden Frea, led him to a great stone chamber, dim with evening shadows, where he waited alone. Presently the rushes of the floor stirred, as with sweeping garments she came towards him, robed in white, her hair covered by a veil.

"Lord, I am ready!" she said, simply lifting her eyes to his.

"Ready, Beloved? Wherefore?"

"In my land traitors are slain. You have come to give me to the Saxons!"

"We do not war with women!"

"But many hold I brought the Northmen hither."

"Their host was guided by Biorn, who persuaded your brother with a false tale."

Swaying a little Frea covered her face with her hands. "I feared that all might hold me guilty!"

"Do not weep! Would I might spare you. I have much to say hard for your ears. Many of your kith and kin are slain, defeated by Ulfketyl on the banks of Orwell. According to report, Ubba is sore wounded, and fled to the camp at Framlingham! In two days' time, I meet Ingor in single combat."

Her cheeks paled, her lips became white. "You against Ingor! Odin Allfather! None may fight him and live."

"Am I a weakling?"

"Ingor is terrible! 'Tis whispered he is no son of Ragnar, but the child of witch-woman and demon sire! Long ago I called him brother and loved him. He was ever gentle to me, kinder than Ubba, but I know his deeds. Oft possessed by some strange madness, he goes into battle whirling his axe around his head, and piling up the dead breast-high



on every side. Let me seek him and disprove the huntsman's tale. I will tell him of the honour in which you held my father, of our gracious treatment at your hands . . . even of my love for you . . . ! ”

“ He would not believe, Biorn has poisoned his mind, or maybe he would believe too much ! ”

“ Oh, that I might stay this combat ! ”

“ Do you fear for Ingor, or for me ? ”

“ Alas ! Alas ! I am torn in sorrow. I should love my kinsman, and pray for his safety ! But my heart cries out for the life of another ! ”

“ Frea beloved, I know not how the fight will end. If Ingor slays me—well. If I slay him, shall I lose your love, being your brother's conqueror ? ”

“ You will not slay Ingor, Edmund the King. Unless—unless . . . . ! ”

Slowly she drew away. In the twilight her face was pale as a moonbeam, and strained with suffering

“ Gods of the Northland ! How can I do this thing ? The past is misty. I have forgotten the days of childhood. Sometimes I think I never lived until I came hither. But I was born amid the rocks and fiords ! If I turn from my kindred . . . renounce my birthright . . . Yet for love's sake ! . . Edmund, lend me your sword ! ”

Wondering, he drew the short two-edged weapon from its sheath.

“ Once, long ago . . . upon my birthday,” Frea continued, “ Ingor set me upon his knee. I was versed in all boyish games, and for jest wore a winged helmet, and swore I would turn viking. Laughing, my brother vowed I could not fight, and, in sport, to shew my spirit, I fenced with him, as I had learned from the youths, my playmates. His

heart was merry, my skill astonished him. Maybe the thought of power in the hands of a maiden roused his mirth, or maybe he believed I should forget as soon as taught. Indeed I know not why, but he showed me his famous thrust, which many have thought to copy and in vain. I grasped the principle, but not the execution, because of the weakness of my muscles. Diligently, with a light weapon, in the woods, alone, I practised what I had learnt, until the trick was mine. Carefully hiding my secret, I hoped to astonish Ingor and win his praise at our next fencing bout, but he went roving in the northern seas, and on his return took no heed of me, nor gave me greeting as of old . . . Mark well the thrust of Ingor ! ”

Swiftly she raised the sword, but the king caught her wrist. “ If you show me this, I shall use it against your brother ! ”

“ Can I draw back ? My moment of contrition is past. I repent at first, and sin afterwards ! My love for you burns up regret ! ”

Once more she lifted the blade, whirled it around her head, and with a lightning movement of the wrist, cut sideways, when the blow should have been straight.

“ Did you heed ? The action is the same, on horseback or on foot. When mounted it will hurl an opponent from his steed. Now slower— Thus . . . and thus . . . and thus ! ”

Keenly Edmund watched, forgetting all save the matter of the thrust. When the light failed, Frea led him out upon the terrace, and nuns, passing from vespers, hastened to the abbess with news that the stranger maid threatened the lives of all with a

drawn weapon. But Hildegarde came undismayed, and beheld the sword-play, having knowledge of the challenge, and guessing what Frea was about.

For an hour the king made trial, movement by movement, at first slowly, then with increasing speed, until body, wrist, and arms, worked in unison. Closely the Norse-girl watched, encouraging, applauding, correcting, until messengers arrived saying that horses waited at the gates.

The time of parting had come. Hildegarde sank on her knees in prayer, and with bowed head told her beads. Edmund raised Frea's hand to his lips, but found no words.

"Beloved, I have given what I could," she murmured. "Return, my victorious knight!"

"Fearless and Beloved! Farewell." Then, leading her before Hildegarde,

"Mother, guard this maiden tenderly! She is dear to me as my own soul!"

"I have guessed it many a month!" Rising, she clasped a hand of each. "Frea is unwed, and you — alas! I know this love is pure. God pity human hearts!"

Hastily he turned away, leaving the maid in the old nun's arms.

With the return of Edmund to camp, excitement spread about the Saxon host. On all sides the acceptance of Ingor's challenge became known. Old men shook their heads, young men rejoiced in Edmund's courage, and wished it had been their lot to meet the Changeling.

Messengers visited the Northmen's camp, and came back burdened with news.

"Blindfold we were led before the prince, and, when

they loosened our bands, we beheld a powerful man, taller than most, beardless, slant-eyed, son of a devil, doubtless ! His brow was gloomy, and he spoke with harshness to those about him, but, when we said our king would meet him in fight, he laughed long and joyously, and with his vikings discussed the ordering of the conflict. When all was settled our eyes were again darkened, but, ere the scarves were tightly drawn, some of us glanced hither and thither about the camp. There were no fires though it was evening, sure signs that food is lacking, nor was there sound of harp or drinking song. As we passed we heard low muttering, and ever and anon voices raised in anger. If our king is worsted on the morrow, these Northmen will depart to their ships, being already sick of the enterprise ; but, if Ingor is slain, which we dare not hope, seeing he is the greatest warrior of the Northland, they will not accept his defeat, but will force a battle."

Thus the tale of the messengers ; but, amongst the captains, some held one opinion, some another, and, though the occasion was of import, wagers were laid.

Within his tent the king took counsel, planning what best might fall in either case. He spoke to none of the sword-thrust which Freahad taught him, but, when every detail of the morrow was made clear, sprang upon Astolat's back, and rode with one follower to a wide stretch of grass, where none could watch. Here at full gallop, backwards and forwards, in curves and in lessening circles, he practised the stroke, considered it, learnt its possibilities, made it his own.

At nightfall he returned, threw himself upon the

wolfskin rug which formed his bed, and slept until his armour-bearer roused him. Then, kneeling in helmet and coat of mail, he heard Mass, and received absolution. Already his warriors had marched to the appointed stretch of level ground three miles in front of the camp, and were drawn up in battle array, regiment by regiment, with locked shields, pointed spears, and taut bow-strings.

Slowly Edmund rode down the ranks, and at his coming blessings were growled in harsh throats, and men, unused to prayer for many a day, besought God for his safety. Never in any age of chivalry did more gallant knight ride out to combat.

Gradually the mists cleared. A quarter of a mile away the viking host was gathered, their winged helmets catching the morning beams. The ground was well chosen, the opponents facing north and south, that neither might gain advantage from the sun, now half way up the eastern sky.

A horn, wound in the Saxon army, sent out a long high note, and was answered by another horn in the ranks of the Northmen. The signal given, the champions from either side advanced, each with an attendant foot-soldier, and halted some two hundred yards apart. There was marked contrast between the men whose fight was to the death. Edmund, young, fair, arrayed in bright armour, white knight indeed. Ingor, dark, mysterious as the witch-wife who bore him, clad in black mail, the wings of a raven mounting from his helmet, his sable mantle borne outwards by the wind at the prancing of his black horse.

With great show of consequence, the attendants measured the ground, pacing past each other in

contrary directions. On either side warriors strained forward, eager to see what manner of man opposed their leader.

"Youthful indeed!" the vikings muttered. "A boy unworthy of Ingor's sword! We thought to see a battle! The Changeling will slay this stripling ere he has time to lift a sword."

In the Saxon ranks there was consternation and tense excitement as Ingor rode into view. Men prayed and swore. A warrior who had been a monk, ere the bishop suspended him for drunkenness, named David and Goliath. Another, who had put a coat of mail over a religious habit, called to mind Michael, and the lost Archangel. Others, seeing Ingor's great strength, and mighty stature, besought Christ and his Saints for the king's protection. Old Edgar, who had accompanied his master to the field, drew near ere the signal was given to close.

"My lord, the ground is measured. All is in order. You are lighter than he! Circle round him, do not let him know when your blow will fall! Tire him if you can. Make him dizzy with the swiftness of your movements--But before God!--an you are able--avoid his sword thrust!"

"I will remember. . . Give me good courage, Edgar!"

"The Almighty strengthen you!"

Full of misgiving, yet impressed by the calm bearing of the king, Edgar withdrew to a hillock where the jarl who attended Ingor was already stationed. Coldly, with lifting of swords, they exchanged greetings, knowing that one or other must witness the death of the lord he loved.

Out on the level ground the knights waited the signal.



Again the winding of a Saxon horn, again an answer from the invading host! Then silence, followed by the sudden thunder of hoofs.

At full speed the champions rode against each other, but, ere the moment of impact, Edmund swerved aside, making a wide circle, whereat Ingor reined back his horse until its forefeet beat the air, and turned about, lest he should be caught in the back. Guessing his opponent's tactics, he did not rush at him to force an issue, but bided his time. Each combatant was free to use what weapons pleased him best, to change sword for battle-axe, to employ bow or javelin. The Northman hurled a dart, but Edmund caught it on his shield, and plucking another from his girdle grazed the black steed's flank.

Once more the two made as if to close, but this time Ingor interrupted Edmund's turning movement, and delivered his famous thrust, only to find a metal-studded shield across the unprotected spot where the blow should have fallen. Frea's teaching was not in vain. Angered, yet with more respect for his adversary than he had felt when entering the field, the Changeling called to his aid knowledge gained in many fights. This young man should win some slight advantage which would make him reckless, some small success which would inflame him. Of set purpose he spurred his horse, and whirling a battle-axe round his head thundered in Edmund's rear. The fight now became a chase but the white king kept ahead. Suddenly, wheeling about, he smote the axe from Ingor's hand, and for a moment the viking seemed to reel. A shout went up from the Saxon ranks, and Edmund's eyes burnt like blue flame beneath his headpiece.

" St. Felix for Anglia ! "

" Death to the murderer ! "

Ingor marvelled. Success brought no rashness. Here was a warrior seasoned beyond his years.

" Have at you ! " he cried in his own tongue, and again employed his fatal cut of wrist and arm, but Edmund's side was covered.

Treachery here ! Had Biorn played false and from conversation in the ranks learned somewhat of his cunning ?

The Changeling's blood was up. Enough of feint and skirmish ! Better finish quickly the work in hand. With great weight he bore down on his opponent, giving no time to swerve aside. Two blades flashed executing the same movement, but Edmund's sword stood out a handsbreadth behind the viking's back. With his own thrust he had smitten him unawares. Like a log, Ingor fell from his horse. His conqueror, standing over him, thought him dead, but he opened his eyes.

" Son of Ragnar, I am neither murderer nor betrayer ! "

With dying effort the Changeling raised himself upon his elbow, made as if to speak, but clutched the dry earth in agony, and passed to Valhalla.

Shouts of victory mingled with cries of dismay, as the vikings realised their champion was slain. Old Edgar and the Northman ran to the spot. Appointed warriors spurred from the ranks on either side ; but, though men tossed their spears into the air, and shouted to cleave the skies, not for one instant was the discipline of the Saxon host broken. Borne high on two shields, Edmund was carried into the midst of his army, and long afterwards in song and poem

his victory was acclaimed ; yet, even as his warriors hailed him conqueror, there was movement in the opposing ranks. Backwards and forwards they swayed as if held in check against their will. The raven banner was raised aloft, hoarse cries of angry men surged and grew.

At length a horseman burst from the massed array, waving his sword on high, as if wishing to attack. He wore no helmet, and his brow was swathed in bloodstained linen. No longer the Northmen hesitated. Led by Ubba, they swarmed towards the Saxon army. Some companies were obedient to their commanders, others rushed hot-foot to the fray without thought of their fellows. Seeing that heavily armed troops occupied the middle, the line assumed a crescent-shaped formation, ere the wings hurled themselves upon the Saxon wall of shields. Jarls, and leaders of divisions, alone had horses ; and indeed many of these dismounted, and fought on foot, finding themselves a special mark for arrows. In the centre of the Saxon line, Anglian archers stationed on rising ground drew bow above the heads of their comrades, and harried, but could not check the Northmen.

On Edmund's right, Wiglaf routed the first onslaught, but, not knowing what reserves Ubba might summon, would not suffer his men to pursue the fleeing enemy. His judgment was well-founded, for the Northmen gathered themselves together and returned to the assault. Again they were dispersed, while many lay dead cumbering the ground.

In the centre, acting on the advice of Edgar, Edmund had caused a wide ditch to be hollowed, as a defence to the companies stationed behind it,

for there was little doubt in the minds of the Anglian captains that, whatever the issue of the single combat, the vikings would attack. Into this fosse, gaining impetus as they ran, and weighted with their armour, Ubba's warriors floundered; but because they were chosen veterans, tried in many fights, the obstacle served only to hinder, not to hold them back. Harried by arrows and javelins, they climbed over the bodies of the wounded, and reached the further side, to be met by the unbroken wall of the Saxon shields. With sword and battle-axe they sought to beat down resistance, but only in one spot did they effect a breach.

Calling his chosen guard about him, Edmund sprang into the gap. For a moment, in the heat of conflict, he found himself face to face with a viking of squat build, but mighty muscle, whose brow was swathed in a bloody bandage. Like a wild bull the Northman rushed at him.

"Have at you, slayer and seducer!" but, ere the two could close, the tide of battle swept them apart, nor did they meet again until long afterwards, when it seemed to the men of Anglia that God had turned his face from justice and from pity.

For a little space the winged helmets of the invaders mingled with the steel head-pieces of the Saxons, about the star-strewn banner of the king. But, to his warriors, Edmund, fresh from the overthrow of Ingor, seemed more than human as he flashed this way and that, encouraging and rallying his men. Gradually shouts of "S. Felix for East Anglia!" drowned the heathen war-cry of the Northmen, and, though the battle was fierce, never again did the vikings penetrate into the Saxon host.

Meanwhile, on the left, the fortunes of war swung backwards and forwards. Here Edmund's troops were for the most part bands of men not fully trained, but stiffened by companies of older warriors. They performed deeds of valour, but could not hold their ground after the manner of more practised soldiers. From his position on the right, Wiglaf observed this, and, seeing that no more Northmen came to offer battle, detached three of his regiments, and sent them to the aid of their companions.

Gradually the onslaught of the vikings lessened, the intervals between each wave of attack became longer, and Ubba was observed urging his men to the fray.

Hitherto the Saxons had fought on the defensive. Oft-times, when success was theirs, they had with difficulty been restrained from breaking out after the disorganised foe ; but discipline and firm leadership were weighty weapons, and they suffered themselves to be held in leash until the moment of pursuit.

At length, towards evening, when the setting sun threw the shadows of spears and helmets slantwise upon the plain, Edmund galloped down the foremost ranks.

"Up and follow ! Drive them before you ! S. Felix for Anglia !"

"Our lives for the king ! Our lives for the king !" Thousands of voices took up the cry, as the East Angles poured from their position. In a few minutes the whole army was in movement.

The Northmen did not await their coming in a last stand, but headed by Ubba turned and fled. Some ran eastward trying to gain the ships, but Wiglaf was hard upon their heels and slew them ere

they reached the coast. Meanwhile, mariners, sent inland to report on the battle, brought news to the sea captains that the day was lost. Whereupon they weighed anchor, and with oar and sail made for Norway, leaving the fleeing masses of their brethren to their fate.

Other broken remnants turned northward, and plundered the villages, but did not halt. In desperation they crossed the Ouse, and found refuge in the marshes about Wisbeach and Ely. Here Ubba joined them, establishing a hostile camp amid the swamps of Wash. Thus, too weak to issue forth as maurauding bands, and surrounded by a network of streams and brackish lagoons, the Northmen who had come to Anglia set on revenge and plunder, lived as common outlaws for many a weary month.

Upon the night of the battle, obeying Edmund's command, two thanes, accompanied by a party of men, made search for Ingor's body. Beneath a heap of slain they found him, yet arrayed in raven crest, and, wrapping him in his sable cloak, laid him upon a bier and conveyed him, with honour, to Beodricsworth.

At the entrance to the ville, monks in solemn order met the funeral procession, a cross borne on high. Men and women fell on their knees, giving thanks for Edmund's victory, and many voices joined in solemn chanting.

*"Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered!  
Let them also that hate Him flee before Him!"*

In solemn state the fallen champion was carried to the great hall, since he might not enter Christian chapel. All night, armed warriors stood at the head and foot of his couch of state, and monks and



exorcists swung censers and recited prayers, for, according to the superstition of the day, it was feared that witches and demons of the north, or maybe the Devil himself, would break in to bear the dead away. To this end the threshold and the window slits were sprinkled with holy water, and the outer doors barred and bolted.

None disturbed the sleeper's peace, and in the morning a young maid, heavily veiled, accompanied by an old nun, stole through the chamber and paused in prayer. The girl shed no tears, and once the older woman put her arm about her as if to draw her forward.

"No, mother! No! I cannot look upon his face."

"Do not fear. He is at rest!"

"I slew him . . . not Edmund!" But the nun, thinking her distraught with grief, led her away.

With ceremony they laid Ingor the Changeling in a grave beside his father, hard by the Christian burying ground. Because he was wholly pagan no prayers were offered, but old Humbert, whom the younger clergy would have chidden for unorthodoxy, had they dared, came alone at evening and besought God for the dead man's soul.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE CAMP OF LYNN

IN the fork of two rivers, amid swamp, morass, and miasmic mist, Ubba gathered three thousand of his warriors, and called the place the Camp of Lynn. A desolate spot, uninhabited save by wildfowl and gulls, which preyed on the small fish of the lagoons. At high tide it was an island, similar to many another which dotted the marshy expanse, but, at low water, sandbanks and slimy ridges of mud connected it to the higher points, where grew coarse grass and a few stunted bushes. Fields of reeds indicated dangerous bogs, where a man might well be sucked down and stifled, ere help could reach him, but nevertheless the Northmen gathered the rushes diligently, and made from them rude shelters, and frail boats, which they guided perilously across the shallows.

It was yet early summer, and their plight, though desperate, was not fraught with the hardships of bitter weather. The slightly wounded recovered, since none but the strongest had reached the camp. Poisonous vapours, however, from undrained land, and stagnant water, brought on ague, and hardy men became frail as children.

Day in, day out, Ubba sat angry and vengeful within the hovel which protected him from wind and rain, never opening his mouth save in curses. He

longed for strong drink, sought to quench his thirst with brackish water, and thirsted the more. Few would come into his presence, and men, who in Norway had been his companions, avoided his uncontrolled rage, and the weight of his arm.

Seeing he took no heed for the safety of his followers, and ignored the possibility of attack, Amal, one of his jarls, assumed command, and made what preparations he could. Whereat Ubba was jealous and would have slain him, had he not feared an outbreak among the vikings.

Under Amal's direction, the track by which the Northmen had made their way to the camp was guarded day and night. It was tortuous and difficult to discover, but, though careful search was made, there seemed no other path leading to the mainland. Owing to lack of wood, the refuge could not be enclosed by fence or stockade ; neither could trenches or fosses be hollowed owing to the marshy nature of the soil.

Time and again bands of warriors broke from the refuge and raided the country for sheep and cattle, but such beasts as they were able to capture usually sank in the bogs on the return journey.

One evening, at high tide, a small craft was seen approaching across the sandy shallows of the Wash. Thinking it some fisherman unaware of the presence of enemies, the Northmen on guard waited until he should land, intending to seize his boat and what small stores of bread it might contain. But the rower pulled with no uncertain hand, and, presently, springing ashore, drew near to the vikings.

He was clothed in the dark habit of a monk, with his cowl pulled low over his eyes. Showing no

surprise at the sight of winged helmets, he spoke haughtily in the dialect of Norway.

"Guide me to Ubba, your master, if he yet lives!"

"Who are you, that seek speech of the chief?"

"A friend, and the bearer of good tidings! Lead on!"

Awed somewhat by the authoritative manner of the stranger, two guards led him to Ubba's hut, and stood in the entrance.

"What is this? A cursed monk! Take and throw him into the swamp!" the prince shouted.

"Drown me if you will; but first hear my message!"

"Deliver it to your friends in hell!" and Ubba hurled a heavy drinking horn, which the stranger caught with one hand, saying carelessly,

"As you will! I would have saved you, but no matter!"

"Show me your face!"

"Gladly! Do you remember me, Ubba, son of Ragnar?" The hood slipped back, showing the red hair and foxy beard of Biorn the Huntsman.

"By Loki and all the devils! I thought you slain. Now you shall learn how Northmen punish deceivers!"

Meanwhile Amal and an armed band approached the hut.

"Admit us to your council, Chief!" he cried. At sight of Biorn his brow grew dark.

"Whence come you?" he demanded.

"I bring good tidings from the land of the enemy."

Without further questioning the jarl turned to Ubba.

"Prince! We know this man! He has wrought

harm enough. Do not listen to his tale. Rather let me smite his lying head from his shoulders, as he stands."

Never, bound and adrift upon a perilous sea, had Biorn been in greater danger of his life. But Ubba, who hated Amal, and did all things contrary to his will, defended the traitor in grudging fashion. "He deserves death! Hear his message first, and kill him afterwards."

"Most noble!" Biorn exclaimed. "Good fortune turned her face from Ingor the Changeling, but she smiles upon Ubba, his brother."

Ironical laughter rattled in the throats of the warriors, as they thought upon their plight.

"Do not mock!" the thane continued. "I speak with authority. Two miles from this place, beyond the shallows, lies a dragon ship, waiting to summon help from Norway."

Murmurs of surprise went about the throng, which had been augmented by many captains, holding office in the camp.

"Make this matter clear, and prove your tale!" Amal commanded.

"For proof take my boat and row to the vessel! Regarding the rest, events fell out as this wise. After the death of Ingor, and the battle of Framlingham, with many more I hastened to the coast at Orford, where we left the ships at anchor. The greater number of vessels were already well upon the sea, but some few of us climbed aboard the last, as the captain pushed out. What befel the main fleet I know not, but we were driven by south-east winds along the northern shore of Anglia. Being short of water I offered to land and seek a con-

venient spring. Ere I had gone far, for greater safety I slew a monk, and took his habit.

Thus disguised, I entered a village, talked freely with the people, who told me news of the Camp of Lynn, and, when I feigned terror of the Northmen, gave me details of its position, that I might avoid it on my supposed journey through the marshes. Joyful at the thought that I might yet be of use to my friends, I returned to the ship at nightfall, having found a spring of clear water in a hollow of the cliffs. With one accord the vikings determined to sail hither, and, reaching the place, have sent me as their messenger."

Biorn paused, glancing from Amal to Ubba. Truth upon his lips was strange, but for once honesty went hand in hand with convenience.

"When we have seen the dragon prow we will believe your tale," the jarl said sternly. "But, since you brought the vikings to defeat and famine, instead of to riches and plunder, I will slay you."

Biorn turned pale, knowing that danger was not yet passed.

"For the avenging of a grievous wrong, I guided you to Anglia," he began. "That Ingor refused to bring food for his army was not my doing. I suffered with the rest. Who guided your boats through the secret passage at Orford? Who has risked death from Saxon and viking alike in coming hither?"

"All the same I will slay you!" and Amal smiled, as he unsheathed his sword. "I do not trust you, Biorn of Anglia. We have no word but your own that Ragnar the Rover was indeed murdered by Edmund!"

But because of his jealousy Ubba exclaimed,



"Put up your blade, Amal! This man shall not die, we will hold him among us as a prisoner."

Sinking upon his knees, the thane cried out in gratitude. "No matter how I live, if it is near my lord! There is one thing yet that I would say. The dragon ship will carry a score of men to Norway besides the number she already holds. It may be that the noble Ubba will appoint messengers to stir up the vikings of the Northland for the punishment of the stubborn East Angles, and for the rescue of their brethren in the camp of Lynn."

"Such is my intent! Amal, you shall lead the envoy!"

"Nay, lord!" the jarl cried. "The prince himself should make the journey!"

"I? I will not desert my warriors!"

"Nor I my kinsmen!"

With stern faces they looked at each other, neither willing to yield, until at length it was agreed that twenty lesser men should be chosen. Names were put forward and cast aside. One could not be spared from the defence, another was sick, another was strong of arm but poor of speech. Meanwhile, spies returned, reporting the presence of a Norse ship beyond the shallows.

With triumph in his glance, Biorn addressed Ubba.

"My lord, let there be no delay! I implore you choose the men, and have done! Since the truth of my words is proved, may I in humbleness name a plan?"

"Say on!" the prince replied curtly. He would have had Biorn slain but for Amal.

"Since Edmund, flushed with victory, will hold himself ready for attack, and will look towards the

sea, let your messengers say to the Northmen, 'Do not attempt the shores of Anglia. Sail rather to Mercia by the banks of Humber, and march southward with no delay, until you reach the marshes about the Camp of Lynn.' "

"Of what avail, since there is no path from the westward!" Amal cried impatiently.

"I will find a path for you and for them!" Biorn answered. "A manor which I hold borders the swamps. In my youth I could have made the journey blindfold."

"Prince! If we do as this man says, we put ourselves once more into his power! And yet the scheme is good!" The jarl spoke doubtfully, being prudent in judgment. But, seeing his advantage, Biorn exclaimed, "Smite Edmund in the back while he is turned seawards, and the raven shall yet flutter his wings before a victorious host!"

Thus it was agreed, and, because the cunning of Biorn was greater than the wit of the Northmen, he forged a weapon of destruction.

Midsummer came with sultry heat, the water in the stagnant pools lay white, beneath a sky heavy with thunder clouds. Swarms of flies tormented the Northmen, sickness was rife, many wasted from disease, and many died. Only the thought of rescue kept the remnant in heart, though they well knew no expedition could set sail until the spring. Suddenly a danger, anticipated but long delayed, threatened them. Bodies of armed Saxons, driving carts filled with short planks of equal length, began to arrive upon the border of the swamp.

From the shelter of reeds and bushes the vikings watched their enemies, and realised their intent.

From morn till dark the East Angles toiled with the construction of pontoons for bridging the morass, and, though their labour was protected by companies of soldiers, oft and again the Northmen came at night and destroyed what they had done. But they were not to be hindered ; undismayed they set a stronger guard, and worked the harder.

Biorn counselled immediate flight northwards, to a stronghold he knew upon the banks of Humber, but Amal would have none of it, and held the camp to be impregnable.

" Their bridges will sink ten feet in the swamp, once armed men set foot upon them, but should they remain above water, which I do not believe, we can fasten flaming tow to our arrows and burn them."

" Where shall we find tow or pitch ? " one asked.

" Pitch I know not, we have some little oil ; and, in place of tow, I will give my shirt and my mantle, nor is there a man amongst us who will not do likewise."

Thus the vikings tarried, waiting what should befall. Gradually bands of soldiers massed themselves behind the workmen, until it seemed that close on five thousand warriors were gathered for the attack. Diligently, under the guidance of Biorn, Ubba, with Amal and his officers, explored the track to the westward, that they might be prepared if retreat was necessary.

At length upon a thunderous dawn, the Saxons pushed forward their first pontoon. The marsh to be spanned lay between two firm pieces of ground, and the woodwork of the bridge held firmly. Men swarmed forward carrying other pontoons ; yet the vikings dared not shoot, having but a small reserve

of arrows. Steadily the advance continued, until the attackers came to patches of black mud left by the receding tide. Here bridge after bridge sank, leaving those who would have crossed struggling in the suffocating slime. Many were swallowed up, while others gained the opposite shore, spent and exhausted, to be killed by the enemy.

After the fourth attempt, the East Angles withdrew, and for two days the Northmen rejoiced, thinking their adversaries had lost heart; but, on the third evening, men bearing long poles, accompanied by monks with writing tablets, were seen moving from place to place in light punts, sounding the shallows.

When the vikings laughed, saying, "They have brought out their priests to bless the mud!" Biorn looked grave.

"Some new attack is forming! The monks make charts of the swamp. The next attempt will come at high tide."

A week later his words were proved, for the Saxons launched strange craft upon the water; pontoons buoyed up with the inflated skins of animals.

"By Odin, these Angles are no fools!" Amal exclaimed. "Who is their leader?"

"The king is not among them; but I saw Ulfketyl on the morning after the first attack!" Biorn replied.

"He who burnt our ships at Gyppeswick? He shall bite my sword, for he is not man, but devil," and Ubba grasped the hilt of his blade.

The floating bridges of the attackers were cumbersome and difficult to manipulate, but, though heavily laden, they did not sink below the surface of the water. On reaching the opposite bank the

Saxons hauled them ashore with ropes, and carried them to the next point to be crossed. In this way, slow but certain progress was made, and the whole object of the Northmen became to delay their enemies until the ebb tide, when they could go no further. Skirmishes took place between the advancing army and bodies of vikings who lay in ambush, and many on either side were killed.

Sometimes sharp-pointed arrows deflated the skins which buoyed the pontoons, but, seeing that the attackers were plunged into water instead of into mud, they swam to land in safety. Night came, and, under a harvest moon, the work continued. By dawn the tide would have receded; and even now an occasional raft was borne somewhat from its course by the outgoing currents. Nothing dismayed, the East Angles worked on, until a forward party touched the island which formed the vikings' camp.

From all sides the Northmen rushed upon them, wiping them out, but others followed hard in their wake, and, amid showers of arrows, stones and javelins, a landing was made.

Now for the first time, and at close quarters, the defenders tried the effect of burning rags tied to their shafts, but the wood of the pontoons was green and wet, and no harm resulted.

Backwards and forwards the battle swayed. The Northmen fought valiantly, and their battle cries—"Hammer of Thor! Joy of Valhalla!"—mingled hoarsely with the "S. Felix for Anglia!" of the Saxons. Many of the latter were thrust back into the water, but gradually the vikings gave ground. Old Ulfketyl rushed into their midst, swinging his battle-axe about his head; others followed, and,

though they resisted to the death, they were outnumbered, and their ranks cut in two.

Time and again, Ubba, who fought with the vehemence of despair, rallied his men, but the dark hour before the dawn saw broken bands of Northmen fleeing along the westward track to Mercia. Some stumbled and fell into the sucking bog, others lost their way, and, after many adventures, joined the outlaws of the fens, whose hand was against every man.

Others, Ubba among them, led by Biorn, pushed forward until the marshes were left behind, and they turned their faces northward, to the Humber. The Mercians along the coast, poor churls and fisher-folk for the most part, fled at their approach, for they were still some thousand strong ; and at length they gained the refuge Biorn had planned, where, upon a rocky peninsula, joined to the mainland by a narrow neck, they awaited the arrival of help from across the sea.

After the taking of the camp, when all was in order, Ulfketyl asked news of his son, Osbert. The young man had gone forward with the foremost attacking party. His companions had seen him upon the margin of the swamp, fighting hand to hand with two Northmen ; but he did not return after the rout of the enemy, and his body was not among the slain. Doubtless the morass had swallowed him up, as it had done many another, and, though in his heart the old earl cherished a hope of meeting his boy again, he made no protest when the priests said Masses for his soul.

The success at Framlingham, and the taking of the Camp of Lynn, brought joy and thanksgiving to



East Anglia. St. Bartholomew's day was appointed as a time of general festival. In every church, after High Mass, the *Te Deum* was sung, and priests and people showed humble gratitude for a mighty deliverance. At Beodricsworth the king went in solemn procession to the great wooden church, where the queen, wearing the white robe and black veil of a nun, knelt by his side. She had come to the church in a closed litter fearing the comments of the people, for oft-times, as she passed by, voices in the crowd called out truths unsweet to her ears. Her profession of sainthood displeased the stout East Angles, who saw no virtue in her holiness. True, she gave alms, and once, with great show of humility, washed beggars' feet in the chapel porch. But, since the sub-deacon who selected the mendicants first took them down to the river for ablutions, the act lost somewhat of its piety. Nevertheless, at the time of the invasion, when one and another besought her to find safety with her kinsmen in Wessex, she replied proudly, like a true daughter of the house of Cedric—"I am Queen of East Anglia. I will remain and pray for her deliverance !"

Pray she did ; yet, when the king kissed her hand in farewell, at the head of the steps beneath the archway of the outer gate, that all might see, some said that her lips trembled, and that her eyes filled with tears.

As for Edmund, men would have followed him into the sea had he so willed. One and all they loved him whole-heartedly. He was their hero ; valiant as the knights of song and legend ; wise in statecraft ; just judge and merciful ruler. In a few months his fame travelled far afield. Charles, King

of the Franks, father of Judith, sent messengers with pressing invitations to his court, and with offers of alliance. Edmund accepted the latter, more especially the loan of shipwrights, but could not leave his kingdom.

The King of the Lombards promised treasure from the spoil of Rome in return for a thousand Saxon mercenaries; but received answer that the East Angles had work for their swords at home. The Holy Father wrote a letter with his own hand and despatched it by Pandulphus, one of his chaplains, together with the finger of St. Perpetua. Greatly he rejoiced over the defeat of a heathen horde, and signified that Edmund would be welcome in the eternal city. Elgiva adored the finger in its silver casket, as was meet for such a holy relic; the king gave honourable entertainment to Pandulphus, and, having within him a longing for foreign travel, promised pilgrimage when his land was safe.

None grumbled under increased taxation for ship-building, the Witan voted Edmund large sums of money for private use, which he employed in the construction of vessels, to be named after Ulfketyl, Wiglaf, Alfred Ætheling of Wessex, and himself. Here and there monks grumbled that he would have done better to endow a monastery, but they were quickly silenced by the leaders of the Church, who made public supplication for a blessing upon the work.

The overthrow of Ingor, and the defeat of Ubba, made the East Angles deem their king invincible, and with right good will they carried still further the training and discipline which had made them victorious at the battle of Framlingham. Only the misshapen and weaklings sought the monastic life.

When six ships were completed, Edmund revived for the defence of his own coast the old Roman title, "Count of the Saxon Shores," and appointed Sigurd, a thane who had learnt the art of navigation, to the command of the fleet. His duty was to keep watch upon the seas, to report the advance of enemy vessels, and, if not seriously outnumbered, to engage them in battle, ere they could approach the land.

Under the king's direction, ancient forts of Roman origin were put into a state of defence, and new strongholds established upon every vantage ground. Tirelessly Edmund laboured, journeying east and west, north and south. The season was mild until after Childermas, and nothing hindered the wave of activity which swept over the kingdom. Then came a spell of iron frost, and the temporary cessation of all save military exercise.

In the convent of St. Genevieve, the abbess Hildegarde, knowing that her end was come, bade farewell to her nuns, and clasped Frea in her arms.

"Daughter ! daughter ! Your feet are set in stony places. Have courage ! Love much. Pray always !"

Then to Judith—"If the sisters will, I appoint you in my place. Rule with charity, judge none harshly, lose yourself that you may find God."

From Humbert she received absolution, and, as the chapel bell rang in the feast of Epiphany, died, with radiance upon her face. Many wept the passing of her soul. Earls, thanes, the king himself, and a number of noble ladies witnessed her burial. Underfoot the snow lay crisp, and, above, each branch sparkled like a magic wand. Veiled in black, Frea watched the king from afar, marked the stern line of

his lips, the resolute poise of his head ; pressed her hands to her heart, murmuring, " There is no place for love," and realised that, in camp and field, Edmund had left youth behind.

With one accord, because of her great piety, and high rank, the nuns chose Judith for their abbess. Humbly she accepted the office, making herself, in all things, obedient to the rule of life set forward by S. Benedict.

When Elgiva heard of the election she crossed herself as if to repel the Evil One, and cried—" Sin has entered among the wise virgins ! Never will the Holy Father sanction this choice ! " But many things had fallen upon Anglia, ere St. Genevieve's messengers reached Rome.

In the dark days of January, the queen fell sick, and Edwina nursed her. The illness was of small account, save in its effect upon her mind. In surprise the older woman noted the gratitude she showed for small services, marked her gentleness of manner, and once came upon her with wet eyes and swollen lids.

" What is this ? You should have been asleep an hour."

" I slept indeed, but I had a strange dream ! "

" Many folks dream when they are sick ! "

" I walked upon the hills with a troop of maidens, and all around us were white poppies growing breast-high. The rest ran hither and thither, filling their arms with flowers, but, when I would have done the same, the blossoms receded, leaving my hands empty, and so I awoke."

Edwina shook her head. " I have no skill in reading dreams," she said. " But this I know.

Oft-times we yearn for that we have refused, regretting, in age, what in youth we set aside."

"Is it then possible to repent of good, as well of as evil!"

"Doubtless! according to the law of human hearts."

"But the heart is deceitful, leading the soul from holiness."

"I am no saint! A woman merely, loving and hating like the rest; but in fifty years I have learned that tenderness and pity work more miracles than dead men's bones!"

Whereat the queen closed her eyes, pretending sleep, lest she should be drawn into worldly converse, but Edwina wondered what thoughts were in her mind.

Daily the king sent messengers to enquire how she did, and once, when she sat pale and fragile in her chair of state, propped with cushions, came himself, and greeted her with knightly courtesy. It was their first meeting in private since the battle, and Elgiva, who came of a line of warriors, knew that his victory was well won.

"Your deeds are worthy of the House of Redwald!" she said, flushing slightly. "Before your combat with Ingor, I spent the night in prayer. The saints were merciful, and granted my petition."

"I thank God for your intercession! And more for your thought of me!" Edmund remembered he had not visited her on his brief journey to Beodricsworth.

"I . . . I rejoice that you escaped harm!" she spoke, falteringly, as if the words were an effort.

"The queen is kind!"

"Was the Northman truly half-devil from the wilds of Muscovy?"

"Indeed I know not. He seemed as other men, taller perhaps."

"Had I been able, I would have given you a sacred hair from the beard of Cuthbert for safeguard."

Edmund smiled, weighing a hair against Ingor's sword-thrust; but aloud he said,

"Again the queen is kind."

For years Elgiva had encrusted her heart with pious egotism, sapping the spring of unselfishness at its source. And now, when she would have been gracious, and more, to this man whose deeds thrilled her, she knew not what to say, and was tongue-tied as a village maid.

"If it pleases you," Edmund said, careful for her well-being, "there is a royal lodge hard by the shore at Southwold, whither you might travel with your ladies. Doubtless the strong air would restore your health. Arrangements can be made for your journey, if you so desire."

"Oft-times I long for the sea! In childhood, my brother Alfred and I dwelt with Githa, our nurse, by Hamo water."

The king was surprised. Never before had he heard her speak naturally of human matters.

"If I go to this place," she continued, "will you visit me, and bring with you Gorm, the wolf-hound! I struck him once, but I have since thought he did not know his fault."

"Should time allow, and I can for a brief space put aside shipbuilding, the making of forts and the training of soldiers, I will certainly come to you at



Southwold. Wiglaf has a manor hard by, and will give me entertainment. As for Gorm, he is being healed of his wounds in the convent of St. Genevieve."

"His wounds?"

"He joined in the fight at Framlingham, and, 'tis said, seized a viking by the throat. Anyhow he was borne home as hero, and doubtless the gleemen make songs about him."

"Even as they do about the king! Alas, that such songs savour of heathenese!"

"They are of ancient custom, the people love them, otherwise they are foolishness," Edmund replied, wondering a second time at her gentleness. Then stooping over her hand he bade her farewell. When he had gone, she knelt before the silver casket in her chamber, exposed its sacred contents for veneration, but found no joy in their contemplation.

Meanwhile, among the nuns, Frea grew pale as a wind-flower. Those who noticed it whispered, "She mourns her brother's death," but Tekla, who knew much, and who also mourned a brother, said to herself, "The king keeps from her, and she is sad of heart!" Gorm was her special care, and she begged bandages, lotions and ointments from the infirmarian, until the good nun exclaimed, "Was ever such to-do about a dumb beast!" but gave the remedies nevertheless. At the convent the days went swiftly; many sick men lay in the hospice recovering of wounds, others came daily for treatment, and Sister Ermyntude was busy combating local witchcraft and magic prescriptions, of such nature as to poison the hurts to which they were applied.

Her helpers worked from dawn till dusk, gathering and distilling herbs, compounding salves and unguents, and preparing linen for dressings. Frea and Tekla toiled with the rest, thankful to bear their part, but, when the Norse-maid fainted at her post, Sister Ermyntrude would employ her no longer. Her sickness was of the mind, not of the body. Sleep had deserted her, night after night she lay wide-eyed until sunrise, seeing Ingor's accusing face. Once at midnight she crept to Tekla's side, who, waking from light sleep, put her arms about her.

"Tekla ! Tekla ! I killed my brother !"

"Hush ! You are weak and overwrought. With as much truth I might say I killed Osbert."

"You do not know ! Before the combat I showed the king Ingor's sword-thrust. Thus it was I, not Edmund, who slew him !"

"You did this thing ! Never will I doubt your love. Oh, Frea, you have wondrous courage ! Would I might have rendered like service !"

"You do not shrink from me ?"

"Shrink ? Wherefore ? You love the king."

"Truly I love him !"

"Love holds nothing back ! It was Ingor's life or Edmund's ; and you chose ! I would have done the same."

"I sacrificed my brother !"

"They met in open combat, you did but arm them equally."

"I would have given my life."

"You gave what was required ! Frea, do not grieve ! How can you be sad, when you have his love ?"

"I am not sad, save for Ingor, and he is in Val-

halla, whither I sent him. Hildegarde knew and approved, but my heart is full of doubt. Happiness came to me, but it can never come again. I have dipped my hands in blood, and shall dip them deeper yet. The Northmen have fled, but they will return. It may be I am of ill omen to those I love—my father!—Ingor!—Who else? ”

With gentle words Tekla comforted her as best she might, giving her hope of the future.

Days later, in the convent garden, with snow upon the ground and the pink blossom of almond trees overhead, Edmund, led thither by Judith the abbess, found her; the winter sun upon her hair, her eyes deep with sudden joy.

“ I have been long in thanking my deliverer ! ” he cried, pressing her hand to his lips.

She sought to answer but could not. Judith had turned, and, ever quick of movement, was beyond the bare hedge of the herb plot.

“ Have you no greeting for me, Frea ? ”

“ My lord . . . I . . . ! Oh, beloved, I have waited.”

Once more he took her hand, and led her to a sheltered arbour. The sky was blue, the ground white and dazzling, and, round the trunk of a tree where the snow had melted, early flowers were showing.

Nights of weariness were forgotten, all sadness, and the pain of love which is, yet may not be.

“ You have come to me again ? ” Her voice, tender and fluttering, was one with the spring-song of the birds.

“ Affairs held me. The settlement of the kingdom ! ”

"What matter since you are here ! This little hour of sunshine ! Oh, I could hold it with both hands lest it pass too swiftly !"

"Did you read aright the cause of my absence ?"

"Duty bound you. You are the king !"

"Listen, beloved ! After the battle I could have sought you. . . Yet I did not come ! Something awoke in me. . . Honour ? Conscience ? Who shall say ? I was given victory ; it was a gift above earthly power. I could not sully it with love which is sin, for all its sweetness."

Thus he spoke, forgetting that through her he had conquered the Changeling. His manhood thrust back upon itself, made him set his soul beyond her love.

"I do not understand ! I had no thought of sin ! I . . ." Her heart was cold with fear, nor could she set forth her meaning.

"This and naught else," Edmund exclaimed. "I love you ! Yet between each thought of you, each kiss, each act of tenderness, is the accusing voice—'You may not love this maid.'"

"Yet you are here ?—This day of springtide !"

"I came because I was starving and athirst. Think, beloved ! If two men were travelling in a desolate land, and one had food in plenty, the other none ; he who was starving might take from his neighbour so much as would keep life in him, no more."

"To me there is no love without giving—and I give all I have !" Her words came from far away.

"You give, I may not take."

Hiding her suffering, leaving untold the sleepless nights, the torment for her brother's death, the

wrack of remorse and longing, she rose to her feet, and stood before him, tall as a swaying lily, her face pale, her head held high.

"I have never questioned love. For its right or wrong I care not! You are the king! Of what you say I understand somewhat, though it is hard. I would save you from pain. Since love is pain, shall I depart from out your life, leaving no more of memory than you may destroy? I can do this! I can do all, and never falter!" A sword was in her heart, yet she spoke bravely.

"Go! . . . Whither?"

"To the mountains of Wales among the Cmyri, where a holy woman receives those who flee the world. Her dwelling is upon a barren rock——."

"You an anchoress! . . . You, with your sunset hair. Wild valkyrie of the Northland! . . . You are part of my life. . . I cannot let you go! Though it is sin, I must seek you when my strength will hold no longer. Tell me . . . you will wait my coming?"

"Indeed I will wait!" Gladly she promised, thinking of his love, holding it equal with her own, not knowing how hard a thing she swore.

Ere they parted, she lay for a moment at peace upon his breast, gathering courage for the future.

"Put your arms about me, speak words of gentleness, that I may hear your voice when all is dark."

"Has love brought you no joy?"

"It has brought this hour."

He was fain to go, yet, as he looked, it seemed her beauty was not of earth. A warring spirit fretted her tender body, but for him her lips smiled, and her eyes held naught but love, unconquered by fear or conscience.

"Would I might carry you far hence and hold you against the world."

"In a land where there is no regret? Oh my king, I am pagan still! Strange thoughts come to me, maybe they are witchcraft, but this I know. . . Ere long we shall set out together upon a journey, and I cannot see its ending!"

"What matter the end, if we are side by side!" For a moment he threw care away, and laughed the laugh of a young lover.

"Youth is ours! The earth is fair! I think a time will come when I may love you before the world."

"Yes. In a little while!"

She spoke brave words to please him.

Beneath the fairy boughs, he kissed her lips and left her. Long after he had gone, she sat, feeling his presence, knowing it must sustain her through weary months, until the end, which she foresaw, and feared, not for herself, but for him.



## CHAPTER XV

### THE MATING OF TEKLA

"Is it well mixed?"

"Aye, mother."

"Juice of hemlock, blood of serpent, poison of Ethiop, dead men's fat! Distilled into one crystal drop?"

"Aye, mother!"

"One drop for a soul's torment! How melts the image?"

"Swiftly! Too swiftly! Last night it was solid, to-night flames show through the wax."

"Hold back! Or death will claim him ere we are ready!"

"The figure hardens, delaying doom!"

Slowly rising from her stool beside the hearth, the Red Maid of Exning went out into the darkness, and returned with a misshapen image some two feet long, roughly moulded in wax.

"Hail, Thane of Anglia! Biorn, murderer, false swearer, traitor, hypocrite! See what a sweet potion we prepare for your undoing! The fiends of hell are hungry!" and Gundra saluted the grisly shape.

"Speed him on his way a little, daughter, that I may behold! He is yet fat, but he will grow thin! We can stay his decline when we will."

Obediently Thora set the figure before the fire,

and drew a poignard of eastern pattern from her girdle.

“ Once to pierce his cruel heart,  
Once to blind his evil eyes,  
Once to quench his poison breath,  
Slowly, slowly, Biorn dies ! ”

As she chanted, she stabbed the wax with the point of her blade, while the old woman's laughter rattled above the incantation.

“ He sheds no blood, yet he was warm in lust. Daughter, your lover grows cold ! Charm him, till he gives you love for love.”

“ He will find warmth in the pit, and a winding sheet of flame.”

“ Already he wastes a little ! Quick ! The needle ! ”

“ Once to cut his lying throat,  
Once to stab his jealous breast,  
Once to slit his perjured tongue,  
Ne'er shall Biorn's soul find rest ! ”

Fiercely she stabbed, until the wax, softened by the fire, was pierced from front to back.

“ I have hastened his pain ! To-night he will suffer. Revenge is a blood-red flower ! ”

“ Sweeter than love ! ” Thora cried. “ I laugh at Biorn's torment. Though he moans for death, I will deny him. Full many a day, his soul shall hover betwixt earth and hell.”

With a scornful gesture she thrust the image away, and spread her hands to the blaze.

“ Watch the thin smoke curl from the brazen pot,” her mother exclaimed. “ To-night the old witch brews a draught indeed ! ” and, dipping a spoon into a vessel of strange shape, set among the logs, she stirred its contents, muttering the while.

“Thick and murky! It should be crystal clear! Thrice heated and thrice chilled. Once more to add the herb of death! Take all I have, and work the magic change!”

Drawing a gold box from her bosom, she emptied its contents into the pot, and immediately a vapour, coloured like the slime on a stagnant pool, rose in a thick column.

“Ah ha! the spell works! . . . See the bubbles rise. . . White froth, red froth, and a rainbow pearl in the heart of the brew!”

A sound like the hissing of serpents filled the place, the fire burnt low, as seizing an ember Gundra peered into her hell broth.

“Good! Good! Behold the jewel! Quick, daughter, lest we lose its potency.”

Taking another spoon, Thora leaned forward, and, plunging it into the liquid, drew it forth, filled with colourless fluid.

“Well mixed indeed! Here is the phial. Pour gently—let no drop be spilled,” and the old woman held out a flask that might well be concealed in the palm of the hand.

“Truly, truly, Biorn shall reign, when the witch drinks of the king’s cup! Nurse his death draught in your bosom, Thora of Exning. More precious than sucking babe! Day and night it will give you joy!”

“Nay, mother, keep it, lest I be tempted to find liberty!”

“You! Are you turned coward? Finish our work, then do as you will!”

“I shall not falter though I am weary! Give me sleep!”

"Poor fool! Taste the goblet of oblivion, and forget!"

Eagerly Thora seized the cup which her mother held to her lips, and, having drunk, stretched herself upon her bed of rushes. Watching her as she slept, Gundra touched her hair.

"You love him yet! Even now you would save him! Vengeance must be mine alone, because at the last your heart will fail."

Spring deepened, but the season was cold; young leaves stirred in the bud, but did not burst forth. Bitter winds swept inwards from the sea, bringing frost and blizzard. Men wrapped their furs about them; some few grumbled that work on the land was delayed, but the greater number knew that the hard weather was a defence against their enemies.

Self-confidence ran high. The Northmen had been defeated once, and would be again. There was naught to fear.

At the end of March rumour spread southwards—A landing on the shores of Humber—Northmen innumerable—Masts like a forest. The East Angles stood to arms, each man was at his post. Refugees, fleeing through the fens, brought a tale of woe.

"The Mercians are defeated! Priests, monks and nuns are put to the sword, villages are destroyed! Old men are slain, and women taken captive!"

Gradually the cloud gathered about Edmund's realm; but nothing could shake the steadfastness of its defenders. Broken bands of Mercians escaped from battle carried disquieting news—"The horde, joined by Ubba and Biorn, is pouring southwards, the ships have left their anchorage and are sailing to Anglia."

At this last, Edmund called a council of war ; not the Witan, but a meeting of warriors well versed in leadership. To it came Wiglaf, Ulfketyl, Edgar and Sigurd, the newly appointed Count of the Saxon shores, who had command of the navy.

" We know not where the blow will fall ! " Edmund began. " Ubba faces southwards, ravaging Mercia, and his ships follow him along the coast. Doubtless he will penetrate the marshes, having already learnt the road."

" Aye and skirt them, advancing by the Icknield Way," Wiglaf broke in.

" What of the dragon ships ? " Edgar exclaimed.

Edmund looked at Sigurd the commander, and smiled, the two being already well agreed. " How think you, Count ? " he asked.

" I have six stout vessels," the earl exclaimed. " Fair craft and strong, manned by hardy mariners, who in some matters I could wish more skilled. Seeing we are ignorant of the number of Ubba's vessels, we will not meet them face to face, but will dog their movements, falling upon stragglers, and enticing single craft to battle. In this manner we shall hinder the progress of the fleet."

" Well spoken ! " the leaders cried, and Edmund, taking up Sigurd's tale, continued, " If the vikings would tarry by our shores, they must anchor in open roadsteads. The estuaries of Stour, Orwell, Deben, Yare and Waveney are blocked with booms, defended at either end by strong forts, where archers, hidden from danger, can shoot down upon the decks of hostile vessels. We have done all that may be ! Yet do I wish we could meet these rovers in battle array upon the water, and try our strength with

theirs. But what are six Anglian ships against a hundred dragon-headed prows ! ”

Thus it was decreed that, while Sigurd did what he could to harass the pirates at sea, Edgar should take command of the fortresses along the coast.

After wise discussion it was also resolved that the main army under the king, with Ulfketyl as second in command, should hold the passages of the swamp along the banks of Ouse, while Morcar, with a detachment of four thousand men, should defend the pass to the west of Beodricsworth, where the Icknield Way ran between deep forests on one side and the marshes of Cam on the other.

Edmund's march to the north resembled a triumphant progress. Everywhere by the roadside, in towns and villages, folk fell upon their knees giving thanks and calling down blessings. Bread, ale, roast flesh, anything and everything the people could raise from their farms and homesteads, they brought freely for the use of the soldiers. On all sides love, loyalty, and complete trust manifested themselves. High-spirited and courageous, the king, with old Ulfketyl by his side, rode at the head of his host ; a brave figure in white armour, a gold circlet about his head-piece, and, trotting at Astolat's heels, Gorm, the wolfhound, now recovered from his injuries and going to battle for the second time.

Oft and again, when the men sang marching songs, Edmund joined with them, and, at night, could no other lodging be found, lay upon the ground beneath the stars, wrapped in his mantle.

Full of gallant self-confidence, the army reached the banks of Ouse, making Dereham Abbey the centre of their line of defence. All paths were



strongly held, and reserves were stationed at Northwold, Babingly, and the intermediate villages.

One evening, tired somewhat after a day of continuous labour in the placing and settlement of his men, old Ulfketyl lay stretched upon his wolfskins, in the rough tent which housed him. Secretly he mourned for his son, but held that private griefs have no part in warfare.

The light was dim ; torches fastened to poles, set at intervals up and down the encampment, gleamed fitfully. Cold gusts of wind eddied about the shelters where men slept, wearied from toil ; and, save guards and sentries, there were few astir.

With a feeling that he was no longer alone, the old warrior turned to the doorway, and beheld a slight figure outlined against the sky. Not for a moment did he hesitate.

“ Osbert ! my son ! ”

“ Greeting, father ! I have returned to you ! ”

Golden hair flowing to the shoulders, steel corselet and headpiece, tunic edged with crimson, crimson mantle, linen leggings, bound close with leather thongs, shield, sword and dagger. It was indeed Osbert, as he had set forth to the Camp of Lynn.

“ My son ! My son ! ” Giving way to emotion, the old man embraced him. “ We thought you dead ! Swallowed up by the swamp.”

“ I was near to death ! Let me have food and drink while I tell the manner of it ; and, I pray you, do not spread the news of my return ! ”

“ The king will rejoice greatly ! ”

“ To-morrow I will seek him. Let me have peace to-night.”

As the boy spoke, Ulfketyl set barley bread, baked meat, and a horn of ale before him.

"Eat, my son, since you have travelled far! Which way came you?"

"Through the marshes. After the attack I was sore wounded, and lay for many hours among the reeds. At length a band of outlaws, friends neither of Saxon nor of Northman, found me, and bore me to their refuge, hoping for ransom when I was recovered. Three days ago I escaped, hearing that you were near. There is no more to tell."

"You have been sick? You are less broad in stature than when you set out. Your body is thin and your muscles shrunken."

"I can bend a bow, and carry a spear with the rest; though I misdoubt my skill with the battle-axe."

"Our enemies will not attack for a week, maybe longer. You will have time to mend, ere you take command of your old company, which guards the northern pass."

"My father! Give me no work of import. Let me fight under your eye. I do not ask leadership!"

"It was not thus, when you burned the boats at Gypeswick!"

"Maybe in sickness I have lost courage!"

"I have known it so, but your spirit will revive. I will hasten a messenger to your sister, with news of your safety."

"Doubtless Tekla will rejoice!"

"A brave maid. Would she had been a boy!"

"An Tekla were a boy, would you suffer her to live in your tent, tend your armour, be your squire, go into battle by your side?"

"Surely! She would have been no monk to wear out her knees in prayer."

"Neither is she a nun, my father!"

The boy came to the old man's side, and put his arm about his neck. "Tekla is a maid, but being the daughter of Ulfketyl she is half warrior. Could you blame her if she forgot her woman's part?"

Something in the voice, the tender clasp, made Ulfketyl look long into his son's face.

"Woden defend us!"

"Again, this good Christian warrior swears by Woden! Oh, my father, forgive me! And suffer me to stay!"

"Tekla! Tekla! I thought you were Osbert!"

"It grieved me, yet I was glad! Listen, my father. You have lost a son, and found a son! Of my brother, alas! I know nothing. Doubtless he lies beneath the swamp, but I can take his place in all save leadership."

"You must return to the nuns!"

"Never!"

"Edmund will not suffer a young maid to stay in the camp." Vainly Ulfketyl sought to shift the responsibility.

"The king will never know unless you seek him and say, 'Lord, I pray you drive forth my unruly daughter, since I cannot make her obey me!'"

Against his will the old warrior laughed. "By Woden and Thor you are a comely youth, though your feet and hands are small!"

"Woden and Thor! Name the rest! Odin, Baldar, Loki, Frea! Have we a viking here? Or a baptised earl?"

Quickly Ulfketyl caught her to him, and kissed her cheek. "I was ever clay to your moulding. Yet how can you enter the battle? The Northmen will slay you."

"Father! Oh, my father! What is there for me if you send me hence? Prime, Tierce, Sext, Nones—Seven times a day the chapel bell. A little reading, a little embroidery; and all the while my heart chafing for freedom! An you give me protection none will know! Say I am wounded and must rest in your tent. See! . . . I will bandage my brow," and she wound a kerchief about her forehead. "So disguised, none will guess I am not Osbert."

"Certain it is, you cannot return to-night . . ."

"Nor until the battle is fought, and won! You shall not blush for your son's valour."

The next day, and the next, refugees, panic-stricken and famished, fled to the camp, through the tortuous tracks across the swamp.

"They have burnt Lincoln, Peterborough and Croyland! Even now the head of their column enters the marsh."

An East Anglian monk, surprised on a mission to a Mercian convent, sought Edmund in haste,

"Biorn the thane is in high favour with Ubba, who has promised to make him vassal king of Anglia."

"His crown is yet to win!"

"The Northman has sworn to leave none alive in all the land."

"Maybe we shall send him to reign with his brother!" and Edmund looked proudly at the stalwart companies, standing in readiness for attack or defence.

That same evening, a messenger came from the east, spent with hard riding, and his news was ill.

"Sigurd's ships are broken and sunk. The whole Danish fleet surrounded them; they fought until

they were destroyed, nor did any yield to the enemy. A few men who saved themselves by clinging to spars and wreckage are all who remain of the mariners of Anglia."

Sadly Edmund listened, and grieved for his sailors. The disaster was serious, and he must send reinforcements immediately to the fortified positions along the coast, lessening by many companies the numbers of his main army. Scarcely had the regiments departed, when bad tidings arrived from the outposts. The East Anglian garrison in the Camp of Lynn had been overpowered, and the horde of Northmen was advancing without hindrance.

Strongly entrenched behind earthworks and stockades, the Saxons watched the vikings defile into the open plain. An unusually dry season had hardened the mud, and dried up portions of the morass, making progress easy. Not by the known road only, but by a hundred different tracks, made possible by the drought, the invaders advanced, until a mighty multitude of winged helmets was gathered against the host of Anglia.

Thereafter followed ineffectual skirmishes, in which neither side gained advantage, and, at length, with war cries, flight of arrows and clash of steel, the battle joined. From morn until eve of a summer's day, in dust and heat, the fighting raged; backwards and forwards, this way and that, with little result to Saxon or viking.

Brave deeds were done, and brave men slain. A youth with bandaged brow kept ever near the king, and once, by quickness of arm, caught on his shield, a javelin aimed at his master's neck. At nightfall, with the conflict neither lost nor won, Edmund's soldiers retired to their second line of defence.

Thus, with a bulwark of shields and spears between herself and the enemy, the land of Anglia waited.

June passed, and July came with heat and thunder. Northman and Saxon looked at each other across a grassy place, interspersed by knots of trees; each waiting for the other to take the offensive. Time favoured Edmund, for, could he hold his enemies until winter, they would be once more in sorry plight, hemmed in between his army and the morass. Realising somewhat of this, as the season drew towards Lammas, they made a desperate effort upon the Anglian right, but were routed and driven to their encampment. It happened, however, in the last charge, that Astolat fell, pierced by an arrow, threw his rider, and, gasping, died. Of the pursuing host, hot in conflict, none noticed the mishap, save a youth, who ran to the king's side. Edmund had fallen clear of his horse, and lay stunned at the foot of an oak. Swiftly the young knight removed his head-piece, loosened the buckles of his armour, and, fetching water from a brook near by, bathed his brow.

The little wood was dappled with light and shade, sounds of battle had passed afar; green boughs above, green moss beneath, and the sweet murmuring music of afternoon, made a haven in the midst of the strife.

"My hour of happiness promised by the Witch of Exning! And you do not know!"

With tender hands Tekla pillowed Edmund's head upon her lap, and ran her fingers through his hair. "For this I have lived through all the weary months! Do not wake, my beloved! It is not mine to kiss your lips. Yet I will kiss them! I love you



in weakness as in strength. Now you are all mine !  
Hail and farewell ! ”

The king stirred slightly, opened his eyes and closed them.

“ Your spirit returns ? Tarry a little. The gods are good ! Aye, gods, not saints ! The old kind guardians of wood and stream, who joy at lovers’ meeting.”

Turning upon his side, Edmund threw his arm about her, not knowing what he did.

“ So we keep our love tryst ! This is the Isle of Avalon, where Arthur is come for healing ! Arthur the Blameless King. Edmund, White Knight of Anglia.”

Two butterflies drifted above, and Tekla watched the flutter of their wings.

“ Things of a day ! Better to crush all life into a span of sunshine, than to go loveless through the years. Oh ! I would wear rainbow wings for your delight, and suck the sweetness of a thousand flowers. Farewell ! Again, because it is forbidden, I kiss your lips.”

At length the king raised his head.

“ Where am I ? I . . . thought. . . No matter ! Give me water.”

She put the half-filled helmet to his mouth, and, when he had drunk, he looked at her questioningly.

“ What befell ? We were hard upon the Northmen ! ”

“ Astolat is dead. You fell stunned by a branch.”

“ Astolat dead ! Alas, poor beast ! ” and Edmund rose to his feet and walked towards the slain steed.

“ Pierced through the heart ! Farewell, Astolat ! ”  
Stooping, he patted the arched neck, flecked with

blood, and touched the silken forelock. Then, turning to the young knight, "Lead on, I know not which way we came! Yet stay. What do you here? You are——."

"Osbert, son of Ulfketyl! Since my escape from the Northmen, I have remained hidden in my father's tent."

"Osbert! I rejoice greatly! We mourned you as dead. You have been sick?"

"A wound upon my brow."

"I see no scar."

Hastily Tekla lifted her hands. The bandage about her forehead and her steel cap were gone. When she glanced upwards, Edmund was regarding her, a gleam of laughter in his eyes.

"If I mistake not, there have been two warriors of the house of Ulfketyl. Osbert, my friend, who perished in the marshes, and another."

"True, lord! Tekla, Osbert's younger brother."

"A brave youth, who saved me from a javelin."

"A youth who could not find happiness among the nuns."

"A convent is no refuge for a knight of Anglia."

"Then I need not return! I feared that you would send me hence. I feared. . . . No matter what I feared!"

"Ulfketyl the earl, not I, should guide the wishes of the lady Tekla. That he obeys her in all things I have no doubt!"

"My father's will is mine—but it must be my will, ere it is his!"

"Since we have been friends from childhood, tell me why you forsake ease and safety for the hardships of a camp?"

The colour mounted to her face, and her words faltered. "I ever loved adventure!"

With kindly interest he took her hand.

"Is there some young earl, worthy of your love, whom your father will not allow? If he is poor I will endow him with lands, that you may wed each other, and find happiness."

"I found happiness for an hour, it will suffice. I love neither earl nor thane. I am a knight, with no mistress but my sword!"

Bravely she gazed into his eyes, smiling the while; but having no love for her he could not read what was in her heart.

Firmly held, the Northmen rested in their camp, until news from the east made a stir in the Saxon host. The dragon ships had discharged an invading army at Yearmouth, which, having overcome the coast defences, was marching inland. Thus Edmund, that he might not be caught in the rear, once more gave battle upon the banks of Ouse. Nor was it the fight of a day; stubbornly the Saxons waged warfare, but little by little were forced to retire. Never routed, always in order, and of set purpose, they gave ground. Tidings from the coast grew worse. Vikings had burnt Norwich, and had spread over the land, dealing out rapine and slaughter. At length the two hordes joined, and overran all the territory of the Northfolk. But yet the king held firmly a line of defence, from Waveney to the banks of Ouse.

One evening a knight, travel-stained and weary, drew rein at the convent of St. Genevieve.

"I am Osbert, son of Ulfketyl! I bring news from the army."

Like fluttered doves, the nuns clustered about him. "The king bids you flee for safety to Wessex, taking with you such treasure as you can carry ! He bids you also have in your company Elgiva the queen, Frea, daughter of Ragnar, and such Saxon ladies as can join you speedily, for how long the Northmen may be held in check none can say ! "

Then Judith, the abbess, rose up, speaking boldly. "Our mother Hildegarde gave me this trust, which I hold under God, and under His blessed saint Genevieve. Our hospice is full of sick men who cannot be removed, and more come daily from the battle line. I therefore will stay, rendering what service I can ; and with me shall remain the sister infirmarian, and her staff. The rest shall set forth this very hour under the prioress ; through Essex to the land of the West Saxons."

But Frea, with wild eyes and clenched hands, sprang before her.

"I cannot flee ! There are those who say I brought calamity to Anglia ! If I am of evil omen, let me suffer ! Maybe I can assuage the wrath of Ubba ! Indeed, I cannot forsake the land my kinsmen ravage ! "

And Judith, knowing her thought was for the king, dealt gently with her, granting her desire. Many of the nuns would have remained also, but the abbess was firm ; and ere nightfall the convent was deserted, save for those who ministered to the sick. Nor did the queen set out with the travellers.

An ancient serving-man came from the palace, bearing a letter. "If Judith, the outcast of Holy Church, tarries to care for sick men's bodies, Elgiva, Queen of Anglia, will remain to pray for their souls."

Not even in the face of death and conquest could Elgiva forgive.

Ere he departed, "Osbert, son of Ulfketyl," had speech of Frea, in the same harbour where she had bidden the king farewell. Now, instead of snow and pink of almond blossoms, autumn had come apace, with scattered roses and yellowing trees, while a bonfire, kindled by the lay sisters before their flight, filled the air with the scent of burning leaves.

"Let me look at you, that I may carry word of your well-being to him who sent me," and the king's messenger gazed into the Norse-maid's face. "You are frail and beautiful, as if your spirit consumed your body! This I know. You find no peace by day or by night!"

"What matter! Tell me of Tekla, your sister."

"Freia! Freia! Do you not know me? I thought you could not be deceived," and Tekla plucked off her helmet.

"Tekla! Tell me of the king! Of yourself! Oh, the time is short."

"I bring a message from Edmund. Last night ere I set out he summoned me to his tent. After counselling the flight of the nuns, he paused, took me by the shoulder, and spoke as if the words were forced from him—'Seek out Freia, daughter of Ragnar, in the convent of S. Genevieve, and say these words to her alone—Love and courage.'"

"Love and courage!"

"You have them both! Oh, Freia, sleep to-night, with his message in your heart."

"He sent these words to me? You are not mistaken? You do not tell me, to bring comfort?"

"By the saints—No!"

"Then carry this to him in token of the love I have, of the courage I will gain!" and, taking a small curved knife from her girdle, she cut off a shining strand of red-gold hair.

"I will remember!" and Tekla folded the lock in her wallet.

For long they sat, since there were none to hinder, hearing and telling of many happenings.

"None save Edmund and my father know I am not Osbert. The soldiers believe me sick from long captivity, and of small account, save to bear messages and the like, setting free a better man for the defence."

"Tell me, do you see the end?" Frea questioned.

"I fear to look! Yet not a man in the host but holds the king unconquerable. We are outnumbered four to one, though we bar the path of the Northmen. Mercia cannot send help, being overrun, Wessex must look to her own shores. The fight will go on, until the East Angles are victorious . . . or slain."

"And the king?"

"King always, in triumph or in death!"

Sadly the friends parted, and Tekla rode away, knowing that she and Frea would not meet again.

North of Beodricsworth the people had fled from the villages, seeking safer refuge, but, in the camp itself, there was no hint of aught save victory.

On a moonless night, Ulfketyl led a chosen band of men, in desperate sortie, putting many Northmen to the sword, burning stores of grain and destroying a large part of the enemy encampment. Of those who set out, only a third returned, and among them the earl, shield-borne on the shoulders of his warriors.

With the gentleness of rough men, they laid him



on the ground in the midst of the host, as dawn was breaking. A youth but lately returned from a journey ran to his side, and many a knight and thane, with the king in their midst, gathered round. The old warrior was not dead, though his end was near.

"Tekla! The fight is done! I go a long journey. Edmund will guard you!"

"Father! . . . Father!"

"Your mother beckons! Farewell!"

She kissed his brow, and knelt for a while, her hands before her face. Then, rising, faced the warriors, who had learned her secret.

"Lady!" the king said, coming to her side, "all shall be set in order for your journey to Beodricsworth."

"You would send me forth alone?"

"Humbert the bishop returns thither to-day. He will console your grief. Alas! With sad hearts we mourn the bravest warrior in Anglia!"

Pale and stricken, yet full of high courage, Tekla drew herself up proudly.

"My lord, I cannot hide amongst the women! As I have begun, so I will end."

"A soldiers' camp! Lady, it cannot be!"

"I will join to-morrow's fight! And after that . . . No matter."

With great strides, Wiglaf, bearded, broad of stature, hard as iron, pushed through the circle, and stepped across the body of his friend. "This maid needs a protector! Ne'er had I thought, since my wife died, to handfast woman more. Tekla, daughter of Ulfketyl, a score of years separates us! I am tough as an old he-goat and scarred in battle! Yet,

if you will come to my tent, and call me husband, I will entreat you with all honour."

A murmur passed from side to side, but Tekla did not falter.

"You shall find me true wife, Wiglaf of Oulton, and I pray you may never repent the greatness of your heart."

One ran for the bishop, another set up a cross, and, in the open camp, Tekla and Wiglaf were wed. With prayer and benediction Humbert joined their hands pronouncing them man and wife, while old Ulfketyl lay still upon his warrior's bier of shields. Surely never was stranger bridal! For ring they placed upon the maiden's finger a link torn from a coat of mail, for wedding wreath she wore a cap of steel.

The ceremony ended, Edmund kissed her hand and wished her well, as knight to lady. Then only did she falter, while the colour dyed her cheeks; but, when she spoke, her voice was calm.

"I serve the king, and my new lord, Wiglaf of Oulton!"

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE THRICE CROWNED

HIGH revel in the camp of Ubba the viking ; the battle of Thetford fought and won ; Edmund and his warriors gathered for a last stand at Haegelisdun !

With no care for holiness or sanctity, the Northmen rioted in the monastery of S. Benedict. The monks, with the abbot, had been put to the sword, and their bodies lay one upon another in the open courtyard ; too many for burial.

Left and right of the monastic buildings stretched the army of the invaders, housed in rude tents, and in such shelters as remained standing after the demolition of the villages ; but Ubba and Amal, for greater convenience, had made the abbey their headquarters, and the church their banqueting hall.

The altar was overthrown, and in its place stood the bishop's chair, where the Prince lolled, half-drunken, shouting songs and coarse jest to the vikings gathered around the trestle tables, set up in the sanctuary. Other tables for the accommodation of those of lesser position ran from the rood screen to the western door, and many of the feasters were accompanied by women captives, brutalized by lust and bloodshed to acquiescence in their masters' deeds.

The seven lamps, yet swinging in their accustomed place, glowed with sad radiance, torches fastened

to the walls gave a flickering fitful light, and, above all, behind Ubba's chair, the figure of the Crucified stretched sorrowing arms.

Amal, the second in command, more sober than the rest, sat upon his leader's right, while Biorn, now in high favour, had place upon his left.

"By all the gods of Norway! This king still dares to threaten us! His army is defeated, and his crown lost, but with scarce three thousand men he once more offers battle! Since he has a mind to fight we will surround him and his mad followers, leaving none alive. What say you, Biorn, my brother in arms?"

"Well spoken, Prince! Hedge them in on every side, lest they escape with the royal treasure!"

"Amal! Wolfgang! Snorri! Hear what Biorn says! Was ever my brother more faithful to the Northmen than this stranger?"

"Aye! aye! Faithful enough. He has brought us riches and victory! Even Amal, who had no love for the thane, could not deny the words.

"Hear me! Hear me!" Ubba cried, smiting the table with his drinking horn. "What honour shall be given to Biorn, friend of the vikings?"

"Land! Gold! Fair captives!"

"These and more! I, Ubba of Norway, am Lord of Anglia from the northern shores to the Field of Thetford, from Lothingland to the swamps of Ouse. When Edmund is slain, I am minded to return whence I came, and, in my room, as vassal king, I will set up Biorn the counsellor."

"Well said! well said," the Northmen shouted; only Amal looked grave.

"In token of my good will," Ubba continued,

"here, and now, Biorn shall be crowned. What say you, brother? Dear to me as Ingor, whom I would avenge."

Satisfaction, triumph after years of waiting, and the realisation of ambition, shone on Biorn's face, and made bright his cruel deep-set eyes.

"As my Prince desires! I have no other will!"

"First kneel, that all may know you are vassal of Norway, and afterwards sit in my seat."

Unsteadily, because of strong drink, and because of the exultation within him, Biorn did as he was bidden, and Ubba placed one foot upon his neck.

"Swear by Odin, by Thor, by gods, by devils, and by Christ, that you will serve me faithfully!"

"I swear."

Confused by the ale he had drunk, Ubba forgot the remainder of the oath, and raised Biorn to his feet.

"Vikings all! Behold Biorn, King of Anglia!"

Seats were overturned, as men sprang up shouting in acclamation. Taking the thane by the shoulders, Ubba forced him into the chair of state, and, snatching a circlet from Amal's brow, held it aloft.

"Here I crown my faithful underling, and set him up in the room of Edmund!"

"A king is come,  
Two kings are slain,  
As vassal king  
Shall Biorn reign."

In all points save one was the prophecy fulfilled, and Biorn held himself proudly, conscious of the band upon his forehead. Then, without warning, dread seized him. Above the din he heard a thin shrill voice: "Two kings are slain!"—"An old man slain"—"Ragnar in the hour of Biorn."

Sudden silence, followed by the murmur of many voices hushed in awe, roused him.

"A royal woman! How came she here? None marked her! A witch? A dead queen——? See!"

With stately movements, a regal figure, clad in rich draperies of purple and crimson, passed between the tables, since none dared bar her way, and halted at the chancel steps.

"Hail, Biorn, King of Anglia."

"Hail, mistress! Whence come you?" Mis-giving lay cold at his heart, and his voice quavered.

"Do you not know me? Must I unveil in the sight of all assembled?"

"Aye! aye! Unveil, if you are young and beautiful!" Ubba spoke, but the words lacked savour.

"I am neither young nor old! Look upon my face! You know me, Thane of Beodricsworth?"

"Gundra, the Witch of Exning!"

"Witch if you will. It is naught to me. I am of ancient Celtic race, with whom is hid much wisdom. Now, in the hour of triumph, I claim reward."

"Reward? Reward?"

"You have forgot? 'When Bjorn is lord of Anglia, the witch shall drink from the King's cup.' A small request! Why does your face grow pale? What of Thora the Forsaken, and her bastard son? What of Ragnar Lodbrog?"

Fearing the things she might reveal, Biorn stretched out a drinking horn, but Ubba stayed him.

"Not in coarse ale shall the new king pledge his guest! Ho, slaves! Bring hither the altar wine



which these mad Saxons use in their bloodless worship ! ”

Hastily servitors thrust a brimming chalice into Biorn's hand, which trembled, so that some of the wine was spilled. With a deep reverence Gundra received the cup, and raised it to her lips ; but, as her floating veil shaded its rim, she mixed with its contents colourless liquid from a crystal phial.

“ For joy, for honour, for bounty, and long life ! Pledge me, Biorn, the King, as I have pledged you ! ”

Because he dared not disobey, Biorn drained the goblet ; stood for a moment in uncertainty ; reeled to his seat grasping its carved arms ; rose in agony, and threw himself upon the ground writhing. Torn by convulsions, foaming at the mouth, hideous and horrible with pain, he rushed from side to side, nor could he find relief in death.

Like avenging fate Gundra watched. “ Bitter your pangs, Biorn the Traitor ! Even now, Thora, your light o' love, melts her waxen image. The wax drips, the body is thin, a little while and it will vanish. Soon, soon will you meet Ragnar, whom you slew.”

In suffering that could not be borne, the thane beat his head upon the paving stones, then, leaping into the air, fell prostrate, and was still.

But, when the awed vikings looked for the Witch of Exning, her place was empty.

From All Saints till Martinmas summer lingered. Hope had fled from the unconquered remnant at Haegelisdun, and in its stead had come the calm of desperate resolution. Not a man but knew what the end would be, yet never a faltering heart or the weakening of resolve. Circled about by Ubba's

host, Edmund and his followers saw but one course, by which some few might yet gain freedom. Towards mid-November it was resolved to attempt a sortie, with the hope of cutting a path through the opposing army. Full of stern courage, the Saxons made their plans. Too few for division, the little garrison was to advance in wedge formation and seek to force a passage. Dawn on the twentieth day of the month was chosen for the adventure.

Night long the autumn wind howled in fitful gusts, and cold rain beat upon the sleepless warriors. When all was ready, and yet three hours remained, Edmund, in full armour, entered a little wooden chapel, once the home of a solitary mass priest. His face was lined and careworn, and his eyes sunken. Resting his shield and helmet on the ground, he knelt before the altar, where a life-sized figure of Christ, roughly carved in wood, hung from a cross. At first he was silent, but after a while words broke from him :

“God of Battles! Give us courage! Take to Thyself the souls of our dead comrades! Lend help in the conflict! Protect my realm, pity the helpless! I have failed, I know not how. . . . Yet I have fought! . . . . Anglia, my country! . . . . I shall not live . . . . nor would I. . . . Oh, that I might by death give freedom to the land! Strong Son of God, be with us in the battle.”

For a while he prayed urgently, until the veins were knotted upon his brow—then he cried in a voice of tender longing: “Frea, Maid of the Northland! I shall not see you more! Believe I loved you well. Vows and knightly honour kept us apart. There is no stain upon the whiteness of our love.

Alfred of Wessex will guard you. Farewell, Beloved ! ”

Drawing a tress of red-gold hair from his bosom, he pressed it to his lips, ere old Humbert came to shrieve him.

In few words Edmund confessed his sins ; and, absolution given, the aged bishop kissed him upon the brow.

“ My son, before sunset we shall be together in a fair country.”

“ I do not fear death. Yet I would have saved Anglia ! ”

“ Maybe our defeat is part of some wise plan, to be fulfilled ages hence, when Northmen and Saxons are of one blood.”

“ Father, bless me ere I go ! ” The human cry tore the old man’s heart, and made the tears course down his wrinkled cheeks.

“ I both love and bless you ! Gird on your sword for the last fight.” Together they passed into the chill dawn, where the warriors were assembled.

Almost the sortie was successful. Almost, against overwhelming numbers, the Saxons broke through the surrounding host. Some few, indeed, gained their object, among them Wiglaf and a young knight who fought at his side. With such men as were with them, they fled into a forest, evading their pursuers, and at length reached the border of Essex. But for the rest—— Far into the day, when the advance was checked, Saxon warriors fell where they fought, until at length none remained, save a little band who stood upon a knoll about the king. Above them floated the white and azure banner of Anglia, as with valour undimmed they battled to the

end. Towards evening but three remained, Edmund the king, bloodstained and weary, whom Ubba had sworn to take alive, Humbert the bishop, who knelt in prayer beneath the standard, and old Edgar, who fell at length, cleft to the breast by a battle-axe.

Thus, with bloody sword, Edmund stood amidst the slain, nor marvelled when a thick-set viking in winged helmet hailed him.

"Ho! Edmund of Anglia! 'Would you slay me by your devil magic, as you slew my brother Ingor? Yet, because Biorn was false to us both, I will give you a chance of life. Renounce your Christ, and swear obedience to me!"

Clearly the king answered the challenge: "Christ is my captain in life and death. I give obedience to none other!"

"Take this man and bind him to yonder oak!" Ubba shouted vengefully.

Climbing across the dead, five vikings laid hands on Edmund. One he slew, the rest dragged him to a tree, and bound him hand and foot.

"See! A fitting mark for your arrows! Shoot, but do not kill!"

A score of Northmen drew bow, but the King's armour protected him.

"Fools! Fools! Strip off his mail! Wrench it from him! Have your hearts turned to water?"

Bleeding and helpless, Edmund stood before his tormentors. "Will you deny Christ?"

"Never!"

"Who is greater? Ubba or the Crucified?"

"Christ above all!"

"Have at him! Fill him with shafts!"

Swiftly the arrows flew, finding their goal in the

king's flesh. But when the soldiers wearied of the sport, Amal, because he respected valour, with a sweep of his sword, severed Edmund's head from his body, that his suffering might end.

Old Humbert the Northmen slew at his master's feet. Thus, on the twentieth day of November, in the year of our Lord 870, King and Bishop gained crowns of martyrdom.

When the vikings had departed, warriors and faithful servants returned secretly, and, cutting down Edmund's body, laid it reverently on a bier. After much search in the neighbouring woods, they found the severed head, where the invaders had cast it. Old legends tell of a grey wolf guarding the relic, but the weeping fugitives saw only Gorm the hound, watchful and vigilant, crouching upon bloodstained leaves as he rendered his last service.

In sorrow the little company set out for Beodricsworth, making the cross-country journey in the rear of Ubba's army.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Meanwhile, in the convent of S. Genevieve, care of the sick had cast out all thought of fear. By day and by night, the abbess and her band of helpers went about their work of healing; and, after a time, seeing she could no longer support inactivity, Elgiva the queen begged admission, that she also might bear her part.

Because Judith was great-hearted, and of tender charity, she received her as a sister, and set her simple tasks, easy of fulfilment.

For some reason which none could make clear, the convent and the ville of Beodricsworth remained unharmed, in a devastated tract of country. Far and

wide, the inhabitants, and with them Edwina, and the ladies of the court, had fled to Wessex, but as yet no ill had come to the little company of women who remained behind.

Then, on a day of blizzard and snowstorm, Ubba, and a band of followers, rode to the nunnery gates. With great clatter they entered the courtyard. Royally, in spite of her small stature, utterly unafraid, as became a king's daughter, the wife of a king, and the mother of her nuns, Judith met him.

"Are any of your followers sick, that we may render service?" she asked. "We are a community of women, given to healing!"

"I want no healing, Mistress! I am Ubba the Northman! Frea, Edmund's mistress, and his wife, Elgiva . . . .?"

"Sir! Your words are vile! Since the maid Frea is of your kin, you shall have speech with her. The Queen Elgiva is naught to you!"

"Naught to me! Ho! ho! A pretty jest! I have come to bear her to my tent, since she is fair of face!"

"That you shall not! Even now she takes sanctuary."

Dismounting in anger, Ubba thrust the abbess aside, giving an order to his men: "Search the place! Bring the queen before me! Leave the rest! Our time is short."

Through cloister and hall the vikings ranged, laughing aloud when they came upon the sick men in the hospice, yet forbearing to smite, because the prince had dreamed an evil dream, which forbade him on that day to draw sword.

At length, when the main buildings had been



searched, Ubba gave orders to break down the chapel doors. Heavy blows shattered the woodwork, and, stepping into the gloom, he beheld a while-robed woman clinging to the altar.

"A royal captive! Come, sweet princess, and learn the might of a viking's love!"

As he sprang to take her, a maid with red-gold hair barred his way.

"Cease! or with Ingor's thrust I will send you to Valhalla!" In an instant he recognised Frea; knew her skill with the two-edged blade she carried.

"An you stay me, you shall join your lover!"

"No man has been my lover. Biorn, not Edmund, was the slayer of Ragnar!"

"Enough! I carry the queen hence!"

Matching her strength with his, she would have slain him, until at length, forgetting his ill-omened dream, he struck his sword into her bosom. But, when the blood gushed forth, fear took him, and he turned and fled; nor drew rein until he and his men were far upon Exning Heath.

Unnoticed in the turmoil of the vikings' departure, a little company of men bearing a stretcher entered the convent chapel, a grey wolfhound trotting at their heels. Reverently they set down their burden, nor heeded a woman who knelt before the altar, nor yet another who lay sore wounded beside a pillar.

Their task accomplished, they set out once more to find a priest, that the body of their king might be given Christian burial.

Slowly, with dying effort, Frea dragged herself across the pavement, until her head rested upon the pall.

"I come to you, beloved, where you wait among

the knights. Not in death will I look upon your face . . . but . . . in . . . our new life . . . !”

Then, closing her eyes as if in sleep, she sank gently down until she lay at peace, by the king's side.

Wondering and desolate, the queen gazed upon the twain, knowing too late the bitterness of love.



*A Catalogue  
of the Books  
published by*  
**JOHN LONG LTD**



*12, 13, 14, Norris St.  
Haymarket, London*

Telegrams & Cables :  
"Longing London"  
Code—A B C (5th Edition)

Telephone No.  
Regent 6313

*April, 1920*

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
FICTION	3
GENERAL LITERATURE	67
POETRY AND DRAMA	86
CARLTON CLASSICS	93
MODERN CLASSICS	94
HAYMARKET NOVELS	94
INDEX	103

MESSRS. JOHN LONG'S books are stocked by all the leading booksellers and libraries. Should there be any difficulty in securing copies, Messrs. John Long will be glad to have intimation. Supplementary Lists are issued periodically.

*April, 1920*

NOTE.—Owing to the greatly enhanced cost of production in all departments of publishing, most of the books in this Catalogue are priced higher than in the previous issue, and are still subject to alteration in view of the continuous increases in the expenses of production.

## FICTION

## ACORN, GEORGE

*The Driving Force.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## ADAMS, JANE

*The Test.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## ALEXANDER, EVELYN, NOVELS BY

*The Heart of a Monk.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*The Essence of Life.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## AMITY, JOHN

*An Island Interlude.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## ANGELO, FLORENCE

*The Greatness of John.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## ANONYMOUS

*Mantrap Manor.* By the Author of "When it was Light." Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*Merciless Love.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*For a God Dishonoured.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*The Curse of Eden.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*The Fool Hath Said.* A reply to the "New Theology." By the Author of "When it was Light." Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net  
Also Cheap Edition.

*The Master Sinner.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

ANONYMOUS—(*Continued*)

- The Desired Haven.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net. Frontispiece  
**When it was Light.** A Reply to "When it was Dark." Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net  
 Also Cheap Edition
- Improper Prue.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Also Cheap Edition
- The Price of Possession.** By the Author of "Improper Prue." Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Also Cheap Edition
- Salad Days.** By the Author of "Improper Prue." Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Vaudevillians.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Romance of Princess Arnulf.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## APPLETON, G. W., NOVELS BY

- The Rook's Nest.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Mysterious Miss Cass.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Silent Passenger.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Duchess of Pontifex Square.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Ingenious Captain Cobbs.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The House on the Thames.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Willoughby Affair.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Down Express.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- Dr. Dale's Dilemma.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- A Comedy of the Unexpected.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## ARNOLD, LILIAN, NOVELS BY

- Also **Joan.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Storm-Dog.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Also Cheap Edition
- The Enchanting Distance.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## ASKEW, ALICE AND CLAUDE, NOVELS BY

- The Tocsin.** Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. net
- The Garment of Immortality.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98
- The Inscrutable Miss Stone.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net



---

ASCOTT, JOHN

**Boy's Father.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## AYSCOUGH, JOHN, NOVELS BY

**Fernando.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

New Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d. net

John Ayscough strikes a more intimate personal note than usual in this work, which is in effect the autobiography of the author presented in the guise of fiction. It contains the first phase of the author's life up to the time of his conversion and his leaving Oxford. It supplies the demand made by many for the story of Ayscough's adventures on the road to Rome

**The Tideway.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Foundress.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

## BACHELOR, BY A

**My Escapes.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## BAKER, AMY J. (MRS. MAYNARD CRAWFORD), NOVELS BY

**I Too Have Known.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**The Impenitent Prayer.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**The Snake Garden.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**Moonflower.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**Dear Yesterday.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**Tyrian Purple.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**The King's Passion.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

## BARR, AMELIA E.

**The Belle of Bowling Green.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

## BARRETT, FRANK

**The Night of Reckoning.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100

**BASEVI, COLONEL CHARLES EDWARD****Victimised.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**BAYLISS, HELEN, NOVELS BY****A Woman in the City.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**Slaves of Passion.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**A Woman at Bay.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**BEAMAN, EMERIC HULME****The Experiment of Dr. Nevill.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**BEARDMORE, G. RUSSELL, NOVELS BY****A White Lie.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**The Career of Freda.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**BERKLEY, EIBBON****Oswald Steele.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**BETHAM-EDWARDS, MATILDA****Martha Rose, Teacher.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**BINDLOSS, HAROLD, NOVELS BY****The League of the Leopard.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**His Master Purpose.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**Alton of Somasco.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**The Cattle Baron's Daughter.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**The Dust of Conflict.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**Delilah of the Snows.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

---

BINDLOSS, HAROLD, NOVELS BY—(*Continued*)

**By Right of Purchase.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**Thrice Armed.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**The Greater Power.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**The Gold Trail.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**Rancher Cartaret.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**Alison's Adventure.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

## BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, JOHN

**Traitor and True.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

## BLYTH, JAMES, NOVELS BY

**Amazement.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Rubina.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. Coloured Frontispiece

Also Cheap Edition

**The Member for Easterby.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**The Penalty.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Thora's Conversion.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**A Complex Love Affair.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Folly's Gate.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Faith and Unfaith.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

BLYTH, JAMES, NOVELS BY—(*Continued*)**The Barbarians.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Ursula's Marriage.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**A Modern Sacrifice.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**A Marriage for Two.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**Vain Flirtation** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**A Dangerous Thing.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net**The Basking Pear.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net**A Widow's Wooing.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

## BODKIN, M. McDONNELL, K.C., NOVELS BY

**In the Days of Goldsmith.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s**A Madcap Marriage.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s

## BOOTHBY, GUY, NOVELS BY

**In Spite of the Czar.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. net. With 8 Illustrations by LEONARD LINSDELL

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See pp. 97, 100

**The Lady of the Island.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. net. With 8 Illustrations by A. TALBOT SMITH

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**A Cabinet Secret.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. net. With 8 Illustrations by A. WALLIS MILLS

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See pp. 97, 100

**A Bride from the Sea.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. net. With 8 Illustrations by A. TALBOT SMITH

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

## BOSANQUET, EDMUND, NOVELS BY

**A Society Mother.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**The Woman Between.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Catching a Coronet.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Mary's Marriage.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Dice of Love.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## BOWEN, MARJORIE, NOVELS BY

**The Viper of Milan.** Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. net. See p. 97

**The Glen o' Weeping.** Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. net. See p. 97

## BRADLEY, J. FOVARGUE

**The Passing of Night.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## BRANDON, D.

**The Davosers.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## BREBNER, PERCY JAMES, NOVELS BY

**A Gallant Lady.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**The Gate of Temptation.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

## BRETON, FARREN LE, NOVELS BY

**The Courts of Love.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition.

**Inspiration.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Stairs of Sand.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**The Sins Ye Do.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

## BRETON, JOHN LE

**The Church and Thisbe Grey.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**BREWER, DANIEL DOUGLAS**

**A Full-length Portrait of Eve.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**BRICE, SHIRLEY**

**The Might of a Wrong-doer.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**BRIGGS, ERNEST E.**

**The Two Rivers.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**BRUCE, HENRY, NOVELS BY**

**The Eurasian.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Residency.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Song of Surrender.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Wonder Mist.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Bride of Shiva.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**BRUCE, ROBERT**

**Benbonuna.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**BUCHANAN, ROBERT**

**Father Anthony.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Illustrated Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See pp. 97, 100

**BURGIN, G. B., NOVELS BY**

**The Bread of Tears.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A Wilful Woman.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Way Out.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A Son of Mammon.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Shutters of Silence.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**BURRARD, W. DUTTON**

**A Weaver of Runes.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**BYATT, HENRY, NOVELS BY**

**The Testament of Judas.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Real Man.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

---

CALTHROP, DION CLAYTON, NOVELS BY

**Tinsel and Gold.** Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. net. See p. 97

**Perpetua.** Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. net. See p. 97

## CAMERON, MRS. LOVETT, NOVELS BY

**A Difficult Matter.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100

**A Passing Fancy.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**Bitter Fruit.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**An Ill Wind.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**A Woman's No.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**Midsummer Madness.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**The Craze of Christina.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100

**A Fair Fraud.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100

**Remembrance.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100

**Rosamond Grant.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 94



**CAMPBELL, ARTHUR**

**The Combat.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**CAPES, BERNARD**

**The Mill of Silence.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**CAREY, ALFRED E.**

**The Gleam.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Dark Lady.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**CARREL, FREDERIC, NOVELS BY**

**The Progress of Pauline Kessler.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Paul le Maistre.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Realization of Justus Moran.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Houses of Ignorance.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Marcus and Faustina.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**CARPENTER, J. HAROLD**

**The Pendulum.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**CARRIER, ELSÉ.**

**A Soul in Shadow.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**CARTER, J. L.**

**The Pilgrimage of Delilah.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**CASTELMAN, HENRY C. ff.**

**Oliver.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## CAVE, JOHN, NOVELS BY

The Wiles of a Wife. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Who Shall Have Her? Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## CAWTHORNE, ELSIE M.

A Year without a Chaperon. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## CHAMBERLAYNE, EFFIE

Before the Curtain. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## CHATTERTON, G. G., NOVELS BY

The Angel of Chance. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Court of Destiny. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Straight Shoes. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Gate of Never. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Sport of Circumstance. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

The Dictionary of Fools. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Fatality. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Girl with the Odds Against Her. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Hobson's Choice. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Human Starling. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net.

## CLARE, AUSTIN, NOVELS BY

The Little Gate of Tears. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Conscience of Dr. Holt. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## CLAREMONT, NITA

Their Month. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## CLARK, MRS. HUGH

In the Heyday of Youth. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**CLEEVE, LUCAS, NOVELS BY**

**Eileen.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Indiscretion of Gladys.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

**His Italian Wife.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**The Purple of the Orient.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Plato's Handmaiden.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Yolande the Parisienne.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Real Christian.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Lady Sylvia.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

**Mademoiselle Nellie.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**St. Elizabeth of London.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

**Soul-Twilight.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Billy's Wife.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Love and the King.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Selma.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Her Father's Soul.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A Woman's Aye and Nay.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**What Woman Wills.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Duchinka.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The One Moment.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**COBBAN, JAMES McLAREN, NOVELS BY**

**The Iron Hand.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Terror by Night.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**An African Treasure.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**I'd Crowns Resign.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Green Turbans.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A Soldier and a Gentleman.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Pursued by the Law.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**COLLIER, VINCENT**

**Light Fingers and Dark Eyes.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

---

---

COLLINS, WILKIE

**The Woman in White.** Large Crown 8vo., cloth, gilt, 4s. net; leather, gold-blocked, and silk marker, 6s. net.; classic half-vellum, 10s. net. All editions contain Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and 16 Illustrations by A. TALBOT SMITH. *Library of Modern Classics.* See p. 94

## COLTHURST, RICHARD ST. JOHN

**A Social Innocent.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## COMPTON, JAMES

**The Hospital Secret.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## COMSTOCK, SETH COOK, NOVELS BY

**Monsieur le Capitaine Douay.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Rebel Prince.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. With Photogravure frontispiece by HAROLD COPPING

## COOK, ALEC

**The Parish Doctor.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## COOKE, HENRY ROBSWOOD

**Buccaneers' Island.** Coloured frontispiece and other illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## COOKE, J. Y. F.

**Stories of Strange Women.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## COOPER, EDWARD H.

**George and Son.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

## "CORONET," NOVELS BY

**Mighty Mayfair.** Crown 8vo., paper cover, 1s. 6d. net

**The Modern Market Place.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Wisdom of the Fool.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Thrown Over.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**COWDEN, ARTHUR**

**The Horse and the Maid.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**CRAIG, DORIN, NOVELS BY**

**The Key of the World.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Mist in the Valley.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**CRESWICK, PAUL, NOVELS BY**

**Idols of Flesh.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Honesty's Garden.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Ring of Pleasure.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. Coloured front

**The Kitty Confidences.** Fcap. 8vo., paper cover, 1s. net

**CROMMELIN, MAY, NOVELS BY**

**Kinsah.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. Frontispiece by A. SAUBER

**The Luck of a Lowland Laddie.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A Woman-Derelict.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A Daughter of England.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Bettina.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**One Pretty Maid and Others.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Crimson Lilies.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**Partners Three.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

**The White Lady.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

**Phœbe of the White Farm.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The House of Howe.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**CROSLAND, T. W. H.**

**The Suburbans.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. net

Also Cheap Edition.

**CROUCH, A. P., NOVELS BY**

**A Wife from the Forbidden Land.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Nellie of the Eight Bells.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

CULLEN, W. R.

**The Unwedded Bride.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

CURTIES, CAPTAIN HENRY

**The Phases of Marcella.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

DARCHE, MURIEL, NOVELS BY

**The Porters of Woodthorpe.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Coquette.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

D'ARCY, HAL

**A Handful of Days.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

DAVENANT, PHILIP, NOVELS BY

**Cicely Vaughan.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Wise in his Generation.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

DAVIDSON, L. CAMPBELL

**Second-Lieutenant Celia.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net.  
Illustrated

DAVIS, ELLIS J.

**His Little Bill of Sale.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

DAVIS, JESSIE AINSWORTH

**A Forsaken Garden.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

DAWE, CARLTON, NOVELS BY

**One Fair Enemy.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Confessions of Cleodora.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**The Woman with the Yellow Eyes.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**The Admiralty's Secret.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**The Mighty Arm.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**A Brush with Fate.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

## DAWSON, CHARLES

**A Minister of Fate.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## DELAIRE, JEAN, NOVELS BY

**Around a Distant Star.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. Illustrated

**A Dream of Fame.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## DENNIS, D. H., NOVELS BY

**Moths and the Maid.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Soul of the Snows.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Spell of the Lotus.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Cross-Roads.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Widow of Gloane.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## DESMOND, FRANK

**A Far Cry.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## DICKBERRY, F., NOVELS BY

**The Storm of London.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100

**Stephen Ormond.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## DICKENS, CHARLES

**A Tale of Two Cities.** Large Crown 8vo., cloth, gilt, 4s. net; leather, gold-blocked, and silk marker, 6s. net; classic half-vellum, 10s. net. All editions contain Photogravure Portrait of the Author and 16 Illustrations by FRANK CHESWORTH. *Library of Modern Classics.* See p. 94

## DIEHL, ALICE M., NOVELS BY

**Entrapped.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Love and Liars.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Temptation of Anthony.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Love—with Variations.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The End of a Passion.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net



DIEHL, ALICE M., NOVELS BY—(*Continued*)

Her Ladyship of the Season. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

A Lovely Little Radical. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Miss Strangeways. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Isola. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Incomparable Joan. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

From Pillar to Post. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## DILL, BESSIE

The Lords of Life. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## DIXIE, LADY FLORENCE

Izra. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## DODGE, WALTER PHELPS, NOVELS BY

The Sea of Love. Long 12mo., cloth, 1s. 6d. net

The Crescent Moon. Long 12mo., cloth, 1s. 6d. net

## DONOVAN, DICK, NOVELS BY

The Scarlet Seal. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

The Crime of the Century. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

In the Queen's Service. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

In the Face of Night. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## DOTHIE, W. P.

Paul, the Optimist. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, MRS. ALFRED (The late). Edited  
by her Daughter, LADY DUNBAR OF MOCHRUM

Leone. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## DOYLE, MINA

*On Parole.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## DUDENEY, MRS. HENRY

*Men of Marlowe's.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## DUFF-FYFE, ETHEL, NOVELS BY

*The Nine Points.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*The Relentless Gods.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## DUNTZE, LADY

*Infelix.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## DURANT, M.

*First-Fruits.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## ELIOT, GEORGE, NOVELS BY

*Adam Bede.* Large crown 8vo., cloth, gilt, 4s. net; leather, gold-blocked, and silk marker, 6s. net; classic half-vellum, 10s. net. With Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and 16 Illustrations by P. B. HICKLING. *Library of Modern Classics.* See p. 94

*Mr. Gilfil's Love Story.* Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## ELKINGTON, E. WAY

*The Two Forces.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## ELVEY, G. F. HANDEL

*A Girl with Ideals.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## ESLER, MRS. E. RENTOUL

*Youth at the Prow.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## EUSTACE, ROBERT

*A Human Bacillus.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## FENN, GEORGE MANVILLE, NOVELS BY

**Blind Policy.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Aynsley's Case.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## FIFE, ALEXANDER O.

**Through the Wine-Press.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## FISHBOURNE, FRANCES ELIZABETH

**Céline : A True Story of the French Revolution.** Translated from the French of Mdle. V. de Regnier. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## FITZGERALD, EILEEN, NOVELS BY

**A Wayfaring Woman.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition.

**Eleanor's Husband.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**Thistledown.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**Jane Hobbs.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

## FLETCHER, J. S., NOVELS BY

**The Arcadians.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. Illustrated

**The Harvesters.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Investigators.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Golden Spur.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Three Days' Terror.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**The Bartenstein Case.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**The Ransom for London.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

## FLOYER, A. M.

**Environment.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## FORBES, LADY HELEN, NOVELS BY

**The Provincials.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Lady Marion and the Plutocrat.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## FORBES, HON. MRS. WALTER R. D.

**Vane Royal.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## FORD, DAVID

**The Mormon Lion.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## FORD, PENELOPE

**A Page in a Man's History.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## FORD, STANLEY

**Etelka.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## FOREMAN, STEPHEN, NOVELS BY

**The Fen Dogs.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Terrible Choice.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## FORSTER, R. H., NOVELS BY

**The Last Foray.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**In Steel and Leather.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Strained Allegiance.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Arrow of the North.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Mistress of Aydon.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. Illustrated

**A Jacobite Admiral.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Harry of Athol.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Midsummer Morn.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Little Maister.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## FORSYTH, MAY.

**Peter of Gunneroy.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

---

**FOWLER, HARRY**

**With Bought Swords.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**FOX-DAVIES, A. C., NOVELS BY**

**The Duplicate Death.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**The Testament of John Hastings.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Ultimate Conclusion.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**FRANCIS, M. E. (MRS. FRANCES BLUNDELL), NOVELS BY**

**Noblesse Oblige.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Tender Passion.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Our Alty.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**FRANKLAND AND STEWART**

**Conflict and Conquest.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**FRASER, MRS. HUGH**

**The Stolen Emperor.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**GALLON, TOM, NOVELS BY**

**The Great Gay Road.** (Novel of the Play—also filmed) Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Memory Corner.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Levity Hicks.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Young Eve and Old Adam.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**GARDINER, F. C.**

**Divided Houses.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**GARNETT, WILLIAM TERRELL**

**The Fooling of Don Jaime.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**GERARD, DOROTHEA, NOVELS BY**

**Itinerant Daughters.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Restitution.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Pomp and Circumstance.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Red-Hot Crown.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Grass Widow.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**The Inevitable Marriage.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**A Glorious Lie.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

**GERARD, MORICE, NOVELS BY**

**Dr. Manton.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**John Montcalm.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**GERSTENBERG, ALICE**

**Unquenched Fire.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**GIBB, MRS. HUGHES, NOVELS BY**

**The Soul of a Villain.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Through the Rain.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**GIBBS, EDITH A.**

**A Daughter in Judgment.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A Golden Casket of Stories.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net, illustrated

## GILBERT, GEORGE, NOVELS BY

**In the Shadow of the Purple.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Bâton Sinister.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Island of Sorrow.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## GILCHRIST, R. MURRAY, NOVELS BY

**The Secret Tontine.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Weird Wedlock.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Under Cover of Night.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## GILLIES, E. SCOTT, NOVELS BY

**The Shadow of the Guillotine.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A Spark on Steel.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Red Wedding.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## GIRVIN, BRENDA

**Cackling Geese.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## GISSING, ALGERNON, NOVELS BY

**The Master of Pinsmead.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Second Selves.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## GLANVILLE, ERNEST

**A Beautiful Rebel.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

## GODFREY, MRS. TOM

**A Modern Hagar.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## GOLDACKER, BARONESS VON

**A Butterfly.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## GOLDIE, V., NOVELS BY

**The Dream Friend.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Sound Ground.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net



NAT GOULD, NOVELS BY

## SALES EXCEED 20 MILLION COPIES

The sales of the Novels of Mr. Nat Gould, to the end of 1919, exceed the colossal figure of 20,000,000 copies. This is a record and, in the matter of sales, places Mr. Nat Gould head and shoulders above all writers within recent times. Messrs. John Long, Ltd., are the **EXCLUSIVE** Publishers of all Mr. Nat Gould's New Novels, and have been for the last fifteen years; therefore those issued without the John Long imprint, unless under special licence granted by Messrs. John Long, are only the very early productions of Mr. Nat Gould. Licenses to one firm (large newspaper proprietors) for three novels only have been granted, and these merely for a limited period.

**One of a Mob.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**A Bit of a Rogue.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

**The Selling Plater.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Lady Trainer.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**A Straight Goer.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**A Hundred to One Chance.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**A Sporting Squatter.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

*Athenæum*, June 10, 1911, says:—"All living writers are headed by Mr. Nat Gould, and, of the great of the past, Dumas only surpasses his popularity."

New Library Novels by Mr. Nat Gould, and also Reprints of his already published Novels, will be issued from time to time in various editions.

*List of Mr. Nat Gould's Novel's continued on page facing,*

NAT GOULD, NOVELS BY—(*Continued*)

*Nation*, 9th August, 1919, says:—"In the way of sale, his wares surpassed all others. To millions they were the breath of mental life. We have heard that a newspaper purchasing the serial rights of one of his stories could promise itself an increased circulation of 100,000 a day, no matter what its politics or its principles."

**Charger and Chaser.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards 2s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Pet of the Public.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

**The Lottery Colt.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Little Wonder.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**A Stroke of Luck.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

**The Top Weight.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Dapple Grey.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**Whirlwind's Year.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Buckjumper.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**A Bird in Hand.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

**The Jockey's Revenge.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net; boards, 2s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Stolen Racer.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net; paper 1s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

*Truth*, January 22nd, 1913, says:—"Who is the most popular of living novelists? Mr. Nat Gould easily and indisputably takes the first place."

New Library Novels by Mr. Nat Gould, and also Reprints of his already published Novels, will be issued from time to time in various editions.

*List of Mr. Nat Gould's Novels continued overleaf.*

NAT GOULD, NOVELS BY—(*Continued*)

*The Times*, 26th July, 1917, says:—"Of Mr. Nat Gould's novels more than ten million (*since increased to twenty million*) copies have been sold: and when this can be said of an author there must be qualities in his work which appeal to human nature—qualities, therefore, which even the most superior person would do well to recognise."

**A Reckless Owner.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Pick of the Stable.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

**The Lucky Shoe.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net; paper 1s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Roarer.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

\*†**The Chance of a Lifetime.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

\***A Great Coup.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Queen of the Turf.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

**The King's Favourite.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**A Member of "Tatt's."** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**A Cast Off.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Phantom Horse.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

**Good at the Game.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

\*Filmed †Dramatized

*The Times*, 26th July, 1919, says:—"If Art in any sphere in life finds a basis in the pleasing of a multitude, then Nat Gould was an artist with few above his shoulders."

New Library Novels by Mr. Nat Gould, and also Reprints of his already published Novels, will be issued from time to time in various editions.

*List of Mr. Nat Gould's Novels continued on page facing.*

NAT, GOULD, NOVELS BY—(*Continued*)

*Morning Post*, 26th July, 1919, says:—"He was the most widely-read of all modern story-tellers, and a genius in his downright way."

**Left in the Lurch.** *Cheap Edition only.* See pp. 96, 97

**The Trainer's Treasure.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Head Lad,** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

\***A Fortune at Stake.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Best of the Season.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

\***A Gamble for Love.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Flyer.** *Cheap Edition only* See p. 96

**The Wizard of the Turf.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**Never in Doubt.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The White Arab.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

**Lost and Won.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

\***A Turf Conspiracy.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**Breaking the Record.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Smasher.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

\*Filmed

*Book Monthly*, June, 1919, says:—"Who are the millions that read Mr. Nat Gould, and why do they read him? Perhaps they are just 'the people,' and, no doubt, they read him exactly because they find him interesting. No man sells 20,000,000 copies of his books, unless there be something in them that the millions want."

New Library Novels by Mr. Nat Gould, and also Reprints of his already published Novels, will be issued from time to time in various editions.

*List of Mr. Nat Gould's Novels continued overleaf.*

12, 13 & 14, NORRIS STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON

NAT GOULD, NOVELS BY—(*Continued*)

*The Times*, 26th July, 1919, says:—"Mr. Nat Gould wrote quickly, but never too quickly to spoil a good story. That he enjoyed the writing of his numerous novels is evident from the splendid vigour that he invariably infused into them. He achieved the distinction of being generally read at a single sitting, and many a novelist, laying claims to greater art, has yet to gain that tribute to his powers of fascination."

**A Northern Crack.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**The Rider in Khaki.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**Won on the Post.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 96

**Fast as the Wind.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**The Steeplechaser.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**A Race for a Wife.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**The Sweep Winner.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**At Starting Price.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**The Rake.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**The Silver Star.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

A full-length Novel now for the first time published in volume form

**A Chestnut Champion.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

A full-length Novel now for the first time published in volume form

**Racing Rivals.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

A full-length Novel now for the first time published in volume form

**Odds On.** *Cheap Edition only.* See p. 96

A full-length Novel now for the first time published in volume form

*Sunday Times*, 16th March, 1919, says:—"As Mr. Nat Gould is easily first of the 'best-sellers,' his books need no bush."

*Globe*, 26th July, 1919, says:—"Mr. Nat Gould is the most widely-read of all modern novelists. He was one of the kindest and most genial fellows who ever handled pen."

*Publishers' Circular*, 20th July, 1918, says:—"One has to go back to Shakespeare or the Bible to find a rival 'best seller.'"

New Library Novels by Mr. Nat Gould, and also Reprints of his already published Novels, will be issued from time to time in various editions.

12, 13 & 14, NORRIS STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON

---

GOWING, MRS. AYLMER, NOVELS BY

- As Cæsar's Wife.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**A King's Desire.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**By Thames and Tiber.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**Lord of Himself.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## GRAHAM, WINIFRED

- A Social Pretender.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## GRANT, MRS. COLQUHOUN, NOVELS BY

- The Marriage of Lord Verriner.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**Their Hearts' Desire.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## GRANT, SADI

- The Second Evil.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## GRAY, MAXWELL, NOVELS BY

- The Great Refusal.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**The Suspicions of Ermengarde.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**Unconfessed.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**An Innocent Impostor.**  
Cheap Edition. See p. 98

## "G. G." (H. G. HARPER), NOVELS BY

- The Chaser's Luck.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
Also illustrated boards, 2s. net  
**A Fairy in the Figskin.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
Also illustrated boards, 2s. net

## GRIFFITH, GEORGE, NOVELS BY

- A Criminal Cræsus.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**The World Masters.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

## GRIFFITHS, MAJOR ARTHUR

**A Woman of Business.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100

## GROOT, J. MORGAN DE

**A Man of Iron.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## GUBBINS, NATHANIEL, NOVELS BY

**Pick Me Ups.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
**Dead Certainties.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
Also illustrated boards, 2s. net  
**All the Winners.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
Also illustrated boards, 2s. net  
**Told in "Tatt's."** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
Also illustrated boards, 2s. net  
**First Favourites.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
Also illustrated boards, 2s. net

## HAGGARD, LIEUT.-COLONEL ANDREW, NOVELS BY

**A Canadian Girl.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**A Bond of Sympathy.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**A Persian Rose Leaf.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## HALCOMBE, C. J. H.

**The Love of a Former Life.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## HAMBLIN, ROBERT A., NOVELS BY

**The Heart of Joanna.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**The Second Harvest.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## HAMILTON, COSMO

**Keepers of the House.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition



**HANNAN, CHARLES**

Castle Oriol. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HARDEN, ELIZABETH**

The Spindle. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HARDING, D. C. F., NOVELS BY**

The Great Experiment. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

Affairs of Men. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HARDING, NEWMAN**

The Eternal Struggle. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HARRIS, FRANK**

The Bomb. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HARRISON, MRS. DARENT**

The Stain on the Shield. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HART, CHRISTIAN**

The Play and the Players. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HARVEY, MARIE, NOVELS BY**

Satan, K.C. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

A Daughter of the Heather. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**"HAVREN"**

Miss Arbuthnot. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HEANLEY, C. E.**

The Village Infidel. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**HEILGERS, HENRIETTA**

Stephen—the Man. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HEKKING, AVIS, NOVELS BY**

**In Search of Jehanne.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A King of Mars.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HELLEDOREN, J.**

**A Running Fight.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HENDERSON, E. D.**

**An Officer and a —.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HEPPENSTALL, R. H.**

**The Malice of Grace Wentworth.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HILL, HEADON**

**Links in the Chain.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**HILL, MARION**

**The Lure of Crooning Water.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98. (On the Film)

**Sunrise Valley.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**A Slack Wire.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Harmony Hall.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net. Illustrated

**McAllister's Grove.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**The Toll of the Road.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HILLES, L. B.**

**Chickens Come Home to Roost.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HINCKLEY, JULIAN**

**"E."** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Family Tradition.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HINDLE, DACRE**

*Links of Love.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HINKSON, H. A.**

*When Love is Kind.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HOBBS, JOHN OLIVER**

*The Flute of Pan.* Med. 8vo., paper, 6d. net

**HOLDSWORTH, ANNIE E.**

*Lady Letty Brandon.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HOPE, FLORENCE**

*The Two Powers.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HOSKEN, HEATH**

See STANTON, CORALIE, p. 56

**HOWARD, ISABEL**

*Wounded Pride.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**HOWARD, KEBLE**

*Letters to Dolly.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net. With 82 Illustrations by Tom Browne, R.I.

**HUGHES, THOMAS**

*Tom Brown's Schooldays.* Large crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 4s. net; leather, gold-blocked, and silk marker, 6s. net; classic half-vellum, 10s. net. All Editions contain Photogravure Portrait of the Author and 16 Illustrations by A. TALBOT SMITH.

*Library of Modern Classics.* See p. 94

**HUME, FERGUS, NOVELS BY**

- The Silent House.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95  
Also Cheap Edition
- The Crimson Cryptogram.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99
- The Bishop's Secret.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100
- The Jade Eye.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99
- The Turnpike House.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99
- A Traitor in London.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95  
Also Cheap Edition
- The Golden Wang-Ho.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100
- Woman the Sphinx.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99
- The Secret Passage.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100
- The Lonely Church.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition
- The Opal Serpent.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95
- The Silver Bullet.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Black Patch.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Sacred Herb.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Green Mummy.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**IBÁÑEZ, VICENTE BLASCO,** author of "The Four  
Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (300th Thousand)  
**Sonnica.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

## IGGLESDEN, CHARLES, NOVELS BY

A Flutter with Fate. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Clouds. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Law, the Wrecker. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## ISLES, C. H.

The Little Signora. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## JACK, THE CONNAUGHT RANGER

Flashes from Cape Diamonds. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## JELF, JAY

The Enterprise of Ella. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## JESSOP, GEORGE HENRY, NOVELS BY

His American Wife. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Desmond O'Connor. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## JOLY, MRS. JOHN SWIFT

Those—Dash—Amateurs. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## JONES, E. BRANDRAM, NOVELS BY

In Burleigh's Days. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Second Cecil. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## JONES, MARGAM, NOVELS BY

The Stars of the Revival. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Angels in Wales. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## JUDD, A. M., NOVELS BY

Lot's Wife. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The White Vampire. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## KEIGHTLEY, S. R., NOVELS BY

Barnaby's Bridal. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

A Beggar on Horseback. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## KELSTON, BEATRICE, NOVELS BY

- A Three-Cornered Duel.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**Seekers Every One.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**The Blows of Circumstance.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**All the Joneses.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**The Edge of To-day.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net  
**Bertha in the Background.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

## KENEALY, ARABELLA, NOVELS BY

- The Whips of Time.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**King Edward Intervenes.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**The Mating of Anthea.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**My Beautiful Neighbour.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## KENNY, LOUISE M. STACPOOLE

- At the Court of Il Moro.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## KERNAHAN, MRS. COULSON, NOVELS BY

- Trewinnot of Guy's.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95  
**Devastation.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**The Avenging of Ruthanna.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**No Vindication.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**An Unwise Virgin.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**The Fate of Felix.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**Frank Redland, Recruit.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**The Sinnings of Seraphine.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**The Mystery of Magdalen.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**The Sin of Gabrielle.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
**Ashes of Passion.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## KINGSLEY, CHARLES

- Westward Ho!** Large crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 4s. net; leather, gold-blocked, and silk marker, 6s. net; classic half-vellum, ros. net. All Editions contain Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and 16 Illustrations by HAROLD COPPING.

*Library of Modern Classics.* See p. 94

**KINROSS, CHARLES**

**A Change of Sex.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**KNIGHT, MABEL**

**Did Cupid Count?** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**LANG, WILLIAM HENRY**

**The Thunder of the Hoofs.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**LANGFIELD, JOHN, NOVELS BY**

**A Light-Hearted Rebellion.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Biddy the Spitfire.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**LATHEN, LOW (See also under LÖWENTHAL, CHARLES)**

**Anna Strelitz.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**LATHROP, ELISE**

**A Transplanted American.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**LEES, ROBERT JAMES, NOVELS BY**

**The Car of Phœbus.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Heretic.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Life Elysian.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**LEIGHTON, MARIE CONNOR, NOVELS BY**

**The Man Who Knew All.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**The Mystery of the Three Fingers.** Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**In the Grip of a Lie.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Shame of Silence.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net



## LEONARD-COWPER, J.

*In the Portion of Jezreel.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## LE QUEUX, WILLIAM, NOVELS BY

*The Mask.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100

*The Eye of Istar.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See pp. 97, 100

*The Veiled Man.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See pp. 97, 100

*The Man About Town.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

*The Breath of Suspicion.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

## LEVER, CHARLES

*Scenes from Lorrequer.* Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net. Leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net.

*Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## LEWIS, HELEN PROTHERO, NOVELS BY

*Thralldom.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*The Unguarded Taper.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## LIVESAY, JESSIE E.

*The Shade of the Acacia.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## LÖWENTHAL, CHARLES (See also under LATHEN, LOW)

*A Victim of Circumstance.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## LYNCH, LAWRENCE L.

*A Sealed Verdict.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

McGRIGOR, MONTIE, NOVELS BY

Cross-Tides. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Swirl. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

McKEAN, THOMAS

The Punishment. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

McLEOD, TORQUIL

The Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

MACHRAY, ROBERT

The Ambassador's Glove. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

McPHERSON, JEAN

Didums. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

MACPHERSON, JOHN F., NOVELS BY

A Yankee Napoleon. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Yetta the Magnificent. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

MACQUOID, KATHERINE S., NOVELS BY

A Ward of the King. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Story of Lois. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

MAGNAY, SIR WILLIAM, BART.

The Duke's Dilemma. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

MALLANDAINE, CATHERINE E.

The Cavern of Laments. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. With 8 Illustrations by A. TALBOT SMITH

MANN, MARY E.

In Summer Shade. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**MANT, HUGH**

**The Flying Scroll.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**MARKHAM, PAUL**

**By Jumna's Banks.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**MARSH, RICHARD, NOVELS BY**

**Ada Vernham, Actress.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100

**Curios : Some Strange Adventures of Two Bachelors.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**Mrs. Musgrave and Her Husband.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**Miss Arnott's Marriage.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**The Magnetic Girl.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition

**Confessions of a Young Lady.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100

**The Garden of Mystery.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Under One Flag.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Romance of a Maid of Honour.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**A Woman Perfected.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**The Girl in the Blue Dress.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Sam Briggs, His Book.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

---

MARSH, RICHARD, NOVELS BY—(*Continued*)

Coming of Age. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

The Deacon's Daughter. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

Orders to Marry. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

Outwitted. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

Apron-Strings. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

## MARTIN, MRS. CHARLES, NOVELS BY

Miss Pauncefote's Peril. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Guerdon of Faith. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## MARTIN, D'ARCY, NOVELS BY

Cupid's Time-Sheet. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Means to an End. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## MATHERS, HELEN, NOVELS BY

A Man of To-day. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

The Sin of Hagar. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

The Juggler and the Soul. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

## MATHEW, FRANK

The Royal Sisters. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## MAXWELL, H., NOVELS BY

Mary in the Market. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. net

The Paramount Shop. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Beloved Premier. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Honour in Pawn. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Quittance. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Evelyn on Thorns. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Another Woman's Shoes. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**MEADE, L. T., NOVELS BY**

**The Burden of Her Youth.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**Confessions of a Court Milliner.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Nurse Charlotte.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**His Mascot.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

**Little Wife Hester.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**The Adventures of Miranda.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

**The Face of Juliet.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Heart of Helen.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**From the Hand of the Hunter.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Courtship of Sybil.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Kindred Spirits.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Curse of the Feverals.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Little Josephine.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**The Aim of Her Life.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Fountain of Beauty.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Belinda Treherne.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A Girl of To-day.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Miss Gwendoline.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Wooing of Monica.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**MEADOWS, ALICE MAUD**

**The Odd Trick.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**MENZIES, MRS. STUART**

**Abnegation.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

---

METHLEY, ALICE, NOVELS BY

The Identity of Jane. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

La Belle Dame. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## MIDDLEMASS, JEAN, NOVELS BY

Count Reminy. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

A Veneered Scamp. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## MILNE, MRS. LUSHINGTON

Lady Mabel's Beauty. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net. With  
Frontispiece

## MITFORD, BERTRAM, NOVELS BY

The White Hand and the Black. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

A Legacy of the Granite Hills. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

A Border Scourge. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 97

## MITFORD, C. GUISE, NOVELS BY

Izelle of the Dunes. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Paxton Plot. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Love in Lilac-Land. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Dual Identity. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

In Camera. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## MONTGOMERY, K. L., NOVELS BY

The Gate Openers. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Maids of Salem. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## MORTIMER, LESLIE, NOVELS BY

The Men We Marry. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Torch of Venus. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Sin of Youth. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**MOUNTJOY, EVELYN**

**Demetrius and Daisy.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**MUDDOCK, J. E., NOVELS BY**

**Sweet "Doll" of Haddon Hall.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100

**Fair Rosalind.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**A Woman's Checkmate.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**In the Red Dawn.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**From the Clutch of the Sea.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Jane Shore.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. Frontispiece

**For the White Cockade.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Alluring Flame.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**MURPHY, NICHOLAS P., NOVELS BY**

**A Corner in Ballybeg.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**Transplanted.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net. With Illustrations

**MURRAY, A. D.**

**Esther Grant.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE, NOVELS BY**

**The Penniless Millionaire.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**The Brangwyn Mystery.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**In His Grip.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**A Woman in Armour.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Demos Awakes.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**MUSPRATT, HORACE**

**Two Can Play.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net



## NAVAL OFFICER, By A

Great was the Fall. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## NEVILL, J. CRANSTOUN

The Climax. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## NEVILLE, JULIA

The Sleeping Village. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## NEWTON, ERNEST

An Oversea Web. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## NIGHTINGALE, HELEN M.

Savile Gilchrist, M.D. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## NISBET, HUME, NOVELS BY

Paths of the Dead. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

Mistletoe Manor. With Portrait and Illustrations by the Author.  
Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## O'BRIEN, MRS. WILLIAM

Under Croagh Patrick. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## ORSHANSKI, G. YSTRIDDE, NOVELS BY

An Exile's Daughter. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

A Tartar's Love. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## OUIDA

Le Selve. Med. 8vo., paper, 6d. net

## PAIN, BARRY

Wilhelmina in London. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

Also Cheap Edition

**PATERNOSTER, G. SIDNEY, NOVELS BY**

- Children of Earth. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
The Folly of the Wise. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
The Lady of the Blue Motor. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**PEER, NOVELS BY A**

- The Hard Way. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition  
To Justify the Means. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition  
Theo. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition  
A Wife Imperative. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition.  
The Ordeal of Silence. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
The Decoy Duck. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition  
The Oyster. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition  
Three Persons. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
In the Year of Waiting. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition

**PENLEY, R., NOVELS BY**

- The Strength of Evan Meredith. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
The Temptation of Nina. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
The Turn of the Tide. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
The Elusive Wife. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**PERKINS, ROSE**

- The House of Hardale. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**PHELPS, SYDNEY**

- His 'Prentice Hand. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## PHILLIMORE, MRS. C. E., NOVELS BY

**Two Women and a Maharajah.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A Million for a Soul.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## PHILLIPS, MABEL KATHERINE

**The Supreme Power.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## PICKERING, PERCIVAL

**Toy Gods.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## PINKERTON, THOMAS A., NOVELS BY

**Blue Bonnets Up.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Ivory Bride.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Valdora.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## PLATTS, W. CARTER, NOVELS BY

**Papa, Limited.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net. With 40 Illustrations  
by the AUTHOR

**Up to To-morrow.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net. With 70 Illustrations  
by the AUTHOR

## PODMORE, C. T.

**The Fault.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## POE, EDGAR ALLAN

**Tales of Mystery and Imagination.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d.  
net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton*  
*Classics.* See p. 93

## POOL, MARIA LOUISE

**Friendship and Folly.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL, NOVELS BY**

**Dwellers by the River.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Fugitive Anne.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**The Other Mrs. Jacobs.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**The Maid of the River.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

**The Luck of the Leura.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Stubble Before the Wind.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A Summer Wreath.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Romance of Mademoiselle Aïssé.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**PROTHEROE, HOPE**

**One Man's Sin.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**PRYCE, DAISY HUGH**

**Deyncourt of Deyncourt.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**PUGH, EDWIN**

**The Fruit of the Vine.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**RAE-BROWN, CAMPBELL, NOVELS BY**

**The Great Newmarket Mystery.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Kissing Cup the Second.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Sport and the Woman.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**RALEIGH, ALAN**

**The Man in the Car.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## RAMSEY, OLIVIA, NOVELS BY

- The Marriage of Lionel Glyde. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 The Girl from Gatford. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Sylvia and the Secretary. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 The Romance of Olga Aveling. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 The Other Wife. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Two Men and a Governess. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 A Girl of no Importance. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Callista in Revolt. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 The Secret Calling. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## RANGER-GULL, C., NOVELS BY

- The Harvest of Love. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95  
 Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99  
 The Creggan Peerage. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Also Cheap Edition

## READ, MRS. CARTER

- His Wife's Sister. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## READE, CHARLES

- The Cloister and the Hearth. Large crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 4s. net ;  
 leather, gold-blocked, and silk marker, 6s. net ; classic half-vellum,  
 10s. net. All Editions contain Photogravure Portrait of the  
 Author and 16 Illustrations by MAURICE LALAU.  
*Library of Modern Classics.* See p. 94

## REARDON, RICHARD

- The Crowning of Gloria. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## REAY, MARCUS, NOVELS BY

- The Love Affairs of a Curate. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
 Forbidden Paths. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**REDWOOD, ETHEL BOVERTON**

*Wanderings and Wooings East of Suez.* Cr. 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED**

*The Book of Angelus Drayton.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**RHODES, HYLDA, NOVELS BY**

*The Secret Bond.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

*The Unhallowed Vow.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

*What Snow Conceals.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

*Of Finer Clay.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

**RITA, NOVELS BY**

*The Sin of Jasper Standish.*

Cheap Edition. See p. 97

*A Jilt's Journal.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**RIVERS, RUTH**

*She was a Widow.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**ROBERTS, THEODORE GOODRIDGE, NOVELS BY**

*Love on Smoky River.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

*Blessington's Folly.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

*In the High Woods.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

*Forest Fugitives.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

*Jess of the River.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

*The Exiled Lover.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**ROBERTS, MORLEY**

*The Shadow of Allah.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**ROBINSON, F. W.**

*All They went Through.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**RODD, RALPH**

*A Fighter in Khaki.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**RODER, GEORGE**

*George Savile.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**RORISON, E. S.**

*A Taste of Quality.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**ST. AUBYN, ALAN, NOVELS BY**

*The Greenstone.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*Purple Heather.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SANDEMAN, MINA, NOVELS BY**

*Wicked Rosamond.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*Charming Miss Kyle.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*Veronica Verdant.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SANDYS, OLIVER, NOVELS BY**

*The Woman in the Firelight.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

*Chicane.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**SCOT, HEW**

*The Way of War.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net



**SCOTT, DIXON**

*Zarya.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SCOTT, G. FIRTH**

*The Rider of Waroona.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SELWYN, BEATRICE**

See VAUN, p. 60

**SERGEANT, ADELINE, NOVELS BY**

*The Mission of Margaret.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*The Future of Phyllis.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

*Beneath the Veil.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

*The Waters of Oblivion.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

*Malincourt Keep.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*The Choice of Emelia.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*An Independent Maiden.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

*The House in the Crescent.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SHANNON, JAMES**

*Sheila of Dunslane.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SHEPPARD, W. J.**

*The Tenderfoot.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SHORE, W. TEIGNMOUTH, NOVELS BY**

*The Pest.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*A Soul's Awakening.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*Above all Things.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

*Creatures of Clay.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SHUTE, MRS. CAMERON**

**The Unconscious Bigamist.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SIMPSON, KATHARINE**

**The Fugitive Years.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SINCLAIR, UPTON, NOVELS BY**

**The Moneychangers.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Samuel the Seeker.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Sylvia.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**SMITH, ELLEN ADA, NOVELS BY**

**The Busybody.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Last Stronghold.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Only Prison.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Price of Conquest.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The Despot.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**Stress.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SMITH, MRS. ISABEL**

**The Jewel-House.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SNOWDEN, KEIGHLEY**

**Barbara West.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SOMERS, SUZANNE**

**A Serpent in his Way.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**SOMMERVILLE, FRANKFORT**

**A Parisian Princess.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## SPEIGHT, T. W., NOVELS BY

The Crime in the Wood. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
Juggling Fortune. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## STADDEN, F. M.

Rose of Exmoor. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## STANTON, CORALIE, AND HEATH HOSKEN, NOVELS BY

All That a Man Hath. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
The Second Best. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## STEWART.

See FRANKLAND AND STEWART, p. 23

## STEWART, A. L.

The Maze. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## STUART, ESMÉ, NOVELS BY

Sent to Coventry. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
In the Dark. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
The Strength of Straw. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Nobler than Revenge. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## SYLVESTRE, M.

The Light-Bearers. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## SYRETT, JERRARD

A Household Saint. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition

## TAPNER, ETHEL GRACE

One Eventful Summer. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## TAYLER, JENNER

Mary Bray X her Mark. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## TEMPEST, OLIVE

Under Eastern Skies. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## TEMPLE, HARRY

Fresh Air. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## TERRY, ELEANORE S.

God's Good Woman. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## TERRY, J. E. HAROLD

A Fool to Fame. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## THACKERAY, W. M.

The History of Henry Esmond. Large crown 8vo., cloth, gilt, 4s. net; leather, gold-blocked, and silk marker, 6s. net; classic half-vellum, 10s. net. All editions contain Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and sixteen Illustrations by P. B. HICKLING.

*Library of Modern Classics. See p. 94*

## THOMAS, ANNIE

The Diva. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## THORNE, GUY, NOVELS BY

A Lost Cause. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100

Rescuing Rupert. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. net

Also Cheap Edition

Wine, the Mocker. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

## THURLOW, HENRY

The Master Scoundrel. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## THYNNE, ROBERT, NOVELS BY

Boffin's Find. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. Frontispiece

Irish Holidays. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Story of a Campaign Estate. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## TIDDY, E. J.

Maze of Scilly. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## TIGHE, HARRY, NOVELS BY

The Four Candles. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Model in Green. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Intellectual Marie. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## TIPPETT, MRS. HENRY, NOVELS BY

Flower of the World. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Purple Butterfly. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Power of the Petticoat. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Waster. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Green Girl. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## TRAFFORD-TAUNTON, MRS. WINEFRIDE

The Threshold. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## TRAVERS, CORAGH, NOVELS BY

Rolf the Imprudent. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Hazel Grafton. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## TROLLOPE, ANTHONY

The Three Clerks. Large crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 4s. net; leather, gold-blocked, and silk marker, 6s. net; classic half-vellum, 10s. net. All editions contain Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and sixteen Illustrations by P. B. HICKLING.

*Library of Modern Classics. See p. 94*

## TUITE, HUGH

The Heart of the Vicar. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## TURNER, EDGAR

The Girl with Feet of Clay. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. Frontispiece

## TWEEDALE, VIOLET, NOVELS BY

The Kingdom of Mammon. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

The Hazards of Life. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Lord Eversleigh's Sins. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Lady Sarah's Son. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Portals of Love. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Sweets of Office. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Mrs. Barrington's Atonement. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

An Empty Heritage. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Quenchless Flame. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Hypocrites and Sinners. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

A Reaper of the Whirlwind. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Austin's Career. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The House of the Other World. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

An Unholy Alliance. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net.

Wingate's Wife. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

## TYTLER, SARAH, NOVELS BY

The Machinations of Janet. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Logan's Loyalty. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Jean Keir of Craignail. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Women must Weep. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Courtship of Sarah. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

A Daughter of the Manse. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Four Red Roses. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

His Reverence the Rector. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Bracebridges. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

TYTLER, SARAH, NOVELS BY—(*Continued*)

- Hearts are Trumps. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 The Girls of Inverbarns. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Innocent Masqueraders. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 A Briar Rose. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Miss Nanse. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## VALLINGS, HAROLD

- Paulette D'Esterre. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## VAUGHAN, THOMAS HUNTER

- The Gates of the Past. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## VAUN, RUSSELL, AND BEATRICE SELWYN

- The Lust of Power. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## WAGNALLS, MABEL

- The Palace of Danger. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. Illustrated

## WAKEFORD, T. M., MRS.

- A South African Heiress. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## WALKER, W. S. ("COO-EE"), NOVELS BY

- When the Mopoke Calls. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net. With  
 22 Illustrations  
 From the Land of the Wombat. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net.  
 With 13 Illustrations  
 Virgin Gold. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. With 16 Illustrations  
 In the Blood. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. With 16 Illustrations  
 Native Born. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
 Zealandia's Guerdon. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## WARD, W. W.

- Incapable Lovers, Limited. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net



## WARDEN, FLORENCE, NOVELS BY

- The Bohemian Girls.** Medium 8vo., paper, 1s. net. See p. 99
- The Mystery of Dudley Horne.** Medium 8vo., paper, 1s. net.  
See p. 99
- Our Widow.** Medium 8vo., paper, 1s. net. See p. 100
- Kitty's Engagement.** Medium 8vo., paper, 1s. net. See p. 100
- Once too Often.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95
- The Mystery of Fourways.** Crown 8vo., paper, 1s. net
- Something in the City.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99
- An Outsider's Year.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 100
- The Lovely Mrs. Pemberton.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99
- No. 3, The Square.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99
- The Face in the Flashlight.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95
- An Impossible Husband.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95
- Who was Lady Thurne?** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95
- The Real Mrs. Daybrook.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Man with the Amber Eyes.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The White Countess.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- A Devil's Bargain.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net. Novel of the Play
- The Case of Sir Geoffrey.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Veiled Lady.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Matheson Money.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98
- Laidlaw's Wife.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Bad Lord Lockington.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- Love's Sentinel.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- Why She Left Him.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- Lord Quare's Visitor.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## WARDEN, GERTRUDE, NOVELS BY

- The Millionaire and the Lady. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The World, the Flesh, and the Casino. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Severn Affair. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## WEAVER, ANNE, NOVELS BY

- The Compromising of Jane. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- A Masquerade and a Monastery. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- Thin Ice. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## WENTWORTH-JAMES, GERTIE DE S., NOVELS BY

- The Devil's Profession. Crown 8vo., paper, 1s. 6d. net. (Filmed)
- The Girl Who Wouldn't Work. Crown 8vo., paper, 1s. 6d. net
- The Curtain. Crown 8vo., paper, 1s. 6d. net
- Strings. Crown 8vo., paper, 1s. 6d. net

## WHISHAW, FRED, NOVELS BY

- The Diamond of Evil. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- Countess Ida. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Informer. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- Her Highness. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- A Fool with Women. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Secret Syndicate. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- A New Cinderella. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- The Revolt of Beatrix. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- Nathalia. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net
- A Bespoken Bride. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## WHITE, PERCY

- The Triumph of Mrs. St. George. Colonial Editions only. Crown 8vo., cloth and paper

## WHITECHURCH, VICTOR L., NOVELS BY

- Off the Main Road. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition
- Left in Charge. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition
- Three Summers. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**WHITTINGTON, MAIBEY**

Beyond the Hills. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**WILLIAMS, J. EVANS**

Aberafon. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**WILLIAMSON, MRS. E. K.**

Things as They Are. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**WILLMER, JOHN HENRY**

The Transit of Souls. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**WILLIS, W. N.**

The Life of Lena. Crown 8vo., paper, 1s. 6d. net

**WILLMOTT-DIXON, W. ("THORMANBY")**

The Lion of Lydboro'. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**WINGFIELD, GEORGE**

He that is without Sin. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**WINTER, JOHN STRANGE, NOVELS BY**

Sly Boots. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Love and Twenty. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The Countess of Mountenoy. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 99

**WOOD, WALTER**

The Enemy in our Midst. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**WOUIL, GEORGE, NOVELS BY**

Sowing Clover. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Paul Moorhouse. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

The New Dawn. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## WRENCH, MRS. STANLEY, NOVELS BY

**Love's Fool.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Burnt Wings.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**A Perfect Passion.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**A Priestess of Humanity.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Pillars of Smoke.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## WYNNE, MAY, NOVELS BY

**Ronald Lindsay.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**For Faith and Navarre.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**The Ambitions of Jill.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. net

## X., LADY, NOVELS BY

**The Diary of My Honeymoon.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

**Decree Nisi.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition

## YORKE, CURTIS, NOVELS BY

**Alix of the Glen.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See pp. 98, 99

**Delphine.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See pp. 98, 99

**A Flirtation with Truth.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

YORKE, CURTIS, NOVELS BY—(*Continued*)

**Olive Kinsella.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**The Girl in Grey.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also in the Haymarket Novels. See p. 95

Also Cheap Edition. See pp. 98, 100

**Irresponsible Kitty.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**The Girl and the Man.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**The World and Delia.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**Only Betty.** With Coloured Frontispiece. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**Their Marriage.** With Coloured Frontispiece. Crown 8vo., cloth,  
6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**The Other Sara.** With Coloured Frontispiece. Crown 8vo., cloth,  
6s. net. (Filmed)

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**Mollie Deverill.** With Coloured Frontispiece. Cr. 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**Wayward Anne.** With Coloured Frontispiece. Cr. 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**Patricia of Pall Mall.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**Miss Daffodil.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**Dangerous Dorothy.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**Queer Little Jane.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

YORKE, CURTIS, NOVELS BY—(*Continued*)

**The Vision of the Years.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**The Woman Ruth.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

**Enchanted.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

Also Cheap Edition. See p. 98

## YOUNG, F. E. MILLS, NOVELS BY

**The Triumph of Jill.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**A Dangerous Quest.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**The War of the Sexes.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## YOUNG, J. M. STUART

**Merely a Negress.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

---

GENERAL LITERATURE

## A. O. D.

**Cricket, Drill, and Training.** With numerous Illustrations and Diagrams. Cloth, 1s. net

## A. W. O. E.

**The Twentieth-Century Problem.** Crown 8vo., paper cover, 6d. net

## ADDISON, JOSEPH

**Essays (Selected).** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net ; leather, gilt top gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## ALEXANDER, LOUIS C.

**Echoes of Whistler.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. net

## AN ENGLISH OFFICER

**Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna, 1879-1904.** With numerous Portraits of Celebrities. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. net

**More Society Recollections.** With numerous Portraits of Celebrities. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. net

## ANONYMOUS

**The Blast.** The Magazine of the Third Battalion of the New Zealand Rifle Brigade whilst on Active Service in the European War, 1914-18. Crown 4to., paper, 1s. net. Contains the names of the rank and file, also contributions of letterpress and numerous illustrations by commissioned and non-commissioned Officers of the Battalion

**The Confessions of a Princess.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net  
Also Cheap Edition

**Letters of Junius.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net ; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93



ANONYMOUS—(*Continued*)

**Vox Populi.** A Skit on Modern Journalism. Crown 8vo., paper cover, 6d. net

**Twilight and Beyond.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**A German Prince and His Victim.** With Portraits. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

**The Awakening Light.** Vols. I. and II. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net. each

**Life's Edifice.** With 6 Diagrams. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. net

An admirable work which deals with all departments of human activity, and makes a direct call upon readers of cultured and thoughtful tastes. Natural selection, heredity, eugenics, hygiene, and education, are only a few of the actual questions which find comprehensive and lucid treatment

## ARMSTRONG, MRS. L. HEATON

**Etiquette and Entertaining.** Long 12mo., rounded edges, cloth, 1s. 6d. net

## ARNOLD, MATTHEW

**Essays.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## AYSCOUGH, JOHN (THE RIGHT REV. MGR. COUNT FRANCIS BICKERSTAFFE-DREW)

**First Impressions in America.** With Photogravure Portrait of Author, and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

This volume is the outcome of John Ayscough's long-intended and long-promised visit to America, which he made in 1919. It gives the impressions he formed as the result of his tour throughout the Union, when he delivered numerous lectures upon literary and other subjects. So observant a visitor as John Ayscough could never find himself upon a new Continent without the taking of many and copious notes, and, as a result, the book is rich in material which, from his ever-present sense of what is whimsical and humorous, is never dull

## BACON, FRANCIS

**Counsels, Civil and Moral.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

**BACON, GERTRUDE**

**The Record of an Aeronaut : Being the Life of John M. Bacon**  
With Photogravure Portrait and numerous Illustrations. Demy  
8vo., cloth, 16s. net

**BAILEY, R. W.**

See under **FLEMING, A. P. M.**, p. 73

**BARING-GOULD, S.**

**A Book of the Cevennes.** With Map and upwards of 60 Illustrations,  
many in Colour. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

\* \* This book is uniform in scope and size with Mr. Baring-  
Gould's well-known books on Brittany, The Riviera, Devon, Corn-  
wall, Dartmoor, etc.

**BARTON, FRANK TOWNEND, M.R.C.V.S.**

**Terriers: Their Points and Management.** With upwards of 40  
Illustrations from Photographs on art paper. Crown 8vo., cloth,  
5s. net

**Ponies, and All About Them.** With numerous Illustrations  
from Photographs. Demy 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d. net

**Pheasants: In Covert and Aviary.** With 4 Magnificent Coloured  
Plates from life by H. GRÖNVOLD and numerous other Illustrations  
from Photographs. Crown 4to., cloth, 10s. 6d. net

**Hounds.** With numerous Illustrations from Photographs. Crown  
8vo., cloth, 5s. net

**Gun-Dogs.** With numerous Illustrations from Photographs.  
Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. net

**BLYTH, JAMES**

**Edward Fitzgerald and "Posh," "Herring Merchants."** Including  
a number of letters from Edward Fitzgerald to Joseph Fletcher, or  
"Posh," not hitherto published. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo., cloth,  
4s. net

**BOWLER, LOUIS P.**

**Gold Coast Palaver.** With Portrait of Author. Crown 8vo., cloth,  
2s. net

**BOYD, EMMA S.**

**Many Coloured Mountains and Some Seas Between.** A Book of Travel. With Coloured Frontispiece and several other Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d. net

**BRENTFORDE, GEORGE G.**

**Prince and Tom.** Some Incidents in the Life of a Dog and a Cat, as narrated by Prince the Terrier. With 8 Illustrations by C. DUDLEY TENNANT. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**BUNYAN, JOHN**

**Grace Abounding.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

**BURKE, EDMUND**

**Selections.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

**CAICO, SIGNORA LOUISE**

**Sicilian Ways and Days.** With 128 unique half-tone Illustrations from Photographs. An interesting and truly descriptive work of Sicilian peasant and provincial life, manners, and customs. The authoress has had exceptional facilities for studying the rural life and customs of the people. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

**CAIRNES, CAPTAIN W. E.**

**Social Life in the British Army.** Dedicated by Special Permission to Field-Marshal LORD WOLSELEY, K.P., etc. With 16 full-page Illustrations on art paper by R. CATON WOODVILLE. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**CARLYLE, THOMAS**

**On Heroes and Hero Worship.** Decorative cover, 9d. net; artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

---

CHALLICE, RACHEL

**The Secret History of the Court of Spain, 1802-1906.** Illustrations by Juan Comba, artist by appointment to the Court of Spain. Demy 8vo., cloth, 15s. net

## CLEMENT, HUGH

**In Heaven's Porch.** Long 12mo., artistic paper cover, 6d. net

## CLIFTON, MRS. TALBOT

**Pilgrims to the Isles of Penance: Orchid-gathering in the East.** With 54 Illustrations from Photographs. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

## COCHRANE, JAMES HENRY, M.A.

**The Unconquerable Colony.** Some Episodes of Ulster in the Seventeenth Century. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## DALGLEISH, FLORENCE

**Daily Pickings from Pickwick.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## DE QUINCEY, THOMAS

**The Confessions of an English Opium Eater.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 1s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## DODGE, WALTER PHELPS

**King Charles I: A Study.** With Frontispiece in Photogravure. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. net

## DOUGLAS, LORD ALFRED

**Oscar Wilde and Myself.** With rare Portraits, fac-simile letters, and Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d. net

Cheaper Edition. With New Preface by the Author, together with the Portraits and Illustrations, and fac-simile letters, as in the more expensive edition. Demy 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**DOUKHOVSKOY, BARBE** (*née* PRINCESSE GALITZINE)

**The Diary of a Russian Lady.** With Portraits. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net. A record of the world-wide travels of the daughter of the Russian Prince Galitzine. The period covered includes events as far apart as the Russo-Turkish War and the Coronation of Nicholas II

**DYSON, C. C.**

**The Life of Marie Amélie, Last Queen of the French, 1782-1866.** With some account of the Principal Personages at the Courts of Naples and France in her time, and of the Careers of her Sons and Daughters. Illustrated from Photographs of her Neapolitan and Sicilian Homes, Portraits of Herself and Family, and other Personages famous in the History of France. Demy 8vo. cloth, 12s. 6d. net

**EAGLE, R. L.**

**New Light on the Enigmas of Shakespeare's Sonnets.** With Frontispiece and Facsimiles. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

MR. EAGLE certainly throws a good deal of new light on the question, and does something towards the complete unravelling of the very curious and remarkable tangle which the sonnets have always presented to the critical reader

**ELSON, GEORGE**

**The Last of the Climbing Boys.** With a Preface by the Dean of HEREFORD. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**ENOCK, C. REGINALD, F.R.G.S.**

**Farthest West: Life and Travel in the United States.** With 32 full-page Illustrations from Photographs. Demy 8vo., cloth, 15s. net

**ETONIAN, AN OLD**

**Eton Memories.** With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d. net

---

12, 13 & 14, NORRIS STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON

**FELBERMAN, LOUIS**

**The House of Teck: A Romance of a Thousand Years.** With Photogravure of Her Majesty, Queen Mary. Over 100 other interesting Portraits, Reproductions of Pictures and Illustrations depicting Family Relics, included in the Volume by special permission of Her Majesty. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

**The Land of the Khedive.** With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**FIELDING, HENRY**

**A Voyage to Lisbon.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

**FISHER, H. W.**

**The Secret History of the Court of Berlin.** The Private Lives of William II. (The Kaiser) and his Consort, from the Papers and Diaries of a Lady-in-Waiting on her Majesty the Empress Queen. Crown 8vo., paper cover, 1s. net

**FLEISCHMANN, HECTOR**

**Robespierre and the Women he Loved.** English Version by Dr. A. S. RAPPOPORT. With numerous Portraits. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

**FLEMING, A. P. M., and BAILEY, R. W.**

**Engineering as a Profession.** Written for the Guidance of those seeking to enter, or who are already engaged in, the Engineering Profession. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**FROBENIUS, COLONEL H.**

**The German Empire's Hour of Destiny.** Preface by SIR VALENTINE CHIROL. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. net

**FROWDE, JAMES ANTHONY**

**Essays.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

**FULLER, ROBERT A. (RETIRED DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR)**

**Recollections of a Detective.** Crown 8vo., paper cover, 1s. net

**"G. G." (H. G. HARPER)****Horses I have Known.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net**GALLOWAY, WILLIAM JOHNSON****The Operatic Problem.** Fcap. 4to., 1s. net

\* \* A short account of the systems under which Opera is conducted on the Continent, with a scheme for the establishment of a system of National Opera in this country

**GEAREY, CAROLINE****Rural Life: its Humour and Pathos.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net**GONCOURT DE, EDMOND AND JULES****Madame Du Barry.** With Photogravure Portrait and numerous other Portraits. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net**GOULD, NAT****The Magic of Sport.** Mainly Autobiographical. With Photogravure Portrait and over 40 Illustrations of Places, Horses, and Notable Sportsmen. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net**GRANT, MRS. COLQUHOUN****Brittany to Whitehall.** Life of Louise Renée de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth. With Photogravure Portrait and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net**Through Dante's Land: Impressions in Tuscany.** With 32 Illustrations from Photographs. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net**GREIN, J. T.****Dramatic Criticism (1899)** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net**GRIFFITH, GEORGE****Sidelights on Convict Life.** With numerous Illustrations from Photographs. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

---

 12, 13 & 14, NORRIS STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON



---

HADDEN, J. CUTHBERT

**Composers in Love and Marriage.** With Photogravure and numerous Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

## HAMILTON, COSMO

Brummell. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## HARDY, B. C.

**Philippa of Hainault and her Times.** With Photogravure and other Portraits. Demy 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d. net

## HENSLOWE, LEONARD

**How Are You?** The Problem of Health. From experience gained in America, Europe, and Australia. Crown 8vo., paper, 6d. net ; cloth, 1s. net

## HUDDY, MRS. MARY E.

**Matilda, Countess of Tuscany.** With 4 Photogravure Plates. Demy 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d. net

## HUGHES, HENRY

**Golf for the Late Beginner.** With 32 Illustrations from Photographs specially taken for the work. Fcap. 8vo., boards, 1s. 6d. net

## HUNT, LEIGH

**Essays (Selected).** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net ; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## IGGLESDEN, CHARLES

**Out There: A Visit to the Western Front under the auspices of the War Office.** Fcap. 8vo., boards, 1s. 6d. net

A series of impressions in France and Flanders during the Great War, 1914-18, where all branches of the Service could be seen "carrying on" under the grim conditions of modern warfare

## INGOLD, JOHN

*Glimpses from Wonderland.* With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

## JEFFREY, LORD FRANCIS

*Essays from the "Edinburgh Review."* Artistic cloth, gilt, rs. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## JERROLD, CLARE

*The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court.* With an Introduction by WALTER JERROLD. Illustrated with Photogravure and other Reproductions from Paintings of the Beauties of the Period. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

## JOHNSON, SAMUEL

*Rasselas.* Artistic cloth, gilt, rs. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## JOURNALIST, By A

*Bohemian Days in Fleet Street.* Demy 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d. net

## KAVANAGH, COLMAN

*The Symbolism of "Wuthering Heights."* Crown 8vo., paper, 9d. net

A careful, thoughtful study of a great book by an exceptionally clever writer. The analysis is close and thorough, painstaking, complete, and well knit. Unusually able, the matter and the expression fit each other admirably

## KAVANAGH, MARY

*A New Solution of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood."* Crown 8vo., paper, 9d. net

## KELLY, REV. W. J.

*Happiness: its Pursuit and Attainment.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**KENEALY, ARABELLA**

**Memoirs of Edward Vaughan Kenealy, LL.D.** With Photogravure Portrait of Dr. Kenealy, and several other Portraits.  
Demy 8vo., cloth, 16s. net

**KENNEDY, BART**

**A Tramp's Philosophy.** Crown, 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**KENT, SYDNEY**

**The People in Shakspeare's Sonnets.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.  
net

**"KISH"**

**Creation's Dawn.** With a Preface by Professor A. H. Sayce.  
Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net  
Also Popular Edition. Crown 8vo., paper cover, sewn, 1s. net

**KREMER, IDA**

**The Struggle for a Royal Child (Anna Monica Pia, Duchess of Saxony).** With Photogravure Portraits of the ex-Crown Princess and the little Princess Monica. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**LANGLADE, EMILE**

**Rose Bertin: The Creator of Fashion at the Court of Marie Antoinette.** English Version by Dr. A. S. RAPPOPORT. With Photogravure Portrait and 24 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

**LEATHER-CULLEY, MRS. J. D.**

**On the War Path.** A Lady's Letters from the Front during the last Boer War. With 16 full-page Illustrations from Photographs taken by the Author. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**LEATHLEY, THE REV. S. A. M.A. (Oxon), LL.B. (Manchester), Principal of Kersal School, Manchester**

**The History of Marriage and Divorce.** Cr. 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**LE QUEUX, WILLIAM**

**Love Intrigues of the Kaiser's Sons.** With numerous Portraits.  
Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d. net  
Popular Edition, crown 8vo., boards, 2s. 6d. net

## LETCHE, OWEN, F.R.G.S.

**Big-Game Hunting in North-Eastern Rhodesia.** With Portrait of Author in Photogravure, and 52 Illustrations from Photographs. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

**The Bonds of Africa.** With 50 illustrations from Photographs and a Map. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

## LIDDELL, ROBERT S.

See NICHOLS, PERCY, p. 80

## LITTLEFAIR, MARY

**An English Girl's Adventures in Hostile Germany.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. net

## LLOYD, JOHN FINDEN

**The Boy in Business: How to Choose a Career, and Insure Success.** Preface by F. G. L. SPAIN. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. net

## LOLIÉE, FRÉDÉRIC

**Gilded Beauties of the Second Empire.** English Version by Bryan O'Donnell, M.A. With 34 Portraits. Demy 8vo., cloth, 15s. net

**Le Duc de Morny: The Brother of an Emperor and the Maker of an Empire.** English Version by BRYAN O'DONNELL, M.A. With numerous Portraits of the Celebrities of that Period. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net. This work is based upon family papers and the archives of the French Home Office

**Prince Talleyrand and his Times.** English version by BRYAN O'DONNELL, M.A. With Photogravure and numerous other Portraits. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net. This work contains material from recently discovered documents, now made public for the first time.

## LOWRY, JAMES M.

**Martial Law within the Realm of England.** Fcap. 8vo., paper, 1s. net

## MACAULAY, LORD

**Warren Hastings.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

---

12, 13 & 14, NORRIS STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON

**MACDONNELL, JOHN DE COURCY**

**Belgium : Her Kings, Kingdom and People.** Fully Illustrated.  
Demy 8vo., cloth, 15s. net

**The Life of H.M. Albert, King of the Belgians.** With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 2s. net

**MACPHERSON, JOHN F.**

**Children for Ever.** A Story for Young People. With 16 Plates in Colour by Tony Sarg. Decorative end-papers, and an artistic cover. Fcap. 4to., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**MASTERS, PERCIVAL G.**

**Home Exercise and Health : Five Minutes' Care to the Nerves.** With 32 Illustrations, including diagrams, also large folding chart of the exercises. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d. net. A system of Exercises devised to promote health and not muscle development only. It particularly aims at building up the nervous system

**MEATH, MURRAY.**

**Adam and Eve of To-day.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. net

**MONTAGU, VIOLETTE M.**

**Eugène de Beauharnais : The Adopted Son of Napoleon.** With 24 Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, 15s. net

**MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE**

**Recollections.** With Photogravure Portrait and a number of Original Letters. Demy 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d. net

**MURROW, JOHN**

**Referendum ; or, How to Make and Keep a Complete Reference Book.** Limp cloth, 6d. net

**MUTER, MRS.**

**My Recollections of the Sepoy Revolt, 1857-58.** With Photogravure Frontispiece, 16 Portraits and Illustrations, and a Map of the Cantonment of Meerut. Demy 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d. net

## NEWMAN, CARDINAL

**The Benedictine Order.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## NICHOLS, PERCY AND ROBERT S. LIDDELL

**What's What.** Crown 8vo., paper cover, 1s. net

## O'CONNOR, V. C. SCOTT

**Travels in the Pyrenees.** Including Andorra and the Coast from Barcelona to Carcassone. With 4 Illustrations in colour, and 150 other Illustrations, with Map. Demy 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d. net

## O'DONNELL, F. HUGH

**The Stage Irishman of the Pseudo-Celtic Drama.** Paper, 1s. net

## O'MAHONY, CHARLES

**The Viceroys of Ireland.** With Photogravure and numerous Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, 16s. net

## PARNET, MAX (Lauréat de l'Académie des Sports)

**Woman : Her Health and Beauty.** With 54 photographs from Life, printed on Art Paper; Diagrams; and large folding Chart of the Exercises. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d. net. The principal aim of physical culture is health and, by way of it, beauty. A famous lady doctor has written of this system: "By adopting it, women will acquire a figure which will enhance their beauty, and that suppleness which gives charm and elegance to their every movement." The exquisite full-page photographs which illustrate the exercises and which have been taken from life by the Mansat Studios, Paris, show how effectively this system allies health to beauty; and as artistic and faithful reproductions they will be greatly admired by all lovers of the female form

## PAYN, F. W.

**Lifting the Veil, with other Lawn-Tennis Sketches.** Crown 8vo., paper, 6d. net

## PITT-LEWIS, G., K.C.

**The History of "The Temple."** With Special Reference to that of the Middle Temple; also facsimiles of the Ancient Seals. Crown 8vo., paper, 1s. 6d. net

## PRAGA, MRS. ALFRED

**Appearances : How to keep them up on a Limited Income.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. net

**REDMOND-HOWARD, L. G.**

**Hindenburg's March into London.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net  
paper, 1s. 6d. net

**REES, LEONARD**

**Stories of the Operas and the Singers** (Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Season 1912). Containing the plots of the Operas and biographical sketches of the Artists. Copiously illustrated with Portraits. Crown 4to., paper, 6d. net

**Russian Ballet** (Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Season 1912). Containing the story of the Russian Dancing and Dancers and the plots of the Ballets. Copiously illustrated with Portraits. Crown 4to., paper, 6d. net

**Stories of the Operas and the Singers** (Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Season 1913). Containing the plots of the Operas and biographical sketches of the Artists. Copiously illustrated with Portraits. Crown 4to., paper, 6d. net

**Stories of the Operas and the Singers** (Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Season 1914). Containing the plots of the Operas and biographical sketches of the Artists. Copiously illustrated with Portraits. Crown 4to., paper, 6d. net

**REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA**

**Discourses on Art.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics*  
See p. 93

**SCHOLES, THEOPHILUS E. SAMUEL**

**Glimpses of the Ages; or, The "Superior" and "Inferior" Races, So-called, Discussed in the Light of Science and History.** Two volumes. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. net each

**SERJEANT, CONSTANCIA**

**When the Saints are Gone.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

**SEYMOUR, WALTER**

**Ups and Downs of a Wandering Life.** With Portrait. Demy 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d. net

**SHEPHEARD-WALWYN, H. W., M.A., F.Z.S., F.E.S., ETC.**

**Pictures from Nature's Garden; or, Stories from Life in Wood and Field.** With 78 Illustrations on art paper, printed in sepia, from the Author's Photographs direct from nature. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net



## SHORE, W. TEIGNMOUTH

**D'Orsay: or, The Complete Dandy.** With Photogravure Portrait and numerous other Portraits. Demy 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d. net

## SMITH, BARTHOLOMEW

**Chamberlain and Chamberlainism.** His Fiscal Proposals and Colonial Policy. Paper, 1s. net

## SMITH, E. J.

**A Yorkshireman Abroad.** With 28 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

Also Cheaper Editions, with all the Illustrations, boards at 2s. net, and paper 1s. 6d. net

## SOISSONS, COUNT DE

**The Seven Richest Heiresses of France.** With Photogravure and numerous other Portraits. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

## SOUTHEY, ROBERT

**The Life of Nelson.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt and gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## SOUTHWORTH, H. W.

**Divine Love Vindicated.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net. An earnest attempt to recall Protestantism to the faith and teaching of the Early Church, and of the Centuries nearest to Our Lord's life, together with a disquisition upon the real purpose of Our Lord's sojourn on earth

## SPENCER, EDWARD

**The King's Race-Horses.** A History of the connection of His Majesty King Edward VII. with the National Sport. With Additional Notes by Lord MARCUS BERESFORD. Printed on hand-made paper, with twenty plates in photogravure, limited to 300 copies. Royal 4to., £3 3s. net

\* \* Also a Special Edition, Imperial 4to., on Japanese Vellum, limited to 50 copies, the Plates on India Paper, one hand-coloured with a duplicate set of Plates in handsome Portfolio for framing. Each copy numbered and signed by the Author, £10 10s. net

## STALEY, EDGCUMBE

**Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes.** With Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

**King René d'Anjou and his Seven Queens.** With Frontispiece and numerous Portraits. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

## STERNE, LAURENCE

**A Sentimental Journey.** Artistic cloth, gold-blocked, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## STRONG, ROWLAND

**Sensations of Paris.** With upwards of 60 Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d. net

## SWIFT, DEAN

**A Voyage to Lilliput.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## TAYLOR, E. H.

**The Khaki Men.** Fcap. 8vo., paper, 1s. net

**For England—Mother!** Fcap. 8vo., paper, 1s. net

## TEMPLE, RIGHT HON. SIR RICHARD, BART., G.C.S.I.

**The House of Commons.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## THACKERAY, W. M.

**The Four Georges.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

**English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## THAW, EVELYN

**The Story of My Life.** Crown 8vo., paper, 1s. net. Illustrated

## TIBBITS, MRS. WALTER

**The Voice of the Orient.** With Coloured Frontispiece and 20 Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## TRENCH, HERBERT

Souvenir of "The Blue Bird." Illustrations in colours, 1s. net

## TWIN, MARK

**The Jumping Frog, and other Sketches.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## WALEFFE, MAURICE DE

**The Fair Land of Central America.** Preface by Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. With 24 Illustrations from Photographs. Demy 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d. net

## WALES, HUBERT

**The Purpose: Reflections and Digressions.** With Portrait of Author. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. net

## WALLER, LILLIE

**Our Pleasant Vices.** With Autograph Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## WARD, ARTEMUS

**His Book.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## WEINDEL, HENRI DE

**The Real Francis Joseph** (the Private Life of the Austrian Emperor). English Version by PHILIP W. SERGEANT. With numerous Portraits. Demy 8vo., cloth, 15s. net

**NEW EDITION**—Published under Title "Behind the Scenes at the Court of Vienna." With Portrait of the Emperor. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. net

**WHYTEHEAD, ROBT. YATES, M.A.**

**Records of an Old Vicarage.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**WILKINSON, FRANK**

**Australia at the Front.** A Colonial View of the last Boer War. With Portrait, Map, and 20 Illustrations on art paper by NORMAN H. HARDY from Sketches on the spot, and Photos by the AUTHOR. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. net

**WILLIAMS, MRS. M. FORREST**

**How to take Care of a Consumptive.** Fcap. 8vo., paper, 1s. net

**WYNDHAM, H. SAXE**

**Stories of the Operas and the Singers** (Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Season 1910). Containing the plots of the Operas and biographical sketches of the Artists. Copiously illustrated with Portraits. Crown 4to., cloth, 1s. 6d net ; paper, 1s. net

**Royal Opera and Imperial Russian Ballet** (Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Coronation Season 1911). Containing the plots of the Operas and Ballets and biographical sketches of the Artists. Copiously illustrated with Portraits. Crown 4to., paper, 6d. net

**YOUNGHUSBAND, ETHEL**

**Glimpses of East Africa and Zanzibar.** With Map and 58 Illustrations from Photographs. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d. net

## POETRY AND DRAMA

ALEXANDER, LOUIS C.

**The Testament of Omar Khayyám.** Comprising his Testament (or Last Words), A Song, Hymn of Prayer, The Word in the Desert, Hymn of Praise, also Odes of the Disciples. Royal 16mo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

ANDERSON, THISTLE

**Songs to Dorian, and other Verses.** Royal 16mo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

BEDWELL, HUGH

**Life's Little Comedies.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

BROCK, BLANCHE ADELAIDE

**Fire Fantasies.** Royal 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

**Bequeathed Mid-Ocean.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**Flights at Twilight.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

BROWNING, ROBERT

**Love Poems.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net ; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

BRUCE, ROBERT

**Re-echoes from Coondambo.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. net

BURNS, ROBERT

**Songs.** Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net ; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## BYRON, LORD

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.* Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## CAERLION, HOEL

*Sundial Songs.* Royal 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## CARR-POINT

*A Romance of Filey in the Days of Cromwell.* Fcap. 8vo., cloth 1s. 6d. net

## CHADWICK, MARY

*Flowers, Dust and Sun.* Royal 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## CHILDE-PEMBERTON, HARRIET L.

*Her Own Enemy.* A Play. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

*Love Knows and Waits, and other Poems.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## COLERIDGE, S. T.

*Christabel, and other Poems.* Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## COLLINS, GILBERT

*Sidelights of Song.* Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## DODGE, WALTER PHELPS

*The Purple Iris and Other Verses.* Dainty paper, 1s. net

*Red Gold and other Verses.* Dainty binding, Royal 16mo, cloth, 1s. net

## DOUGLAS, MONA

*Mychurackfan.* Crown 8vo., paper, 2s. 6d. net

## DRUCE, ERNEST

*Sonnets to a Lady.* Royal 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## FORSTER, R. H.

*Idylls of the North.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

*In Old Northumbria.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net. Illustrated

## GARTH, CECIL

*The Fool's Signet, and other Original Recitations.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## HAMILTON, G. ROSTREVOR

*The Search for Loveliness.* Royal 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## HARDY, B. C.

*Artegal: A Drama.* Poems and Ballads. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## HODGKINS, J. MARRIOTT

*Cyrus (about 520 B.C.).* A Fabulous Tragedy in Prologue and four Acts. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## HODGSON, ROBERT ARTHUR

*The Love of Mary Magdalene, and other Pieces.* Royal 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

*Flowers of Night.* Royal 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## HOLLINS, JOHN GEOFFREY

*Airs of the Harp.* Royal 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## HOOD, THOMAS

*Humorous Poems.* Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93



## IRVEN.

Open Spaces. Royal 16mo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## JACKSON, G. HUNT

The Demon of the Wind, and other Poems. Crown 8vo., cloth,  
3s. 6d. net

## JONSON, BEN

Poems. Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net ; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked  
back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## KAVANAGH, COLMAN

Aunt Martha's Will: A Comedy in Three Scenes. Crown 8vo.,  
paper, 9d. net

## KAVANAGH, ETHNA

The Priest of Isis, and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.  
net

## KINGSLEY, CHARLES

Miscellaneous Poems. Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net ; leather, gilt top,  
gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## LINGSTON, ROWE

The Coming of Spring, and other Poems. Royal 16mo., cloth,  
2s. 6d. net

Moliy's Book. Royal 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## LITTLE, PHILIP FRANCIS

Thermopylæ, and other Poems. Fcap. 4to., cloth, 5s. net

## MANN, HAMISH

A Subaltern's Musings. With Portrait. Crown 8vo., cloth,  
3s. 6d. net

## MILTON, JOHN

**Minor Poems.** Artistic cloth, gilt, rs. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## MOORE, DUGALD, M.B.

**Nightshade and Poppies.** Verses of a Country Doctor. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## O'DONNELL, F. HUGH

**The Message of the Masters.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## PATTERSON, R. STEWART

**Romanian Songs and Ballads.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

**Songs from the Far Away.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d. net

## POPE, ALEXANDER

**The Dunciad, and other Poems.** Artistic cloth, gilt, rs. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## RANKIN, JOHN B.

**Voces Amoris.** Royal 16mo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## RHODES, HYLDA

**Dream Colours.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## RIPPON-SEYMOUR, H.

**Songs from the Somme.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## ROGERS, ARUNDEL

**Mamamouchi.** A Comedy in Three Acts. (Adapted from the French.) Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL

**The Blessed Damsel, and other Poems.** Artistic cloth, gilt, rs. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## RUSKIN, JOHN

**Sesame and Lilies.** Artistic cloth, gilt, rs. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## SAFRONI-MIDDLETON, A.

**Bush Songs and Oversea Voices.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM

**Much Ado about Nothing.** Artistic cloth, gilt, rs. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

**Sonnets and Poems.** Artistic cloth, gilt, rs. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE

**Poems.** Artistic cloth, gilt, rs. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## SHORT, FRANK

**The Boer Ride.** Crown 8vo., paper cover, 6d. net

## SOUTH, ROBERT

**The Divine Aretino, and other Plays.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d. net  
**Sir Walter Raleigh.** A Drama. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## SPENSER, EDMUND

**Sonnets and Poems.** Artistic cloth, gilt, rs. 6d. net; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

## TOWNSHEND, MARCHIONESS

*In the King's Garden, and other Poems.* Printed on hand-made paper, with Autograph Portrait of the Marchioness in Photo gravure, printed on India paper. Royal 16mo., cloth, 5s. net

## WARREN, ADELE

*Looms of Silence.* Royal 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

*Companionship.* Royal 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## WARREN, G. B.

*For the Sceptre of the Sea.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. net

## WEST, STEPHEN

*The Place of Waiting.* Long 12mo., paper, 6d. net

## WINTER, REV. WILLIAM HARRIS, B.A., B.D., etc.

*Queen Elizabeth : An Epic Drama and Pageant Play.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. net

## WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM

*Sonnets.* Artistic cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net ; leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. *Carlton Classics.* See p. 93

"Will outbid all rivals."—*Bookman*.

"Certainly wonderful."—*Athenæum*.

## JOHN LONG'S CARLTON CLASSICS

Prices: Artistic Cloth, gilt, 1s. 6d. net; Leather, gilt top, gold-blocked back and side, 3s. net. Size 6 in. by 4 in. by  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. Length from 160 to 320 pages. It is the aim of this Series to present in tasteful and artistic form the World's favourite little masterpieces in prose and verse, and the Publisher believes that these Classics will be considered new and distinctive, and surpass any series at present before the public in the beauty of their printing and the daintiness of their format. Each Volume contains a Biographical Introduction by the Editor, MR. HANNAFORD BENNETT.

THE FOUR GEORGES . . . . .	W. M. THACKERAY
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE . . . . .	LORD BYRON
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING . . . . .	SHAKESPEARE
WARREN HASTINGS . . . . .	LORD MACAULAY
THE LIFE OF NELSON . . . . .	ROBERT SOUTHBY
TALES (Selected) . . . . .	EDGAR ALLAN POE
CHRISTABEL, and Other Poems . . . . .	S. T. COLERIDGE
A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY . . . . .	LAURENCE STERNE
THE BLESSED DAMOZEL, and Other Poems . . . . .	DANTE G. ROSSETTI
ON HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP . . . . .	THOMAS CARLYLE
SONNETS AND POEMS . . . . .	SHAKESPEARE
RASSELAS . . . . .	SAMUEL JOHNSON
SONNETS AND POEMS . . . . .	EDMUND SPENSER
ESSAYS (Selected) . . . . .	JOSEPH ADDISON
HIS BOOK . . . . .	ARTEMUS WARD
THE DUNCIAD, and Other Poems . . . . .	ALEXANDER POPE
ENGLISH HUMORISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY . . . . .	W. M. THACKERAY
THE JUMPING FROG, and Other Sketches . . . . .	MARK TWAIN
SONGS . . . . .	ROBERT BURNS
ESSAYS (Selected) . . . . .	LEIGH HUNT
LETTERS OF JUNIUS . . . . .	ANONYMOUS
HUMOROUS POEMS . . . . .	THOMAS HOOD
CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER . . . . .	THOMAS DE QUINCEY
A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT . . . . .	DEAN SWIFT
GRACE ABOUNDING . . . . .	JOHN BUNYAN
ESSAYS . . . . .	MATTHEW ARNOLD
POEMS . . . . .	PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY . . . . .	GEORGE ELIOT
SCENES FROM LORREQUER . . . . .	CHARLES LEVER
POEMS . . . . .	BEN JONSON
COUNSELS CIVIL AND MORAL . . . . .	FRANCIS BACON
MINOR POEMS . . . . .	JOHN MILTON
SELECTIONS . . . . .	EDMUND BURKE
SONNETS . . . . .	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
A VOYAGE TO LISBON . . . . .	HENRY FIELDING
ESSAYS . . . . .	JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE
ESSAYS FROM THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" . . . . .	FRANCIS, LORD JEFFREY
DISCOURSES ON ART . . . . .	SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
LOVE POEMS . . . . .	ROBERT BROWNING
THE BENEDICTINE ORDER . . . . .	CARDINAL NEWMAN
SESAME AND LILIES . . . . .	JOHN RUSKIN
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS . . . . .	CHARLES KINGSLEY

"A real triumph of modern publishing."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## JOHN LONG'S LIBRARY OF MODERN CLASSICS

A series of great works of fiction by modern authors. Not pocket editions, but large, handsome, and fully illustrated volumes for the bookshelf, printed in large type on the best paper. Biographical Introductions and Photogravure Portraits. Size, 8 in. by 5½ in.; thickness, 1½ in. Prices: Cloth Gilt, 48s. net each; Leather, Gold-Blocked and Silk Marker, 68s. net each; or in Classic Half-Vellum, 108s. net each.

THE THREE CLERKS . . . . .	(480 pp.)	ANTHONY TROLLOPE
THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH . . . . .	(672 pp.)	CHARLES READE
THE WOMAN IN WHITE . . . . .	(576 pp.)	WILKIE COLLINS
ADAM BEDE . . . . .	(480 pp.)	GEORGE ELIOT
THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESOMOND . . . . .	(432 pp.)	W. M. THACKERAY
WESTWARD HO! . . . . .	(600 pp.)	CHARLES KINGSLEY
TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS . . . . .	(320 pp.)	THOMAS HUGHES
A TALE OF TWO CITIES . . . . .	(384 pp.)	CHARLES DICKENS

"I know of no pleasanter or more tasteful reprints."—*Academy*. "A marvel of cheapness."—*Spectator*. "A marvellous bargain."—*Truth*. "Wonderfully cheap."—*Globe*. "Remarkable in price and format."—*Daily Mail*. "Admirable in print, paper, and binding."—*Saturday Review*.

## THE HAYMARKET NOVELS

A Series of Copyright Novels by Popular Authors. The volumes are printed upon a superior Antique Wove Paper, handsomely bound in cloth, with specially designed cover. The size of the volumes is 7½ in. by 5½ in. by 1 in., the length from 300 to 350 pages, and the price 3s. 6d. net each.

THE BELLE OF BOWLING GREEN . . . . .	AMELIA E. BARR
THE NIGHT OF RECKONING . . . . .	FRANK BARRETT
HIS MASTER PURPOSE . . . . .	HAROLD BINDLOSS
IN SPITE OF THE CZAR . . . . .	GUY BOOTHBY
THE LADY OF THE ISLAND . . . . .	GUY BOOTHBY
A CABINET SECRET . . . . .	GUY BOOTHBY
A BRIDE FROM THE SEA . . . . .	GUY BOOTHBY
FATHER ANTHONY . . . . .	ROBERT BUCHANAN
A PASSING FANCY . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
ROSAMOND GRANT . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
A DIFFICULT MATTER . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
BITTER FRUIT . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
AN ILL WIND . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
A WOMAN'S NO . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
MIDSUMMER MADNESS . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
THE CRAZE OF CHRISTINA . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
A FAIR FRAUD . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

*List continued on page facing.*

12, 13 & 14, NORRIS STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON

**THE HAYMARKET NOVELS—(continued)**

ST. ELIZABETH OF LONDON . . . . .	-	LUCAS CLEEVE
LADY SYLVIA . . . . .	-	LUCAS CLEEVE
THE INDISCRETION OF GLADYS . . . . .	-	LUCAS CLEEVE
THE WHITE LADY . . . . .	-	MAY CROMMELIN
PARTNERS THREE . . . . .	-	MAY CROMMELIN
THE SCARLET SEAL . . . . .	-	DICK DONOVAN
THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY . . . . .	-	DICK DONOVAN
THE WORLD MASTERS . . . . .	-	GEORGE GRIFFITH
THE JADE EYE . . . . .	-	FERGUS HUME
THE SILENT HOUSE . . . . .	-	FERGUS HUME
THE CRIMSON CRYPTOGRAM . . . . .	-	FERGUS HUME
A TRAITOR IN LONDON . . . . .	-	FERGUS HUME
THE SECRET PASSAGE . . . . .	-	FERGUS HUME
THE OPAL SERPENT . . . . .	-	FERGUS HUME
TREWINNOT OF GUY'S . . . . .	-	MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN
MRS. MUSGRAVE AND HER HUSBAND		RICHARD MARSH
CURIOS . . . . .	-	RICHARD MARSH
MISS ARNOTT'S MARRIAGE . . . . .	-	RICHARD MARSH
THE MAGNETIC GIRL . . . . .	-	RICHARD MARSH
CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG LADY . . . . .	-	RICHARD MARSH
HIS MASCOT . . . . .	-	L. T. MEADE
THE BURDEN OF HER YOUTH . . . . .	-	L. T. MEADE
LITTLE WIFE HESTER . . . . .	-	L. T. MEADE
THE ADVENTURES OF MIRANDA		L. T. MEADE
IN SUMMER SHADE . . . . .	-	MARY E. MANN
THE OTHER MRS. JACOBS . . . . .	-	MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED
FUGITIVE ANNE . . . . .	-	MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED
THE MAID OF THE RIVER . . . . .	-	MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED
THE MASK . . . . .	-	WILLIAM LE QUEUX
THE HARVEST OF LOVE . . . . .	-	C. RANGER-GULL
A JILT'S JOURNAL . . . . .	-	RITA
AN INDEPENDENT MAIDEN . . . . .	-	ADELINÉ SERGEANT
THE FUTURE OF PHYLLIS . . . . .	-	ADELINÉ SERGEANT
THE WATERS OF OBLIVION . . . . .	-	ADELINÉ SERGEANT
THE MACHINATIONS OF JANET		SARAH TYTLER
WHO WAS LADY THURNE ? . . . .	-	FLORENCE WARDEN
AN IMPOSSIBLE HUSBAND . . . . .	-	FLORENCE WARDEN
ONCE TOO OFTEN . . . . .	-	FLORENCE WARDEN
AN OUTSIDER'S YEAR . . . . .	-	FLORENCE WARDEN
THE FACE IN THE FLASHLIGHT		FLORENCE WARDEN
A FLIRTATION WITH TRUTH . . . . .	-	CURTIS YORKE
DELPHINE . . . . .	-	CURTIS YORKE
OLIVE KINSELLA . . . . .	-	CURTIS YORKE
THE GIRL IN GREY . . . . .	-	CURTIS YORKE
ALIX OF THE GLEN . . . . .	-	CURTIS YORKE



# CHEAP EDITIONS OF THE NOVELS OF NAT GOULD

The Sales of the Novels of Nat Gould, to the end of 1919, exceed the colossal figure of **20,000,000** copies

**2s. 0d. net.** Fcap. 8vo., 256 pages. Attractively bound. Wrapper in Three Colours, printed on art paper.

LEFT IN THE LURCH  
THE SILVER STAR †

A CHESTNUT CHAMPION †  
RACING RIVALS †

ODDS ON †

† A full-length Novel now for the first time published in volume form.

**1s. net.** Medium 8vo. 8½ in. by 5½ in. 128 pages. Thread Sewn Cover in Three Colours, printed on art paper.

- 1 ONE OF A MOB
- 2 THE SELLING PLATER
- 3 A BIT OF A ROGUE
- 4 THE LADY TRAINER
- 5 A STRAIGHT GOER
- 6 A HUNDRED TO ONE CHANCE
- 7 A SPORTING SQUATTER
- 8 THE PET OF THE PUBLIC
- 9 CHARGER AND CHASER
- 10 THE LOTTERY COLT
- 11 A STROKE OF LUCK
- 12 THE TOP WEIGHT
- 13 THE DAPPLE GREY
- 14 WHIRLWIND'S YEAR
- 15 THE LITTLE WONDER
- 16 A BIRD IN HAND
- 17 THE BUCKJUMPER
- 18 THE JOCKEY'S REVENGE
- 19 THE PICK OF THE STABLE
- 20 THE STOLEN RACER
- 21 A RECKLESS OWNER
- 22 THE ROARER
- 23 THE LUCKY SHOE
- 24 QUEEN OF THE TURF

- 25 A GREAT OUP \*
- 26 THE KING'S FAVOURITE
- 27 A CAST OFF
- 28 GOOD AT THE GAME
- 29 THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME †
- 30 A MEMBER OF TATT'S
- 31 THE TRAINER'S TREASURE
- 32 THE PHANTOM HORSE
- 33 THE HEAD LAD
- 34 THE BEST OF THE SEASON
- 35 THE FLYER
- 36 THE WHITE ARAB
- 37 A FORTUNE AT STAKE \*
- 38 A GAMBLE FOR LOVE \*
- 39 THE WIZARD OF THE TURF
- 40 NEVER IN DOUBT
- 41 LEFT IN THE LURCH
- 42 LOST AND WON
- 43 A TURF CONSPIRACY \*
- 44 BREAKING THE RECORD
- 45 THE SMASHER
- 46 A NORTHERN CRACK
- 47 THE RIDER IN KHAKI -
- 48 WON ON THE POST

\* Filmed. † Dramatized.

For a full List and further particulars of the Novels of Nat Gould, see pp.26—30

12, 13 & 14, NORRIS STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON

# JOHN LONG'S 2s. 0d. net POPULAR NOVELS

A New Series of Novels by World-Famous Authors. The Authors in this Series have been specially selected. The volumes are printed on good paper, in newly-set clear type. They are most tastefully bound, and have attractive Dust Wrappers in Three Colours, printed on Art Paper. Fcap. 8vo., 256 pages or 320 pages.

BY RIGHT OF PURCHASE -	HAROLD BINDLOSS
THE CATTLE BARON'S DAUGHTER -	HAROLD BINDLOSS
DELILAH OF THE SNOWS -	HAROLD BINDLOSS
THE GOLD TRAIL -	HAROLD BINDLOSS
THE GREATER POWER -	HAROLD BINDLOSS
HIS MASTER PURPOSE -	HAROLD BINDLOSS
THRICE ARMED -	HAROLD BINDLOSS
ALTON OF SOMASCO -	HAROLD BINDLOSS
RANCHER CARTARET -	HAROLD BINDLOSS
ALISON'S ADVENTURE -	HAROLD BINDLOSS
IN SPIKE OF THE CZAR -	GUY BOOTHBY
THE LADY OF THE ISLAND -	GUY BOOTHBY
A CABINET SECRET -	GUY BOOTHBY
A BRIDE FROM THE SEA -	GUY BOOTHBY
THE GLEN O' WEEPING -	MARJORIE BOWEN
THE VIPER OF MILAN -	MARJORIE BOWEN
THE WHITE HAND and the BLACK	BERTRAM MITFORD
A LEGACY of the GRANITE HILLS	BERTRAM MITFORD
A BORDER SCOURGE -	BERTRAM MITFORD
THE SIN OF JASPER STANDISH -	RITA
FATHER ANTHONY -	ROBERT BUCHANAN
PERPETUA -	DION CLAYTON CALTHROP
TINSEL AND GOLD -	DION CLAYTON CALTHROP
THE RANSOM FOR LONDON -	J. S. FLETCHER
THE BARTENSTEIN CASE -	J. S. FLETCHER
I TOO HAVE KNOWN -	AMY J. BAKER
THE IMPENITENT PRAYER -	AMY J. BAKER
THE SNAKE GARDEN -	AMY J. BAKER
MOONFLOWER -	AMY J. BAKER
DEAR YESTERDAY -	AMY J. BAKER
THE EYE OF ISTAR -	WILLIAM LE QUEUX
THE VEILED MAN -	WILLIAM LE QUEUX
THE BREATH OF SUSPICION -	WILLIAM LE QUEUX
THE MAN ABOUT TOWN -	WILLIAM LE QUEUX
A GLORIOUS LIE -	DOROTHEA GERARD
THE INEVITABLE MARRIAGE	DOROTHEA GERARD
LEFT IN THE LURCH -	NAT GOULD
A CHESTNUT CHAMPION* -	NAT GOULD
ODDS ON* -	NAT GOULD
RACING RIVALS* -	NAT GOULD
THE SILVER STAR* -	NAT GOULD

\* A full-length Novel now for the first time published in volume form.

*List continued overleaf.*

12, 13 & 14, NORRIS STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON

**JOHN LONG'S 1s. 6d. net POPULAR NOVELS—(continued)**

<b>ALIX OF THE GLEN</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>DELPHINE</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>ONLY BETTY</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>MOLLIE DEVERILL</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>WAYWARD ANNE</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>QUEER LITTLE JANE</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>THE WOMAN RUTH</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>ENCHANTED</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>DANGEROUS DOROTHY</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>THE GIRL AND THE MAN</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>THE GIRL IN GREY</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>IRRESPONSIBLE KITTY</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>OLIVE KINSELLA</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>*THE OTHER SARA</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>PATRICIA OF PALL MALL</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>THEIR MARRIAGE</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>A FLIRTATION WITH TRUTH</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>MISS DAFFODIL</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>THE VISION OF THE YEARS</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>THE WORLD AND DELIA</b>	-	-	-	CURTIS YORKE
<b>LINKS IN THE CHAIN</b>	-	-	-	HEADON HILL
<b>*THE LURE OF CROONING WATER</b>	-	-	-	MARION HILL
<b>McALLISTER'S GROVE</b>	-	-	-	MARION HILL
<b>A SEALED VERDICT</b>	-	-	-	LAWRENCE L. LYNCH
<b>THE ROMANCE OF A MAID OF HONOUR</b>	-	-	-	RICHARD MARSH
<b>COMING OF AGE</b>	-	-	-	RICHARD MARSH
<b>THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER</b>	-	-	-	RICHARD MARSH
<b>NURSE CHARLOTTE</b>	-	-	-	L. T. MEADE
<b>THE PENNILESS MILLIONAIRE</b>	-	-	-	DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY
<b>WINGATE'S WIFE</b>	-	-	-	VIOLET TWEEDALE
<b>THE MATHESON MONEY</b>	-	-	-	FLORENCE WARDEN
<b>AN INNOCENT IMPOSTER</b>	-	-	-	MAXWELL GRAY
<b>OUR ALTY</b>	-	-	-	M. E. FRANCIS
<b>THE TOCSIN</b>	-	-	-	ALICE & CLAUDE ASKEW
<b>THE GARMENT OF IMMORTALITY</b>	-	-	-	ALICE & CLAUDE ASKEW
<b>LOVE ON SMOKY RIVER</b>	-	-	-	THEODORE G. ROBERTS
<b>BLESSINGTON'S FOLLY</b>	-	-	-	THEODORE G. ROBERTS
<b>IN THE HIGH WOODS</b>	-	-	-	THEODORE G. ROBERTS
<b>FOREST FUGITIVES</b>	-	-	-	THEODORE G. ROBERTS
<b>JESS OF THE RIVER</b>	-	-	-	THEODORE G. ROBERTS
<b>THE EXILED LOVER</b>	-	-	-	THEODORE G. ROBERTS
<b>THE MAN WHO KNEW ALL</b>	-	-	-	MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON
<b>THE MYSTERY of the 3 FINGERS</b>	-	-	-	MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON
<b>CRIMSON LILIES</b>	-	-	-	MAY CROMMELIN

\* Filmed.

## JOHN LONG'S New 1s. net (Paper) NOVELS

All with entirely new up-to-date Cover Designs, by leading Artists, printed in Three Colours on Art Paper. Thread sewn, 8½ in. by 5½ in.

SOMETHING IN THE CITY . . . . .	FLORENCE WARDEN
THE TURNPIKE HOUSE . . . . .	FERGUS HUME
MIDSUMMER MADNESS . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
MRS. MUSGRAVE and HER HUSBAND	RICHARD MARSH
THE SIN OF HAGAR . . . . .	HELEN MATHERS
DELPHINE . . . . .	CURTIS YORKE
TRAITOR AND TRUE . . . . .	JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON
THE OTHER MRS. JACOBS . . . . .	MRS. CAMPELL PRAED
THE COUNTESS OF MOUNTENOY	JOHN STRANGE WINTER
THE WOOING OF MONICA . . . . .	L. T. MEADE
THE WORLD MASTERS . . . . .	GEORGE GRIFFITH
HIS ITALIAN WIFE . . . . .	LUCAS CLEEVE
No. 3 THE SQUARE . . . . .	FLORENCE WARDEN
MISS ARNOTT'S MARRIAGE . . . . .	RICHARD MARSH
THE THREE DAYS' TERROR . . . . .	J. S. FLETCHER
THE JUGGLER AND THE SOUL . . . . .	HELEN MATHERS
THE HARVEST OF LOVE . . . . .	C. RANGER-GULL
BITTER FRUIT . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
BENEATH THE VEIL . . . . .	ADELIN SERGEANT
THE BRANGWYN MYSTERY . . . . .	DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY
FUGITIVE ANNE . . . . .	MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED
IN SUMMER SHADE . . . . .	MARY E. MANN
A JILT'S JOURNAL . . . . .	RITA
THE SCARLET SEAL . . . . .	DICK DONOVAN
ALIX OF THE GLEN . . . . .	CURTIS YORKE
THE CRIMSON CRYPTOGRAM . . . . .	FERGUS HUME
THE BOHEMIAN GIRLS . . . . .	FLORENCE WARDEN
AN ILL WIND . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
THE BURDEN OF HER YOUTH . . . . .	L. T. MEADE
WOMAN THE SPHINX . . . . .	FERGUS HUME
THE LOVELY MRS. PEMBERTON	FLORENCE WARDEN
CURIOS . . . . .	RICHARD MARSH
FAIR ROSALIND . . . . .	J. E. MUDDOCK
A PASSING FANCY . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
A BEAUTIFUL REBEL . . . . .	ERNEST GLANVILLE
THE FUTURE OF PHYLLIS . . . . .	ADELIN SERGEANT
THE MYSTERY OF DUDLEY HORNE	FLORENCE WARDEN
THE JADE EYE . . . . .	FERGUS HUME
A WOMAN'S NO . . . . .	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
LITTLE WIFE HESTER . . . . .	L. T. MEADE
GEORGE & SON . . . . .	EDWARD H. COOPER

*List continued overleaf.*

**JOHN LONG'S New 1s. net (Paper) NOVELS—****(continued)**

THE NIGHT OF RECKONING . . . . .	-	FRANK BARRETT
CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG LADY . . . . .	-	RICHARD MARSH
A LOST CAUSE . . . . .	-	GUY THORNE
KITTY'S ENGAGEMENT . . . . .	-	FLORENCE WARDEN
THE GOLDEN WANG-HO . . . . .	-	FERGUS HUME
A DIFFICULT MATTER . . . . .	-	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
THE MASK . . . . .	-	WILLIAM LE QUEUX
SWEET "DOLL" OF HADDON HALL . . . . .	-	J. E. MUDDOCK
THE SECRET PASSAGE . . . . .	-	FERGUS HUME
ADA VERNHAM—ACTRESS . . . . .	-	RICHARD MARSH
AN OUTSIDER'S YEAR . . . . .	-	FLORENCE WARDEN
THE BISHOP'S SECRET . . . . .	-	FERGUS HUME
A WOMAN OF BUSINESS . . . . .	-	MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS
THE CRAZE OF CHRISTINA . . . . .	-	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
OUR WIDOW . . . . .	-	FLORENCE WARDEN
THE GIRL IN GREY . . . . .	-	CURTIS YORKE
THE VEILED MAN . . . . .	-	WILLIAM LE QUEUX
IN SPITE OF THE CZAR . . . . .	-	GUY BOOTHBY
FATHER ANTHONY . . . . .	-	ROBERT BUCHANAN
A CABINET SECRET . . . . .	-	GUY BOOTHBY
THE EYE OF ISTAR . . . . .	-	WILLIAM LE QUEUX
THE STORM OF LONDON . . . . .	-	F. DICKBERRY
A FAIR FRAUD . . . . .	-	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
REMEMBRANCE . . . . .	-	MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

# INDEX TO TITLES

ABERAFON, 63  
 Abnegation, 44  
 Above all Things, 54  
 Ada Vernham, Actress, 42, 100  
 Adam and Eve of To-Day, 79  
 Adam Bede, 20, 94  
 Admiralty's Secret, The, 17  
 Adventures of Miranda, The, 44, 95  
 Affairs of Men, 33  
 African Treasure, An, 14  
 Aim of Her Life, The, 44  
 Airs of the Harp, 88  
 Alison's Adventure, 7, 97  
 Alix of the Glen, 64, 95, 98, 99  
 All that a Man Hath, 56  
 All the Joneses, 38  
 All the Winners, 32  
 All They went Through, 53  
 Alluring Flame, The, 46  
 Also Joan, 4  
 Alton of Somasco, 6, 97  
 Amazement, 7  
 Ambassador's Glove, The, 41  
 Ambitions of Jill, The, 64  
 Angel of Chance, The, 13  
 Angels in Wales, 37  
 Anna Strelitz, 39  
 Another Woman's Shoes, 43  
 Appearances: How to Keep them Up, 80  
 Apron Strings, 43  
 Arcadians, The, 21  
 Around a Distant Star, 18  
 Arrow of the North, The, 22  
 Artegal, 88  
 As Cæsar's Wife, 31  
 Ashes of Passion, 38  
 At Starting Price, 30  
 At the Court of Il Moro, 38  
 Aunt Martha's Will, 89  
 Austin's Career, 59  
 Australia at the Front, 85  
 Avenging of Ruthanna, The, 38  
 Awakening Light, The, 68  
 Aynsley's Case, 21  
 Bad Lord Lockington, The, 61  
 Barbara West, 55  
 Barbarians, The, 8  
 Barnaby's Bridal, 37  
 Bartenstein Case, The, 21, 97  
 Basking Pear, The, 8  
 Bâton Sinister, The, 25  
 Beautiful Rebel, A, 25, 99  
 Before the Curtain, 13  
 Beggar on Horseback, A, 37  
 Behind the Scenes at the Court of Vienna,

Belgium, Her Kings, Kingdom, and People, 79  
 Belinda Treherne, 44  
 Belle of Bowling Green, The, 5, 94  
 Beloved Premier, The, 43  
 Benbonuna, 10  
 Beneath the Veil, 54, 99  
 Benedictine Order, The, 80, 93  
 Bequeathed Mid-Ocean, 86  
 Bertha in the Background, 38  
 Bespoken Bride, A, 62  
 Best of the Season, The, 29, 96  
 Bettina, 16  
 Beyond the Hills, 63  
 Biddy the Spitfire, 39  
 Big-Game Hunting in N.-E. Rhodesia, 78  
 Billy's Wife, 14  
 Bird in Hand, A, 27, 96  
 Bishop's Secret, The, 36, 100  
 Bit of a Rogue, A, 26, 96  
 Bitter Fruit, 11, 94, 99  
 Black Patch, The, 36  
 Blast, The, 67  
 Blessed Damozel, The, 91, 93  
 Blessington's Folly, 52, 98  
 Blind Policy, 21  
 Blows of Circumstance, The, 38  
 "Blue Bird" Souvenir, The, 84  
 Blue Bonnets Up, 49  
 Boer Ride, The, 91  
 Boffin's Find, 58  
 Bohemian Days in Fleet Street, 76  
 Bohemian Girls, The, 61, 99  
 Bomb, The, 33  
 Bond of Sympathy, A, 32  
 Bonds of Africa, The, 78  
 Book of Angelus Drayton, The, 52  
 Book of the Cevennes, A, 69  
 Border Scourge, A, 45, 97  
 Boy in Business, The, 78  
 Boy's Father, 5  
 Bracebridges, The, 59  
 Brangwyn Mystery, The, 46, 99  
 Bread of Tears, The, 10  
 Breaking the Record, 29, 96  
 Breath of Suspicion, The, 40, 97  
 Briar Rose, A, 60  
 Bride from the Sea, A, 8, 94, 97  
 Bride of Shiva, The, 10  
 Brittany to Whitehall, 74  
 Brummell, 75  
 Brush with Fate, A, 17  
 Buccaneers' Island, 15  
 Buckjumper, The, 27, 96  
 Burden of Her Youth, The, 44, 95, 9  
 Burnt Wings, 64  
 Bush Songs, and Oversea Voices, 91

Busybody, The, 55  
 Butterfly, A, 25  
 By Jumna's Banks, 42  
 By Right of Purchase, 7, 97  
 By Thames and Tiber, 31  
 Cabinet Secret, A, 8, 94, 97, 100  
 Cackling Geese, 25  
 Callista in Revolt, 51  
 Canadian Girl, A, 32  
 Car of Phœbus, The, 39  
 Career of Freda, The, 6  
 Case of Sir Geoffrey, The, 61  
 Cast Off, A, 28, 96  
 Castle Oriol, 33  
 Catching a Coronet, 9  
 Cattle Baron's Daughter, The, 6, 97  
 Cavern of Laments, The, 41  
 Céline: A True Story of the French  
 Revolution, 21  
 Chamberlain and Chamberlainism, 82  
 Chance of a Lifetime, The, 28, 96  
 Change of Sex, A, 39  
 Charger and Chaser, 27, 96  
 Charming Miss Kyrle, 53  
 Chaser's Luck, The, 31  
 Chestnut Champion, A, 30, 96, 97  
 Chicane, 53  
 Chickens Come Home to Roost, 34  
 Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, 87, 93  
 Children for Ever, 79  
 Children of Earth, 48  
 Choice of Emelia, The, 54  
 Christabel, and other Poems, 87, 93  
 Church and Thisbe Grey, The, 9  
 Cicely Vaughan, 17  
 Climax, The, 1  
 Cloister and the Hearth, The, 51, 94  
 Clouds, 37  
 Combat, The, 12  
 Comedy of the Unexpected, A, 4  
 Coming of Age, 43, 98  
 Coming of Spring, The, 89  
 Companionship, 92  
 Complex Love Affair, A, 7  
 Composers in Love and Marriage, 75  
 Compromising of Jane, The, 62  
 Confessions of Cleodora, The, 17  
 Confessions of a Court Milliner, 44  
 Confessions of a Princess, The, 67  
 Confessions of a Young Lady, The, 42,  
 95, 100  
 Confessions of an English Opium Eater,  
 The, 71, 93  
 Conflict and Conquest, 23  
 Conscience of Dr. Holt, The, 13  
 Contract, The, 47  
 Coquette, 17  
 Corner in Ballybeg, A, 46  
 Counsels, Civil and Moral, 68, 93  
 Count Reminy, 45  
 Countess Ida, 62  
 Countess of Mountenoy, The, 63, 99  
 Court of Destiny, The, 13  
 Courts of Love, The, 9  
 Courtship of Sarah, The, 59

Courtship of Sybil, The, 44  
 Craze of Chrisuna, The, 11, 94, 100  
 Creation's Dawn, 77  
 Creatures of Clay, 54  
 Creggan Peerage, The, 51  
 Crescent Moon, The, 19  
 Cricket, Drill, and Training, 67  
 Crime in the Wood, The, 56  
 Crime of the Century, The, 19, 95  
 Criminal Crœsus, A, 31  
 Crimson Cryptogram, The, 36, 95, 99  
 Crimson Lilies, 16, 98  
 Cross-Roads, 18  
 Cross-Tides, 41  
 Crowning of Gloria, The, 51  
 Cupid's Time-Sheet, 43  
 Curios: Some Strange Adventures of Two  
 Bachelors, 42, 95, 99  
 Curse of Eden, The, 3  
 Curse of the Fevers, The, 44  
 Curtain, The, 62  
 Cyrus, 88  
 Daily Pickings from Pickwick, 71  
 Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle,  
 The, 41  
 Dangerous Dorothy, 65, 98  
 Dangerous Quest, A, 66  
 Dangerous Thing, A, 8  
 Dapple Grey, The, 27, 96  
 Dark Lady, The, 12  
 Daughter in Judgment, A, 24  
 Daughter of England, A, 16  
 Daughter of the Heather, A, 33  
 Daughter of the Manse, A, 59  
 Davosers, The, 9  
 Deacon's Daughter, The, 43, 98  
 Dead Certainties, 32  
 Dear Yesterday, 5, 97  
 Decoy Duck, The, 48  
 Decree Nisi, 64  
 Delilah of the Snows, 6, 97  
 Delphine, 64, 95, 98, 99  
 Demetrius and Daisy, 46  
 Demon of the Wind, The, 89  
 Demos Awakes, 46  
 Desired Haven, The, 4  
 Desmond O'Connor, 37  
 Despot, The, 55  
 Devastation, 38  
 Devil's Bargain, A, 61  
 Devil's Profession, The, 62  
 Deyncourt of Deyncourt, 50  
 Diamond of Evil, The, 62  
 Diary of a Russian Lady, The, 72  
 Diary of My Honeymoon, The, 64  
 Dice of Love, The, 9  
 Dictionary of Fools, The, 13  
 Did Cupid Count? 39  
 Didums, 41  
 Difficult Matter, A, 11, 94, 100  
 Discourses on Art, 81, 93  
 Diva, The, 57  
 Divided Houses, 24  
 Divine Aretino, The, 91  
 Divine Love Vindicated, 82



D'Orsay ; or, The Complete Dandy, 82  
 Down Express, The, 4  
 Dr. Dale's Dilemma, 4  
 Dr. Manton, 24  
 Dramatic Criticism, 74  
 Dream Colours, 90  
 Dream Friend, The, 25  
 Dream of Fame, A, 18  
 Driving Force, The, 3  
 Dual Identity, The, 45  
 Duc de Morny, Le, 58  
 Duchess of Pontifex Square, The, 4  
 Duchinka, 14  
 Duke's Dilemma, The, 41  
 Dunciad, The, 90, 93  
 Duplicate Death, The, 23  
 Dust of Conflict, The, 6  
 Dwellers by the River, 50  
 "E," 34  
 Echoes of Whistler, 67  
 Edge of To-day, The, 38  
 Edward Fitzgerald and "Posh," 69  
 Eileen, 14  
 Eleanor's Husband, 21  
 Elusive Wife, The, 48  
 Empty Heritage, An, 59  
 Enchanted, 66, 98  
 Enchanting Distance, The, 4  
 End of a Passion, The, 18  
 Enemy in our Midst, The, 63  
 Engineering as a Profession, 73  
 English Girl's Adventures in Hostile Germany, An, 78  
 English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century, 83, 93  
 Enterprise of Ella, The, 37  
 Entrapped, 18  
 Environment, 21  
 Essays (Addison), 67, 93  
 Essays (Arnold), 68, 93  
 Essays (Frowde), 73, 93  
 Essays (Hunt), 75, 93  
 Essays from the *Edinburgh Review*, 76, 93  
 Essence of Life, The, 3  
 Esther Grant, 46  
 Etelka, 22  
 Eternal Struggle, The, 33  
 Etiquette and Entertaining, 68  
 Eton Memories, 72  
 Eugène de Beauharnais, 79  
 Eurasian, The, 10  
 Evelyn on Thorns, 43  
 Exiled Lover, The, 52, 98  
 Exile's Daughter, An, 47  
 Experiment of Dr. Nevill, The, 6  
 Eye of Istar, The, 40, 97, 100  
 Face in the Flashlight, The, 61, 95  
 Face of Juliet, The, 44  
 Fair Fraud, A, 11, 94, 100  
 Fair Ladies of Hampton Court, The, 76  
 Fair Land of Central America, The, 84  
 Fair Rosalind, 46, 99  
 Fairy in the Pigskin, A, 31  
 Faith and Unfaith, 7  
 Family Tradition, The, 34

Far Cry, A, 18  
 Farthest West : Life and Travel in the United States, 72  
 Fast as the Wind, 30  
 Fatality, 13  
 Fate of Felix, The, 38  
 Father Anthony, 10, 94, 97, 100  
 Fault, The, 49  
 Fen Dogs, The, 22  
 Fernando, 5  
 Fighter in Khaki, A, 53  
 Fire Fantasies, 86  
 First Favourites, 32  
 First-Fruits, 20  
 First Impressions in America, 68  
 Flashes from Cape Diamonds, 37  
 Flights at Twilight, 86  
 Flirtation with Truth, A, 64, 95, 98  
 Flower of the World, 58  
 Flowers, Dust, and Sun, 87  
 Flowers of Night, 88  
 Flute of Pan, The, 35  
 Flutter with Fate, A, 37  
 Flyer, The, 29, 96  
 Flying Scroll, The, 42  
 Folly of the Wise, The, 48  
 Folly's Gate, 7  
 Fool Hath Said, The, 3  
 Fool to Fame, A, 57  
 Fool with Women, A, 62  
 Fooling of Don Jaime, The, 24  
 Fool's Signet, The, 88  
 For a God Dishonoured, 3  
 Forbidden Paths, 51  
 For England—Mother! 83  
 Forest Fugitives, 52, 98  
 For Faith and Navarre, 64  
 Forsaken Garden, A, 17  
 For the Sceptre of the Sea, 92  
 For the White Cockade, 46  
 Fortune at Stake, A, 29, 96  
 Foundress, The, 5  
 Fountain of Beauty, The, 44  
 Four Candles, The, 58  
 Four Georges, The, 83, 93  
 Four Red Roses, 59  
 Frank Redland, Recruit, 38  
 Fresh Air, 57  
 Friendship and Folly, 49  
 From Pillar to Post, 19  
 From the Clutch of the Sea, 46  
 From the Hand of the Hunter, 44  
 From the Land of the Wombat, 60  
 Fruit of the Vine, The, 50  
 Fugitive Anne, 50, 95, 99  
 Fugitive Years, The, 55  
 Full-length Portrait of Eve, A, 10  
 Future of Phyllis, The, 54, 95, 99  
 Gallant Lady, A, 9  
 Gamble for Love, A, 29, 96  
 Garden of Mystery, The, 42  
 Garment of Immortality, The, 4, 98  
 Gate of Never, The, 13  
 Gate Openers, The, 45  
 Gate of Temptation, The, 9

Gates of the Past, The, 60  
 George and Son, 15, 99  
 George Savile, 53  
 German Empire's Hour of Destiny, The  
     73  
 German Prince and His Victim, A, 68  
 Gilded Beauties of the Second Empire, 78  
 Girl and the Man, The, 65, 98  
 Girl from Gatford, The, 51  
 Girl in Grey, The, 65, 95, 98, 100  
 Girl in the Blue Dress, The, 42  
 Girl of No Importance, A, 51  
 Girl of To-day, A, 44  
 Girl who wouldn't Work, The, 62  
 Girl with Feet of Clay, The, 59  
 Girl with Ideals, A, 20  
 Girl with the Odds Against Her, The, 13  
 Girls of Inverbarns, The, 60  
 Gleam, The, 12  
 Glen o' Weeping, The, 9, 97  
 Glimpses from Wonderland, 76  
 Glimpses of East Africa and Zanzibar, 85  
 Glimpses of the Ages, 81  
 Glorious Lie, A, 24, 97  
 Glory of the Almond Trees, The, 85  
 Girl's Good Woman, 57  
 Gold Coast Palaver, 69  
 Gold Trail, The, 7, 97  
 Golden Casket of Stories, A, 24  
 Golden Spur, The, 21  
 Golden Wang-Ho, The, 36, 100  
 Golf for the Late Beginner, 75  
 Good at the Game, 28, 96  
 Grace Abounding, 70, 93  
 Grass Widow, The, 24  
 Great Coup, A, 28, 96  
 Great Gay Road, The, 23  
 Great Experiment, The, 33  
 Great Newmarket Mystery, The, 50  
 Great Refusal, The, 31  
 Great was the Fall, 47  
 Greater Power, The, 7, 97  
 Greatness of John, The, 3  
 Green Girl, 58  
 Green Mummy, The, 36  
 Green Turbans, The, 14  
 Greenstone, The, 53  
 Guerdon of Faith, The, 43  
 Gun-Dogs, 69  
 Handful of Days, A, 17  
 Happiness: Its Pursuit and Attainment,  
     76  
 Hard Way, The, 48  
 Harmony Hall, 34  
 Harry of Athol, 22  
 Harvest of Love, The, 51, 95, 99  
 Harvesters, The, 21  
 Hazards of Life, The, 59  
 Hazel Grafton, 58  
 He that is Without Sin, 63  
 Head Lad, The, 29, 96  
 Heart of a Monk, The, 3  
 Heart of Helen, The, 44  
 Heart of Joanna, The, 32  
 Heart of the Vicar, The, 59

Hearts are Trumps, 60  
 Her Father's Soul, 14  
 Her Highness, 62  
 Her Ladyship of the Season, 19  
 Her Own Enemy, 87  
 Heretic, The, 39  
 Heroes and Hero Worship, 70, 93  
 Hindenburg's March into London, 81  
 His American Wife, 37  
 His Book (Artemus Ward), 84, 93  
 His Italian Wife, 14, 99  
 His Little Bill of Sale, 17  
 His Mascot, 44, 95  
 His Master Purpose, 6, 94, 97  
 His 'Prentice Hand, 48  
 His Reverence the Rector, 59  
 His Wife's Sister, 51  
 History of Henry Esmond, The, 57, 94  
 History of Marriage and Divorce, The, 77  
 History of "The Temple," The, 80  
 Hobson's Choice, 13  
 Home Exercise and Health, 79  
 Honesty's Garden, 16  
 Honour in Pawn, 43  
 Horse and the Maid, The, 16  
 Horses I Have Known, 74  
 Hospital Secret, The, 15  
 Hounds, 69  
 House in the Crescent, The, 54  
 House of Commons, The, 83  
 House of Hardale, The, 48  
 House of Howe, The, 16  
 House of Teck, The, 73  
 House of the Other World, The, 55  
 House on the Thames, The, 4  
 Household Saint, A, 56  
 Houses of Ignorance, 12  
 How are You? 75  
 How to Take Care of a Consumptive, 85  
 Human Bacillus, A, 20  
 Human Starling, The, 13  
 Humorous Poems (Hood), 88, 93  
 Hundred to One Chance, A, 26, 96  
 Hypocrites and Sinners, 59  
 I too have known, 5, 97  
 I'd Crowns Resign, 14  
 Identity of Jane, The, 45  
 Idols of Flesh, 16  
 Idylls of the North, 88  
 Ill Wind, An, 11, 94, 99  
 Impenitent Prayer, The, 5, 97  
 Impossible Husband, An, 61, 95  
 Improper Prue, 4  
 In Burleigh's Days, 37  
 In Camera, 45  
 In Heaven's Porch, 71  
 In His Grip, 46  
 In Old Northumbria, 88  
 In Search of Jehanne, 34  
 In Spite of the Czar, 8, 94, 97, 100  
 In Steel and Leather, 22  
 In Summer Shade, 41, 95, 99  
 In the Blood, 60  
 In the Dark, 56  
 In the Days of Goldsmith, 8

- In the Face of Night, 19  
 In the Grip of a Lie, 39  
 In the Heyday of Youth, 13  
 In the High Woods, 52, 98  
 In the King's Garden, 92  
 In the Portion of Jezreel, 40  
 In the Queen's Service, 19  
 In the Red Dawn, 46  
 In the Shadow of the Purple, 25  
 In the Year of Waiting, 48  
 Incapable Lovers, Limited, 60  
 Incomparable Joan, 19  
 Independent Maiden, An, 54, 95  
 Indiscretion of Gladys, The, 14, 95  
 Inevitable Marriage, The, 24, 97  
 Infelix, 20  
 Informer, The, 62  
 Ingenious Captain Cobbs, The, 4  
 Innocent Impostor, An, 31, 98  
 Innocent Masqueraders, 60  
 Inscrutable Miss Stone, The, 4  
 Inspiration, 9  
 Intellectual Marie, 58  
 Investigators, The, 21  
 Irish Holidays, 58  
 Iron Hand, The, 14  
 Irresponsible Kitty, 65, 98  
 Island Interlude, An, 3  
 Island of Sorrow, The, 25  
 Isola, 19  
 Itinerant Daughters, 24  
 Ivory Bride, The, 49  
 Izelle of the Dunes, 45  
 Izra, 19  
 Jacobite Admiral, A, 22  
 Jade Eye, The, 36, 95, 99  
 Jane Hobbs, 21  
 Jane Shore, 46  
 Jean Keir of Craigneil, 59  
 Jess of the River, 52, 98  
 Jewel-House, The, 55  
 Jilt's Journal, A, 52, 95, 99  
 Jockey's Revenge, The, 27, 96  
 John Montcalm, 24  
 Juggler and the Soul, The, 43, 99  
 Juggling Fortune, 56  
 Jumping Frog, The, 84, 93  
 Keepers of the House, 32  
 Key of the World, The, 16  
 Khaki Men, The, 83  
 Kindred Spirits, 44  
 King Charles I. : A Study, 71  
 King Edward Intervenes, 38  
 King of Mars, A, 34  
 King René D'Anjou and His Seven  
   Queens, 83  
 Kingdom of Mammon, The, 59  
 King's Desire, A, 31  
 King's Favourite The, 28, 96  
 King's Passion, The, 5  
 King's Race-Horses, The, 82  
 Kinsah, 16  
 Kissing Cup the Second, 50  
 Kitty Confidences, The, 16  
 Kitty's Engagement, 61, 100  
 La Belle Dame, 45  
 Lady Letty Brandon, 35  
 Lady Mabel's Beauty, 45  
 Lady Marion and the Plutocrat, 22  
 Lady of the Blue Motor, The, 48  
 Lady of the Island, The, 8, 94, 97  
 Lady Sarah's Son, 59  
 Lady Sylvia, 14, 95  
 Lady Trainer, The, 26, 96  
 Laidlaw's Wife, 61  
 Land of the Khedive, The, 73  
 Last Foray, The, 22  
 Last of the Climbing Boys, The, 72  
 Last Stronghold, The, 55  
 Law, the Wrecker, 37  
 Le Duc de Mornay, 78  
 Le Selve, 47  
 League of the Leopard, The, 6  
 Left in Charge, 62  
 Left in the Lurch, 29, 96, 97  
 Legacy of the Granite Hills, A, 45, 97  
 Leone, 19  
 Letters of Junius, 67, 93  
 Letters to Dolly, 35  
 Levity Hicks, 23  
 Life Elysian, The, 39  
 Life of H.M. Albert, King of the Belgians,  
   The, 79  
 Life of Lena, The, 63  
 Life of Marie Amélie, The, 72  
 Life of Nelson (Southey), The, 82, 93  
 Life's Edifice, 68  
 Life's Little Comedies, 86  
 Lifting the Veil, 80  
 Light-Bearers, The, 56  
 Light Fingers and Dark Eyes, 14  
 Light-Hearted Rebellion, A, 39  
 Links in the Chain, 34, 98  
 Links of Love, 35  
 Lion of Lydboro', The, 63  
 Little Gate of Tears The, 13  
 Little Josephine, 44  
 Little Maister, The, 22  
 Little Signora, The, 37  
 Little Wife Hester, 44, 95, 99  
 Little Wonder, 27, 96  
 Logan's Loyalty, 59  
 Lonely Church, The, 36  
 Looms of Silence, 92  
 Lord Eversleigh's Sins, 59  
 Lord of Himself, 31  
 Lord Quare's Visitor, 61  
 Lords and Ladies of Italian Lakes, 83  
 Lords of Life, The, 19  
 Lorrequer, Scenes from, 40, 93  
 Lost and Won, 29, 96  
 Lost Cause, A, 57, 100  
 Lot's Wife, 37  
 Lottery Colt, The, 27, 96  
 Love Affairs of a Curate, The, 51  
 Love and the King, 14  
 Love and Liars, 18  
 Love and Twenty, 63  
 Love in Lilac-Land, 45  
 Love Intrigues of the Kaiser's Sons, 77

- Love Knows and Waits, 87  
 Love of a Former Life, The, 32  
 Love of Mary Magdalene, The, 88  
 Love on Smoky River, 52, 98  
 Love Poems (Browning), 86, 93  
 Love with Variations, 18  
 Lovely Little Radical, A, 19  
 Lovely Mrs. Pemberton, The, 61, 99  
 Love's Fool, 64  
 Love's Sentinel, 61  
 Luck of a Lowland Laddie, The, 16  
 Luck of the Leura, The, 50  
 Lucky Shoe, The, 28, 96  
 Lure of Crooning Water, The, 34, 98  
 Lust of Power, The, 60  
 Machinations of Janet, The, 59, 95  
 Madame du Barry, 74  
 Madcap Marriage, A, 8  
 Mademoiselle Nellie, 14  
 Magic of Sport, The, 74  
 Magnetic Girl, The, 42, 95  
 Maid of the River, The, 50, 95  
 Maids of Salem, 45  
 Malice of Grace Wentworth, The, 34  
 Malincourt Keep, 54  
 Mamamouchi, 90  
 Man about Town, The, 40, 97  
 Man in the Car, The, 50  
 Man of Iron, A, 32  
 Man of To-day, A, 43  
 Man who Knew All, The, 39, 98  
 Man with the Amber Eyes, The, 61  
 Mantrap Manor, 3  
 Many Coloured Mountains, 70  
 Marcus and Faustina, 12  
 Marriage for Two, A, 8  
 Marriage of Lionel Glyde, The, 51  
 Marriage of Lord Verriner, The, 31  
 Martha Rose, Teacher, 6  
 Martial Law within the Realm of  
     England, 78  
 Mary Bray x Her Mark, 57  
 Mary in the Market, 43  
 Mary's Marriage, 9  
 Mask, The, 40, 95, 100  
 Masquerade and a Monastery, A, 62  
 Master of Pinsmead, The, 25  
 Master Scoundrel, The, 57  
 Master Sinner, The, 3  
 Matheson Money, The, 61, 98  
 Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, 75  
 Mating of Anthea, The, 38  
 Maze of Scilly, 58  
 Maze, The, 56  
 McAllister's Grove, 34, 98  
 Means to an End, 43  
 Member for Easterby, The, 7  
 Member of Tatts, A, 28, 96  
 Memoirs of Edward Vaughan Kenealy,  
     77  
 Memory Corner, 23  
 Men of Marlowe's, 20  
 Men we Marry, The, 45  
 Merciless Love, 3  
 Merely a Negress, 66  
 Message of the Masters, The, 90  
 Midsummer Madness, 11, 94, 99  
 Midsummer Morn, 22  
 Might of a Wrong-Doer, The, 10  
 Mighty Arm, The, 17  
 Mighty Mayfair, 15  
 Mill of Silence, The, 12  
 Million for a Soul, A, 49  
 Millionaire and the Lady, The, 62  
 Minor Poems (Milton), 90, 93  
 Minister of Fate, A, 18  
 Miscellaneous Poems (Kingsley), 89, 93  
 Miss Arbuthnot, 33  
 Miss Arnott's Marriage, 42, 95, 99  
 Miss Daffodil, 65, 98  
 Miss Gwendoline, 44  
 Miss Nanse, 60  
 Miss Pauncefort's Peril, 43  
 Miss Strangeways, 19  
 Mission of Margaret, The, 54  
 Mist in the Valley, 16  
 Mistletoe Manor, 47  
 Mistress of Aydon, The, 32  
 Model in Green, The, 58  
 Modern Hagar, A, 25  
 Modern Market Place, The, 15  
 Modern Sacrifice, A, 8  
 Mollie Deverill, 65, 98  
 Molly's Book, 89  
 Moneychangers, The, 55  
 Monsieur le Capitaine Douay, 15  
 Moonflower, 5, 97  
 More Society Recollections, 67  
 Mormon Lion, The, 22  
 Moths and the Maid, 18  
 Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, 20, 93  
 Mrs. Barrington's Atonement, 59  
 Mrs. Musgrave and Her Husband, 42, 95  
     99  
 Much Ado About Nothing, 91, 93  
 My Beautiful Neighbour, 38  
 My Escapes, 5  
 My Recollections of the Sepoy Revolt, 79  
 Mychurachan, 87  
 Mysterious Miss Cass, The, 4  
 Mystery of Dudley Horne, The, 61, 99  
 Mystery of Fourways, The, 61  
 Mystery of Magdalen, The, 38  
 Mystery of the Three Fingers, The, 39, 98  
 Nathalia, 62  
 Native Born, 60  
 Nellie of the Eight Bells, 16  
 Never in Doubt, 29, 96  
 New Cinderella, A, 62  
 New Dawn, The, 63  
 New Light on the Enigmas of Shake-  
     speare's Sonnets, 72  
 New Solution of the Mystery of Edwin  
     Drood, A, 76  
 Night of Reckoning, The, 5, 94, 100  
 Nightshade and Poppies, 90  
 Nine Points, The, 20  
 No. 3, The Square, 61, 99  
 No Vindication, 38  
 Nobler than Revenge, 56

Noblesse Oblige, 23  
 Northern Crack, A, 30, 96  
 Nurse Charlotte, 44, 98  
 Odd Trick, The, 44  
 Odds On, 30, 96, 97  
 Of Finer Clay, 52  
 Off the Main Road, 62  
 Officer and a —, An, 34  
 Olive Kinsella, 65, 95, 98  
 Oliver, 12  
 Omar Khayyám, The Testament of, 64  
 On Heroes and Hero Worship, 70, 93  
 On Parole, 20  
 On the War Path, 77  
 Once too Often, 61, 95  
 One Eventful Summer, 56  
 One Fair Enemy, 17  
 One Man's Sin, 50  
 One Moment, The, 14  
 One of a Mob, 26, 96  
 One Pretty Maid and Others, 16  
 Only Betty, 65, 98  
 Only Prison, The, 55  
 Opal Serpent, The, 36, 95  
 Open Spaces, 89  
 Operatic Problem, The, 74  
 Ordeal of Silence, The, 48  
 Orders to Marry, 43  
 Oscar Wilde and Myself, 71  
 Oswald Steele, 6  
 Other Mrs. Jacobs, The, 50, 95, 99  
 Other Sara, The, 65, 98  
 Other Wife, The, 51  
 Our Alty, 23, 98  
 Our Pleasant Vices, 84  
 Our Widow, 61, 100  
 Out There, 75  
 Outsider's Year, An, 61, 95, 100  
 Outwitted, 43  
 Oversea Web, An, 47  
 Oyster, The, 48  
 Page in a Man's History, A, 22  
 Palace of Danger, The, 60  
 Papa, Limited, 49  
 Paramount Shop, The, 43  
 Parish Doctor, The, 15  
 Parisian Princess, A, 55  
 Partners Three, 16, 95  
 Passing Fancy, A, 11, 94, 99  
 Passing of Night, The, 9  
 Paths of the Dead, 47  
 Patricia of Pall Mall, 65, 98  
 Paul le Maistre, 12  
 Paul Moorhouse, 63  
 Paul the Optimist, 19  
 Paulette D'Esterre, 60  
 Paxton Plot, The, 45  
 Penalty, The, 7  
 Pendulum, The, 12  
 Penniless Millionaire, A, 46, 98  
 People in Shakespeare's Sonnets, The, 77  
 Perfect Passion, A, 64  
 Perpetua, 11, 97  
 Persian Rose Leaf, A, 32  
 Pest, The, 54

Pet of the Public, The, 27, 96  
 Peter of Gunneroy, 22  
 Phantom Horse, The, 28, 96  
 Phases of Marcella, The, 17  
 Pheasants: in Covert and Aviary, 69  
 Philippa of Hainault, 75  
 Phoebe of the White Farm, 16  
 Pick Me Ups, 32  
 Pick of the Stable, The, 28, 96  
 Pictures from Nature's Garden, 81  
 Pilgrimage of Delilah, The, 12  
 Pilgrims to the Isles of Penance, 71  
 Pillars of Smoke, 64  
 Place of Waiting, The, 92  
 Plato's Handmaiden, 14  
 Play and the Players, The, 33  
 Poems (Jonson), 89, 93  
 Poems (Shelley), 91, 93  
 Pomp and Circumstance, 24  
 Ponies, and All About Them, 69  
 Portals of Love, The, 59  
 Porters of Woodthorpe, The, 17  
 Power of the Petticoat, The, 58  
 Price of Conquest, The, 55  
 Price of Possession, The, 4  
 Priestess of Humanity, A, 64  
 Priest of Isis and other Poems, The, 89  
 Prince and Tom, 70  
 Prince Talleyrand and His Times, 78  
 Progress of Pauline Kessler, The, 12  
 Provincials, The, 22  
 Punishment, The, 41  
 Purple Butterfly, The, 58  
 Purple Heather, 53  
 Purple Iris and Other Verses, 87  
 Purple of the Orient, The, 14  
 Purpose, The: Reflections and Digressions, 84  
 Pursued by the Law, 14  
 Queen Elizabeth: An Epic Drama, 92  
 Queen of the Turf, The, 28, 96  
 Queer Little Jane, 65, 98  
 Quenchless Flame, The, 59  
 Quittance, 43  
 Race for a Wife, A, 30  
 Racing Rivals, 30, 96, 97  
 Rake, The, 30  
 Rancher Cartaret, 7, 97  
 Ransom for London, The, 21, 97  
 Rasselas, 76, 93  
 Real Christian, The, 14  
 Real Francis Joseph, The, 84  
 Real Man, The, 10  
 Real Mrs. Daybrook, The, 61  
 Realization of Justus Moran, The, 12  
 Reaper of the Whirlwind, A, 59  
 Rebel Prince, The, 15  
 Reckless Owner, A, 28, 96  
 Recollections (Murray), 79  
 Recollections of a Detective, 73  
 Record of an Aeronaut (Bacon), The, 69  
 Records of an Old Vicarage, 85  
 Red Gold, 87  
 Red-Hot Crown, The, 24  
 Red Wedding, The, 25

- Re-echoes from Coondambo, 86  
 Referendum ; or, How to Make a Refer-  
   ence Book, 79  
 Relentless Gods, The, 20  
 Remembrance, 11, 100  
 Rescuing Rupert, 57  
 Residency, The, 10  
 Restitution, 24  
 Revolt of Beatrix, The, 62  
 Rider in Khaki, The, 30, 96  
 Rider of Waroona, The, 51  
 Ring of Pleasure, The, 16  
 Roarer, The, 28, 96  
 Robespierre and the Women He Loved, 73  
 Rolf the Imprudent, 58  
 Romance of a Maid of Honour, The, 42  
   98  
 Romance of Filey, A, 87  
 Romance of Mademoiselle Aissé, The, 50  
 Romance of Olga Aveling, The, 51  
 Romance of Princess Arnulf, The, 4  
 Romanian Songs and Ballads, 90  
 Ronald Lindsay, 64  
 Rook's Nest, The, 4  
 Rosamond Grant, 11, 94  
 Rose Bertin, 77  
 Rose of Exmoor, The, 56  
 Royal Opera and Imperial Russian  
   Ballot, 85  
 Royal Sisters, The, 43  
 Rubina, 7  
 Running Fight, A, 34  
 Rural Life, 74  
 Russian Ballet, 81  
 Sacred Herb, The, 36  
 St. Elizabeth of London, 14, 95  
 Salad Days, 4  
 Sam Briggs—His Book, 42  
 Samuel the Seeker, 55  
 Satan, K. C., 33  
 Saville Gilchrist, M. D., 47  
 Scarlet Seal, The, 19, 95, 99  
 Scenes from Lorrequer, 40, 93  
 Sea of Love, The, 19  
 Sealed Verdict, A, 40, 98  
 Search for Loveliness, The, 88  
 Second Best, The, 56  
 Second Cecil, The, 37  
 Second Evil, The, 31  
 Second Harvest, The, 32  
 Second-Lieutenant Celia, 17  
 Second Selves, 25  
 Secret Bond, The, 52  
 Secret Calling, The, 51  
 Secret History of the Court of Berlin, The,  
   73  
 Secret History of the Court of Spain,  
   The, 71  
 Secret Passage, The, 36, 95, 100  
 Secret Syndicate, The, 62  
 Secret Tontine, The, 25  
 Seekers Every One, 38  
 Selections (Burke), 70, 93  
 Selling Plater, The, 26, 96  
 Selma, 14  
 Sensations of Paris, 83  
 Sent to Coventry, 56  
 Sentimental Journey, A, 83, 93  
 Sepoy Revolt, My Recollections of, 79  
 Serpent in His Way, A, 55  
 Sesame and Lilies, 91, 93  
 Seven Richest Heiresses of France, 82  
 Severn Affair, The, 62  
 Shade of the Acacia, The, 40  
 Shadow of Allah, The, 53  
 Shadow of the Guillotine, The, 25  
 Shame of Silence, The, 39  
 She was a Widow, 52  
 Sheila of Dunslane, 54  
 Shutters of Silence, The, 10  
 Sicilian Ways and Days, 70  
 Sidelights of Song, 87  
 Sidelights on Convict Life, 74  
 Silent House, The, 36, 95  
 Silent Passengér, The, 4  
 Silver Bullet, The, 36  
 Silver Star, The, 30, 96, 97  
 Sin of Gabrielle, The, 38  
 Sin of Hagar, The, 43, 99  
 Sin of Jasper Standish, The, 52, 97  
 Sin of Youth, The, 45  
 Sinnings of Seraphine, The, 38  
 Sins Ye Do, The, 9  
 Sir Walter Raleigh, 91  
 Slack Wire, A, 34  
 Slaves of Passion, 6  
 Sleeping Village, The, 47  
 Sly Boots, 63  
 Smasher, The, 29, 96  
 Snake Garden, The, 5, 97  
 Social Innocent, A, 15  
 Social Life in the British Army, 70  
 Social Pretender, A, 31  
 Society Mother, A, 9  
 Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna,  
   67  
 Soldier and a Gentleman, A, 14  
 Something in the City, 61, 99  
 Son of Mammon, A, 10  
 Song of Surrender, The, 10  
 Songs (Burns), 86, 93  
 Songs from the Far Away, 90  
 Songs from the Somme, 90  
 Songs to Dorian, 86  
 Sonnets (Wordsworth), 92, 93  
 Sonnets and Poems (Shakespeare), 91,  
   93  
 Sonnets and Poems (Spenser) 91, 93  
 Sonnets to a Lady, 88  
 Sonnica, 36  
 Soul in Shadow, A, 12  
 Soul of a Villain, The, 24  
 Soul of the Snows, 18  
 Soul's Awakening, A, 54  
 Soul-Twilight, 14  
 Sound Ground, 25  
 South African Heiress, A, 60  
 Sowing Clover, 63  
 Spark on Steel, A, 25  
 Spell of the Lotus, The, 18



Spindle, The, 33  
 Sport and the Woman, 50  
 Sport of Circumstance, The, 13  
 Sporting Squatter, A, 26, 96  
 Stage Irishman of the Pseudo-Celtic  
   Drama, The, 80  
 Stain on the Shield, The, 33  
 Stairs of Sand, 9  
 Stars of the Revival, The, 37  
 Steeplechaser, The, 30  
 Stephen Ormond, 18  
 Stephen—the Man, 33  
 Stolen Emperor, The, 23  
 Stolen Racer, The, 27, 96  
 Stories of Strange Women, 15  
 Stories of the Operas, 81, 85  
 Storm-Dog, The, 4  
 Storm of London, The, 18, 100  
 Story of a Campaign Estate, The, 58  
 Story of Lois, The, 41  
 Story of My Life, The (Thaw), 83  
 Straight Goer, A, 26, 96  
 Straight Shoes, 13  
 Strained Allegiance, 22  
 Strength of Evan Meredith, The, 48  
 Strength of Straw, The, 56  
 Stress, 55  
 Strings, 62  
 Stroke of Luck, A, 27, 96  
 Struggle for a Royal Child, The, 77  
 Stubble before the Wind, 50  
 Subaltern's Musings, A, 89  
 Suburbans, The, 16  
 Summer Wreath, A, 50  
 Sundial Songs, 87  
 Sunrise Valley, 34  
 Supreme Power, The, 49  
 Suspicions of Ermengarde, The, 31  
 Sweep Winner, The, 30  
 Sweet "Doll" of Haddon Hall, 46,  
   100  
 Sweets of Office, The, 59  
 Swirl, The, 41  
 Sylvia, 55  
 Sylvia and the Secretary, 51  
 Symbolism of "Wuthering Heights,"  
   The, 76  
 Tale of Two Cities, A, 18, 94  
 Tales of Mystery and Imagination, 49, 93  
 Talleyrand, Prince, 78  
 Tartar's Love, A, 47  
 Taste of Quality, A, 53  
 Temptation of Anthony, The, 18  
 Temptation of Nina, The, 48  
 Tender Passion, The, 23  
 Tenderfoot, The, 54  
 Terrible Choice, The, 22  
 Terriers: Their Points and Management,  
   69  
 Terror by Night, The, 14  
 Test, The, 3  
 Testament of John Hastings, The, 23  
 Testament of Judas, The, 10  
 Testament of Omar Khayyám, The, 86  
 Thaw, Evelyn (Story of My Life), 83

Their Hearts' Desire, 31  
 Their Marriage, 65, 98  
 Their Month, 13  
 Thermopylæ, and other Poems, 89  
 Theo, 48  
 Thin Ice, 62  
 Things as they are, 63  
 Thistledown, 21  
 Thora's Conversion, 7  
 Those-Dash-Amateurs, 37  
 Thraldom, 40  
 Three Clerks, The, 58, 94  
 Three-Cornered Duel, A, 38  
 Three Days' Terror, The, 21, 99  
 Three Persons, 48  
 Three Summers, 62  
 Threshold, The, 58  
 Thrice Armed, 7, 97  
 Through Dante's Land, 74  
 Through the Rain, 24  
 Through the Wine-Press, 21  
 Thrown Over, 15  
 Thunder of the Hoofs, The, 39  
 Tideway, The, 5  
 Tinsel and Gold, 11, 97  
 To Justify the Means, 48  
 Tocsin, The, 5, 98  
 Told in "Tatt's," 32  
 Toll of the Road, The, 34  
 Tom Brown's Schooldays, 35, 94  
 Top Weight, The, 27, 96  
 Torch of Venus, The, 45  
 Toy Gods, 49  
 Trainer's Treasure, The, 29, 96  
 Traitor and True, 7, 99  
 Traitor in London, A, 36, 95  
 Tramp's Philosophy, A, 77  
 Transit of Souls, The, 63  
 Transplanted, 46  
 Transplanted American, A, 39  
 Travels in the Pyrenees, 80  
 Trewinnot of Guy's, 38, 95  
 Triumph of Jill, The, 66  
 Triumph of Mrs. St. George, The, 62  
 Turf Conspiracy, A, 29, 96  
 Turn of the Tide, The, 48  
 Turnpike House, The, 36, 99  
 Twentieth-Century Problem, The, 67  
 Twilight and Beyond, 68  
 Two Can Play, 46  
 Two Forces, The, 20  
 Two Men and a Governess, 51  
 Two Powers, The, 35  
 Two Rivers, The, 10  
 Two Women and a Maharajah, 49  
 Tyrian Purple, 5  
 Ultimate Conclusion, The, 23  
 Unconfessed, 31  
 Unconquerable Colony, The, 71  
 Unconscious Bigamist, The, 55  
 Under Cover of Night, 25  
 Under Croagh Patrick, 47  
 Under Eastern Skies, 57  
 Under One Flag, 42  
 Unguarded Taper, The, 40



- Unhallowed Vow, The, 52  
 Unholy Alliance, An, 59  
 Unquenched Fire, 24  
 Unwedded Bride, The, 17  
 Unwise Virgin, An, 38  
 Up to To-morrow, 49  
 Ups and Downs of a Wandering Life, 81  
 Ursula's Marriage, 8  
 Vain Flirtation, 8  
 Valdora, 49  
 Vane Royal, 22  
 Vaudevillians, The, 4  
 Veiled Lady, The, 61  
 Veiled Man, The, 40, 97, 100  
 Veneered Scamp, A, 45  
 Veronica Verdant, 53  
 Viceroys of Ireland, The, 80  
 Victim of Circumstance, A, 40  
 Victimised, 6  
 Village Infidel, The, 33  
 Viper of Milan, The, 9, 97,  
 Virgin Gold, 60  
 Vision of the Years, The, 66, 98  
 Voces Amoris, 90  
 Voice of the Orient, The, 84  
 Vox Populi, 68  
 Voyage to Lilliput, A, 83, 93  
 Voyage to Lisbon, A, 73, 93  
 Wanderings and Wooings East of Suez, 52  
 War of the Sexes, The, 66  
 Ward of the King, A, 41  
 Warren Hastings (Macaulay), 78, 93  
 Waster, The, 58  
 Waters of Oblivion, The, 54, 95  
 Way of War, The, 53  
 Way Out, The, 10  
 Wayfaring Woman, A, 21  
 Wayward Anne, 65, 98  
 Weaver of Runes, A, 10  
 Weird Wedlock, 25  
 Westward Ho ! 38, 94  
 What Snows Conceals, 52  
 What Woman Wills, 14  
 What's What, 80  
 When it was Light, 4  
 When Love is Kind, 35  
 When the Mopoke Calis, 60  
 When the Saints are Gone, 81  
 Whips of Time, The, 38  
 Whirlwind's Year, 27, 96  
 White Arab, The, 29, 96  
 White Countess, The, 61  
 White Hand and the Black, The, 45, 97  
 White Lady, The, 16, 95  
 White Lie, A, 6  
 White Vampire, The, 37  
 Who Shall Have Her? 13  
 Who was Lady Thurne? 61, 95  
 Why She Lelt Him, 61  
 Wicked Rosamond, 53  
 Widow of Gloane, The, 18  
 Widow's Wooing, A, 8  
 Wife from the Forbidden Land, A, 16  
 Wife Imperative, A, 48  
 Wiles of a Wife, The, 13  
 Wilful Woman, A, 10  
 Wilhelmina in London, 47  
 Willoughby Affair, The, 4  
 Wine, the Mockers, 57  
 Wingate's Wife, 59, 98  
 Wisdom of the Fool, The, 15  
 Wise in His Generation, 17  
 With Bought Swords, 23  
 Wizard of the Turf, The, 29, 96  
 Woman at Bay, A, 6  
 Woman Between, The, 9  
 Woman-Derelict, A, 16  
 Woman: Her Health and Beauty, 80  
 Woman in Armour, A, 46  
 Woman in the City, A, 6  
 Woman in the Firelight, The, 53  
 Woman in White, The, 15, 94  
 Woman of Business, A, 32, 100  
 Woman Perfected, A, 42  
 Woman Ruth, The, 66, 98  
 Woman the Sphinx, 36, 99  
 Woman with the Yellow Eyes, The, 17  
 Woman's Aye and Nay, A, 14  
 Woman's Checkmate, A, 46  
 Woman's No, A, 11, 94, 99  
 Women must Weep, 59  
 Wonder Mist, The, 10  
 Won on the Post, 30, 96  
 Wooing of Monica, The, 44, 99  
 World and Delia, The, 65, 98  
 World Masters, The, 31, 95, 99  
 World, the Flesh, and the Casino, The,  
 62  
 Wounded Pride, 35  
 Yankee Napoleon, A, 41  
 Year Without a Chaperon, A, 13  
 Yetta the Magnificent, 41  
 Yolande the Parisienne, 14  
 Yorkshireman Abroad, A, 82  
 Young Eve and Old Adam, 23  
 Youth at the Prow, 20  
 Zarya, 54  
 Zealandia's Guerdon, 60







3

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

H&SS  
A  
6916

